

ROBERT MERRY'S MUSEUM.

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MASTER THOMAS ADVERTISER.



Youth and Flowers.

YOUTH, and flowers, and summer bright,
Things of beauty, things of light;
Sisters gentle, sisters fair, —
See them wreathe a sister's hair!

From the valley, from the hill,
From the bank of laughing rill,
From the woodland, from the heath,
They gather blossoms for their wreath.

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1

See their busy fingers twine
Buttercup and columbine,
Daisies sweet and blue-bells fair,
Deftly in a sister's hair.

This is pleasure, this is play,
This is youth's gay holiday;
And more than this the scene may tell,
If we but read its meaning well.

What brings this gentle group together,
And makes them gay as sunny weather?
And why as bright as costly gem
Is every simple flower to them?

'Tis love that makes these children meet;
'Tis love that makes these blossoms sweet;
'Tis love that makes that wreath so fair—
So charming in a sister's hair.

Love is the sunshine of the heart;
This bids a thousand flowers start
Along the varied paths of life,
With bloom and fragrance ever rife.

Manners and Customs of the Jews.

IN the early ages of the world, the habitations of men were little better than the dens of wild beasts, being merely natural caves, or excavations made by art in soft rocks, or in the sides of hills; the genial nature of the climate in the East rendering it agreeable to pass most of the time in the open air.

But as men were in the habit of migrating, with their flocks and herds, from place to place, caves were not always to be found: tents therefore were invented, which were easily portable, quickly erected, and in many other respects more eligible.

When men began to form communities, and to remain stationary in one place, they erected habitations of more durable materials. These were of wood, mud, or bricks, baked in the sun. It was not, however, till refinement had made some progress, that burnt bricks and stones were used.

Habitations constructed with mud walls

were in use among the poorer inhabitants of the city of Israel for many ages; and to these the sacred writers allude, when they speak of thieves digging through a wall, and of breaking through and stealing.

The houses of the opulent appear to have been built in ancient Judea, as they are at present in the East, namely, quadrangular; having an open court in the middle. In fine weather, this court was covered with mats, carpets, &c., and used as a place for entertaining large companies on extraordinary occasions.

The roofs of the houses were flat, with a balustrade or parapet, breast high, surrounding them to prevent accidents.

The furniture of the Jewish habitations consisted in general of only a few necessities. The beds of the poorer sort were merely mats or skins, on which a mattress was laid. These served them, likewise, as couches, on which to recline at meals. The rich, however, had fine carpets, couches, and sofas, ornamented with ivory, and overlaid with embroidered and perfumed coverlets.

It appears from Scripture, that the Almighty designed to point out to man the skins of beasts as a covering and a guard against the inclemency of the seasons. It is in the present day the kind of covering principally used among uncivilized nations. But in the process of time, the art of manufacturing wool and flax was discovered; and as men considered dress not only useful, but ornamental, they dyed these materials of various colors, and adorned them with embroidery of gold, silver, and silk, with jewels of gold and precious stones.

The most ancient and simple dress, next to that of undressed skins, was a tunic, or close coat, made of cloth or linen, reaching to the knees, and bound about the waist with a girdle. In the girdle was usually a pouch to carry money. Over the tunic, the middling and higher classes wore an upper garment, and mantle of a square form, which was either wrapped round the body, or, being fastened round the neck, hung loose, like a cloak. This garment was sometimes richly embroidered.

The common people seldom wore any thing on the head ; but the better sort had a kind of mitre or turban. The hair and beard were cherished with great care, and the feet were defended by sandals.

The female dress differed but little from that of the men, except in the delicacy and richness of its materials, and in the addition of a veil. The women wore rings, necklaces, pendants, bracelets, and other jewels, and tinged their eyelids with the powder of lead ore. This Jezebel did, who is said to have also painted her face.

The nations of the East have always been remarkable for the practice of ceremonious politeness. Among the Jews, the usual form of salutation was laying the right hand on the heart, and saying, "Peace be with you ;" but if the person addressed was of high rank, they bowed to the earth. Thus Jacob saluted Esau. When extraordinary respect was intended to be shown, the person saluting kissed the hem of his superior's garment, and even the dust on which he trod. Relatives and dear friends, of both sexes, kissed each other. When the common

people entered the presence of the king, they prostrated themselves before him. Visitors were usually received and dismissed with great respect. On their arrival, water was brought for their hands and feet, and their heads were anointed with oil.

The Jews were in general early risers, to enjoy the cool freshness of the morning ; yet that they were accustomed to take repose in the heat of the day, may be gathered from the circumstance of Ishbosheth, the son of Saul, being murdered as he lay on his bed at noon.

They were in general abstemious in their diet, feeding chiefly on bread, vegetables, milk, &c., taking animal food only on extraordinary occasions, as at sacrifices, festivals, &c. Their ordinary beverage was water, though wine was not forbidden ; and it seems the women did not appear at table with the men on days of public entertainment.

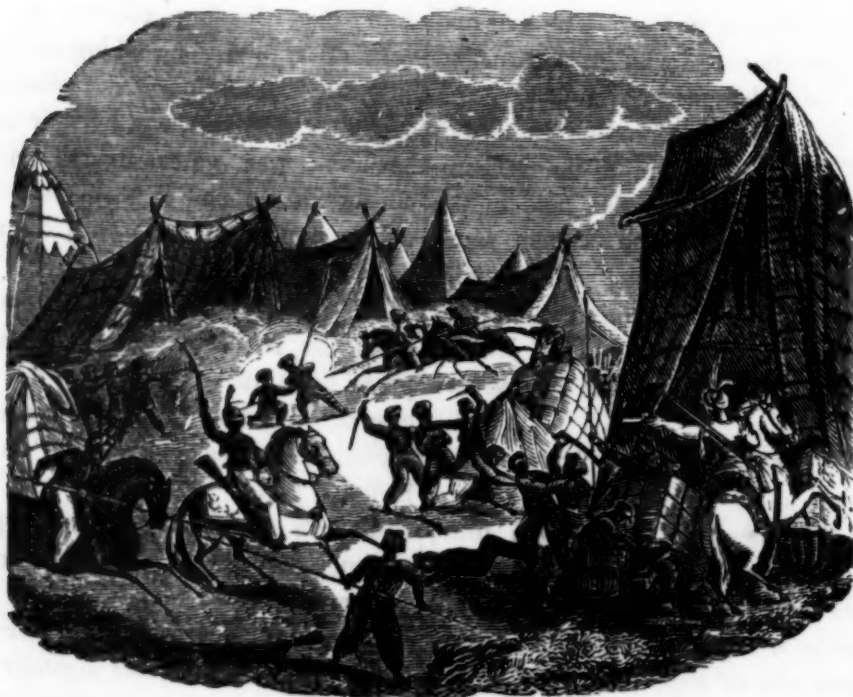
Before luxury had made progress among them, the Israelites sat at table as Europeans do at the present day ; but in process of time, they adopted the custom of reclining on beds or couches. Thus, at a banquet given by Esther, and at the Pharisee's house, where Mary Magdalene anointed the Savior's feet, the company lay on beds.

In journeying, it was usual for a number of persons to travel together : these were either the household of the traveller, or a company associated for mutual convenience and defence, called a *caravan*. On these journeys they carried such necessities as were required on camels and asses ; and they even took tents for their accommodation, as inns were then

unknown. When only one or two persons travelled, they depended for accommodation on private hospitality. On their arrival at the end of their day's journey, it was usual for them to wait in some public place, till invited to enter a house. The story of the Levite, in the nineteenth chapter of Judges, elucidates this custom.

Agriculture being the chief employment of the Israelites, trade was much discouraged among them; and they held their fairs and markets, on these accounts, contiguous to the heathen temples.

To compensate them, however, for the prohibition they were under against participating in the joyous festivals of the surrounding nations, feasts were held three times in each year, to commemorate, first, their emancipation; secondly, the giving of the law; and thirdly, their abode in the desert; and at these festivals all Israel was compelled to attend, that the bonds of brotherhood might be kept up among the tribes by sharing in social enjoyment.



The Caravan.

IN Asia and Africa, there are extensive sandy plains, called *deserts*. Some of them are several hundred miles in extent. When people travel across these deserts, they generally go in companies called *caravans*. Camels are often used instead of horses, because they have large, spongy feet which do not sink into the sand; because, too, they can live on the poor, coarse herbage of

the deserts, and can go for a long time without water. Caravans, with horses, are, however, common.

The people travel in caravans for the sake of security, for the desert plains of Asia and Africa are frequented by wandering Arabs, who live by robbery, and if they meet with a weak or timid party, they are sure to fall upon it and plunder it. Sometimes travellers in these regions carry valuable and rich merchandise; for a great deal of the trade of the East is conducted by merchants, who go from place to place, transporting their goods with them. It often happens that a single merchant will have about him, in rich shawls, silks, gold ornaments, gems, and jewels, articles to the value of a hundred thousand dollars. If the Arabs come across such a person, they get a very profitable prize.

Now I must tell you, gentle reader, a caravan story, which may amuse you, and give you some idea of the way in which caravans are managed. Well, once upon a time there lived in Bassora, a great city on the western borders of Persia, a poor but honest man by the name of *Kedaya*. He was a servant of the pacha, or governor, and lived in his palace. He became a favorite, and the governor made him a sort of counsellor and companion.

Kedaya had a son named *Dairak*, who, at the time of reaching manhood, was alike renowned for the beauty of his person, for his great learning, and his various accomplishments. The pacha had a daughter, so lovely that she was called *Zulema*, or the Pearl of the Palace.

Though *Dairak* and *Zulema* dwelt in the same building, they had never yet

seen one another, for the women are never allowed to mix with men, unless of their own family. But *Dairak* had often heard of the lovely Pearl of the Palace, and *Zulema* had heard also of the handsome and accomplished *Dairak*. Strange as it may seem, therefore, they fell in love, and according to the custom of the country, they had secretly sent each other flowers expressive of their affection.

All this, at last, came to the ears of the pacha; and in great anger, he had his daughter imprisoned in a strong castle of the city, while he ordered *Dairak* to be sent with a trading caravan to Damascus, a city of Syria, eight hundred miles to the west of Bassora. The young man's heart was sad at the idea of this exile from his home, and this separation from the object whom he loved with great devotion, even though he had never seen her. But the time for his departure came, and, joining the caravan, he set forth upon his journey.

The company consisted of about four hundred persons, with two hundred camels. The chief people rode, but many went on foot. Some were merchants, some were travellers, some were priests, and some were servants. There was one group consisting of a black slave and two figures whose faces were veiled, and who were therefore supposed to be females. One day, as *Dairak* was walking along, he chanced to be at the side of the two females, when one of them raised her veil, and looked upon him with a smile. Never was there seen so lovely a face, and never was there an expression so bewitching.

Dairak's heart beat violently, for he knew that this act of the young lady was

a great favor bestowed upon him ; and besides, she was beautiful as a Houri. For a time, the youth was enchanted. He saw, by the strings of pearls and diamonds upon the young lady's hair and beneath her veil, that she was rich, and he said to himself, "Surely she is a princess in disguise ; and yet she has cast looks of favor upon me. After all, perhaps I am born to good luck, even though the old doting pacha has sent me away, hoping that I shall get killed by the Arabs, or die of a fever. Who can tell ? Such things have happened before. Am I not handsome ? Am I not accomplished ? Are not half the girls in Bassora in love with me ? Is not Zulema —" But here his voice faltered, and the thought of his duty to her, now shut up in prison for her love of him, made him very sad.

He pursued his journey for two days, with a pensive air, avoiding the presence of the beautiful lady. But at last, through accident, no doubt, he again came near her camel. He looked to her face, perhaps hoping once more to see it unveiled. But he was not thus favored. As he was about parting, he saw something fall from the lady's hand. He picked it up. It was a portrait of a beautiful and youthful lady, having the air of a princess. It was set in gold and gems, which formed the circle of the border, gave her name. The youth read it with amazement — "THE PEARL OF THE PALACE."

"It must, indeed, be she!" said the youth, in a transport. "She has escaped from prison, and is determined to share my journey and my perils." From that hour, Dairak was inspired with a new existence. He found opportunity to be

often at the side of Zulema's camel, and though he did not dare to speak, he contrived various means of expressing his feelings. At length, during one of the evening halts, he was permitted to enter her tent, where the lovers poured out their hearts in a thousand vows of love and fidelity.

Seven days had now passed, and the caravan was in the midst of a wide desert. It was level as the sea, with here and there a tuft of thistles, and, at long intervals, a group of palm-trees and a well of water. The heat, during the day, was intense, and therefore the travellers journeyed by night, guiding themselves over the trackless waste by the stars.

They were, at last, in the region of the wandering Arabs, and knew themselves to be in danger of assault. They were very watchful, and all were prepared for defence in case of attack. Dairak, well armed, as well as the black slave, kept close by the side of Zulema and her attendant. Events showed that this caution was not useless. One morning, just before sunrise, a group of men on horseback was visible on the verge of the distant horizon. They instantly disappeared ; but, in the course of half an hour, two hundred horsemen came sweeping over the waste, from a different point in the view. For a long time they seemed like insects creeping over an illimitable plain ; but they gradually came nearer, and, at last, with a terrific rush, burst upon the long line of the caravan. In a moment all was terror and dismay. Swords were flashing in the air, pistols were fired, groans and shrieks filled the ear. The dead and the dying lay pros-

trate on the earth, and the ready hands of the robbers were seen in the rich bales and boxes of the merchants.

But where was Zulema, and where was Dairak, during this hurried conflict? Dairak defended Zulema bravely; but the black slave was killed, and he was himself felled to the earth by a pistol shot. In this state of things, the fair lady was taken from her camel, placed on a swift horse, and borne away. In a brief space, the robbers had fled, and the scattered remains of the caravan were once more collected together. Seventy men were killed, and as many more were wounded. Several camels were also dead or disabled.

The party moved forward as soon as possible, and, at the end of fifteen days, reached Damascus. Dairak had been borne the latter part of the way, in a litter, as he was unable to ride or go on foot. At Damascus, he recovered his health, but his heart was torn with anxiety for the fate of Zulema. Yet, what could he do? It seemed in vain for him to attempt to search for her, as she might have been carried to the extremities of Arabia by the robbers who had taken her. While he was deliberating upon this subject, and racking his brain for some scheme that offered a gleam of hope, he chanced to meet a man in the streets of Damascus, dressed like an Armenian merchant. The moment he saw his face, he fancied he had seen him before, and, after a little reflection, was persuaded that he was the Arab who had captured Zulema.

Full of this thought, he followed the man at a distance, and at last saw him enter the governor's palace. Waiting in

the street, Dairak saw the person come out, and wending among the suburbs of the city to a small tenement, which he entered. After half an hour, he came out; but the Armenian merchant now appeared in the costume of a Bedouin Arab. He went straight to one of the gates of the city, mounted a horse, and sped away at a gallop, toward the desert.

Returning to the palace, the youth bribed one of the servants to procure him an interview with the governor's confidential minister. This was accomplished, and Dairak was admitted into the presence of the man of authority. He was an Ethiopian, his skin black as soot; but his face was wrinkled so as to resemble a piece of crumpled silk. His turban was a rich shawl of cashmere, but ornamented with enormous pearls. His robe was scarlet, edged with velvet, and studded with diamonds. Nothing could exceed the contrast between the little withered form of the prime minister and the gorgeousness of his attire.

Dairak bowed before the great man, and, after many turnings and windings, and making a present to the minister of a rich jewel, he inquired upon what errand the Arabian merchant had just visited the palace. "He is a dealer in slaves," was the reply; "and he has come to offer to the pacha a woman who, as he says, surpasses the fairest Houris of Paradise in beauty and accomplishments."

"And what was the reply of the governor?" said Dairak, in great anxiety. "He has consented to purchase her for twenty thousand dollars," was the answer. "And when is she to be here?" said the youth. "In three days," said the minis-

ter. Dairak now bowed, and took his leave. His plans were soon formed. With a chosen band of four persons, well mounted and fully armed, he departed from the city on the third day, and following the route pursued by the pretended Armenian merchant, at the distance of two leagues, they came to a thicket of palm-trees. Here they halted, and determined to wait the coming of the Arab, not doubting that he would soon pass the plain on his way to fulfil his promise to the pacha. But the best schemes are often vain. The day waned, and the Arab did not appear. At last, it was evening, and Dairak, whose anxiety amounted almost to despair, resolved to return to Damascus. He and his companions mounted their horses and set out. They had not gone far when they saw three horsemen coming along the path from the city.

The moon was shining, and in the clear atmosphere objects were almost as distinctly seen as during the day. In a moment Dairak recognized the leader of the party as the Arab for whom he had been waiting. It was evident that he had carried Zulema to Damascus by a different route, and that he had accomplished his design of selling her to the pacha. This conclusion was formed in the mind of Dairak in an instant. Without hesitation, he gave orders to his men to charge, and in a twinkling the cimeters of the two parties were clashing in deadly conflict. Two of the Arabs fell, and their leader, seeing no other hope, turned his horse to the desert and fled. The other party followed, but Dairak alone kept near to the flying horseman. Like two spectres, the pursuer and pursued seemed

straining over the waste in a race for life or death.

For a full hour, they maintained the race. At last, Dairak had so far gained upon the Arab as to bring him within pistol shot. Drawing his piece, he fired. It was evident he had missed his aim, for the Arab continued his flight. Again Dairak fired, but without effect. A moment after, the Arab wheeled, and waiting till the youth was within a few paces, he discharged his pistol. Dairak slid from his horse, and fell to the earth. His enemy uttered a yell of triumph, and, checking his flying steed, dismounted and came to his side. The youth lay upon his back, and the moon shining upon his face seemed to give his countenance the ghastly pallor of death.

The Arab was too familiar with scenes of violence to be disturbed. He stooped upon his knees, and his hands were soon rifling the pockets of the prostrate youth. But suddenly the scene was changed. Dairak bounded from the earth with the spring of a tiger, and in a moment his grasp was upon the throat of the Bedouin. The latter was paralyzed by amazement for a single moment; but his faculties rallied, and he grappled his antagonist with such vigor that his limbs seemed made of steel. The conflict was like that of panthers in the mountain or the desert, where there is no witness and no arbiter but strength. Feet, hands, arms, teeth,—all were put in requisition in the mortal struggle. They groaned, they gasped, they rolled upon the earth, so close in their embrace as to seem one living, agonized being.

The Arab was an overmatch for Dairak

in experience ; but instinct often supplies, in moments of emergency, the place of practice. The youth yielded not for an instant the clutch he had made upon the throat of his enemy. Closer and closer was his clasp, and at last the Arab seemed yielding from suffocation. He sought for his dagger, sheathed in the lining of his tunic. He grasped it. It glittered aloft in the moonlight. It fell ; but, missing its mark, was planted in the sand. A moment after, the Arab yielded and Dairak, his knees planted on his breast, was his master.

An explanation followed. The Arab had completed his compact with the pacha ; he had received the ransom, and the gold pieces were hidden in the tissues of his sack. Zulema was a slave in the palace of the pacha.

"Dog ! miscreant !" said Dairak, "I would spill thy venomous blood upon this heath, as I would crush a serpent, but that my plans require me to spare thy life." Saying this, he bound the Arab's arms behind his back, caused him to mount his horse, and turning toward Damascus, conducted his prisoner to the city. It was late when he arrived, and the gates were shut. A piece of gold, paid to the porter, caused them to be opened.

The next day, a person attired as a prince, and with a retinue of twelve persons, appeared at the palace, and demanded audience of the pacha. After long delay and vast ceremony, the prince was admitted to the presence of the mighty and magnificent governor. The prince, having saluted him, announced his errand.

"I have come," said he, "on the part

of Geiber el Geiber, the sublime ruler of the rich and mighty city of Bassora, to demand of you the princess Zulema, the Pearl of the Palace, his beautiful and beloved daughter."

The pacha looked bewildered.

"Nay, majestic sovereign of Damascus," said the seeming prince, with a lofty and defiant air, "nay, do not pretend ignorance : you know full well that you have intrigued with a Bedouin robber, and have pretended to purchase Zulema as a slave, though she told you her high birth and name !"

The pacha was troubled, and looked around to see if his guards were near. For a moment, he hesitated. Then he answered : "You charge me unreasonably. It is true I purchased a female slave of an Arab yesterday ; but it is impossible that she is the daughter of the mighty Geiber el Geiber."

"Did she not tell you so ?" said Dairak. "Yes," was the reply ; "but I deemed it a piece of maiden craft or coquetry."

A dark frown gathered upon the brow of the pretended prince. "This passes all patience," said he. "I will carry this tale to Bassora ; and Damascus will rue the day that her pacha has been guilty of such base perfidy." Saying this, the prince was about to depart.

"Stay !" said the governor, turning pale, "stay, and let us reason upon this matter. Who are you ?"

"The messenger of the pacha, Geiber el Geiber."

"What evidence have you to offer of your authority and your mission ?"

"This." And the prince handed to the governor a portrait set in pearls, and stud-

ded with diamonds. The latter gazed at the picture. "It is indeed her portrait," said he; "I acknowledge your mission."

"Then deliver to me the princess, for I am required instantly to take her back to Bassora."

"Stay, stay," said the governor; "take her not back; let her rest with me. She shall be the first in my harem. I have set my heart upon it. She shall have a hundred servants; she shall be queen of the palace; she shall have gems and jewels, and rich shawls to her heart's content."

"It cannot be."

"I will give to her father fifty thousand piastres; I will give to you as many more. I pray you, let it be so arranged."

The prince seemed to hesitate.

The governor added, "Let it be arranged, and I will double the fifty thousand piastres to you."

"I will make you a proposition," said the prince, after reflection. "Let the lady go free upon the road toward Bassora, two leagues from Damascus; give her the presents; and then if she, of her choice, will be your wife, you shall take her back to Bassora; if not, she shall go with me."

"I accept your offer," said the governor. "And now, when shall the bargain be ratified?"

"This day."

"That's sudden," said the chief; "but to-day it shall be. At four o'clock, I will meet you at the Place of Palms, a league from the city. Zulema shall accompany me, and I will submit to her decision."

The affair was now arranged, and at the appointed hour, the governor, with a guard of twenty men, reached the place of

meeting. Dairak, — for he was of course the disguised prince, — with his twelve attendants, was already there. Zulema was brought forward, her face being closely veiled. The pacha was about to open the conference, when Dairak interposed. "Your excellency," said he, "seems to have forgotten certain important preliminaries. This lady, the daughter of the mighty Geiber el Geiber, pacha of Bassora, was taken by an Arab robber, and sold to you for twenty thousand piastres. I come to reclaim her on the part of her father. You have consented, first to give her rich jewels, shawls, turbans, robes, sandals, rings, bracelets, amber, boxes, and bijoux, suitable for the queen of the palace of Damascus. Having done this, you have consented to give me a hundred thousand piastres for myself, and fifty thousand for the father of the princess, the renowned Geiber el Geiber. Having done these things, then you have agreed to leave the fair princess to choose whether to return to Damascus as your wife, or to go with me to Bassora."

Dairak spoke in a clear and distinct voice, and though the face of Zulema was veiled, he could perceive that she heard all, and readily comprehended the state of things. His heart beat with some anxiety, lest she might decide to accept the pacha's offer; but a significant glance through the openings of the lady's veil allayed his fears.

When Dairak had finished, he paused for the pacha to fulfil his promise. The latter, however, wavered, and glanced at his guard. At this signal, they gathered close around the governor and Zulema. Dairak gave a signal, and his twelve guards

encircled the governor and his party. The pacha looked anxious. Dairak laid his hand upon his cimeter, and his men did the same. The governor was overawed, and with a discontented look he ordered the presents to be given to Zulema. They were received by her maid and two male attendants. They were indeed magnificent.

Again the governor hesitated. "Time is precious!" said Dairak, significantly. Immediately the one hundred and fifty thousand piastres in gold pieces were handed to Dairak's servants. The question was now put to Zulema. A breathless silence followed, for all were anxious to know the decision. The lady gazed first at Dairak and then at the pacha. Her lips moved: "I will go to my father!" This was her decision.

Nothing could equal the mingled emotions of the pacha. It was impossible for him to imagine that a lady's heart could withstand such presents as he had given and such a destiny as he had offered. His astonishment soon turned to rage, and, calling on his men to strike, he rushed furiously at Dairak. Sudden as was the attack, the latter was prepared. The governor's sword was shivered at the hilt, and the governor himself, swerving in his saddle by the blow, was soon tumbled upon the earth. His men were disconcerted; and, taking speedy advantage of the confusion, Dairak and his party, forming a *cortège* around Zulema and her attendants, bore her away in triumph.

Dairak had already formed his plans; but we must leave him for a short time, and turn our attention to Bassora.

When the pacha heard that Zulema

had escaped from her confinement, he was greatly agitated. He caused the attendants of the princess to be scourged, alleging that they had been careless, or had betrayed their trust. He then sent messengers in every direction, in search of his absconded daughter. But several weeks passed away, and no intelligence of her could be obtained. At last, on the arrival of a caravan from Damascus, the pacha learned that Zulema had fled toward that city, but that she had been captured by a notorious Bedouin robber. The rest of her story was not told.

The pacha was now in a state of great distress. He loved his daughter, and her presence seemed necessary to his happiness. He reproached himself for his harsh conduct toward her, and his grief was increased by the consciousness that all this trouble was the result of his own folly. Yet what could be done? Where was Zulema? What was her condition? Was she the slave of the Bedouin, or had she been carried to some distant market, and there sold into slavery?

These were sad thoughts; but there seemed no relief at hand. All that the pacha could do was to send messengers to Diarbekir, Damascus, Cairo, and other great cities, in the hope of obtaining some information respecting the lost Zulema. But several months passed, and no such information was obtained. At length, a messenger arrived at the palace, and desired to have an interview with the pacha. He was soon admitted. He had the dress of an Armenian: his hair, visible beneath his tall cap or turban, was white as snow, and his beard, which hung down to his chest, was also white. He had

an aged and venerable appearance, though his step seemed still firm and elastic.

The stranger's message was soon delivered. He had heard of the pacha's distress on account of his daughter, and, being a sorcerer, had come to offer his services, to aid in finding her.

"And by what means do you propose to assist me?" said the pacha, after the Armenian had told the object of his visit.

"I must put a question in return," said the conjurer. "Have you faith in the power of magic?"

"No," said the governor; "but I might have, if I could see it restore to me my child."

"That is more than I can promise; but one thing I can do: I can enable you to see her."

"And on what condition?"

"Five hundred thousand piastres."

"Impostor! you know that is more than my whole treasury can supply."

"As you please."

"But name some reasonable terms."

"I have no other to propose."

"Five hundred thousand piastres? Why, this is monstrous. But listen: restore my daughter, and I will give you a hundred thousand."

"If she be dead?"

"Dead? Tell me, cruel man, is my daughter dead? Let me know the truth: if she be dead, tell me, and let me also die."

"You ask a secret hidden in the mysterious bosom of my art. Accept my terms, and you shall see your daughter; but I promise not that she be living."

"Well, well, let me see her, and I will

give you the hundred thousand piastres. I cannot endure this suspense. Now to your work."

"Be not impatient: we, who deal with the stars, must learn to be patient. This night, at the hour of twelve, I will call for you."

"And whither must we go?"

"To my laboratory, without the walls of the city."

"Alone?"

"Alone."

"You may betray me—you may be an impostor."

"I asked if you had faith: if you have it not, our interview is vain. Decide quickly, for I must depart."

"Well, come at twelve: I will accompany you."

At the appointed hour, the Armenian came, and, after some hesitation, the pacha accompanied him. They passed out of the city, and entered a pavilion which stood alone, encompassed by a thick group of palms. Not a light was visible, and the whole place seemed wrapped in night and silence. After some strange ceremonies, like those of a juggler, all performed in darkness, the Armenian placed a bandage over the eyes of the pacha, now agitated and trembling from a mysterious sentiment of awe.

The conjurer, having repeated some words in a strange tongue, suddenly removed the bandage, and the scene which broke upon the vision of the pacha was wonderful indeed. He was in a vast saloon, of amazing splendor and beauty, lighted up by a thousand lamps. The air was filled with delicious perfumes, and sweet music stole softly upon the

ear. The pacha could hardly restrain the expression of his delight, though the sorcerer laid his finger on his lip in token of silence.

In a few moments, a rosy tint was diffused over the saloon. Sweeter perfumes and still softer music regaled the senses, and then a lovely form, robed in white, was visible at the extremity of the apartment. She approached, and at last came near to the pacha. She then lifted her veil: it was Zulema! In an instant the music ceased, the lights vanished, and darkness and silence reigned over the scene. The pacha, overcome with emotion, fell to the floor, where he remained for some time in a state of insensibility. When he recovered, he found himself in his palace. By degrees, he recollected what had happened, and requested the Armenian to be sent to him. The latter came.

"I am satisfied," said the pacha, "that you are no impostor; or, at least, that your power is equal to your pretensions. There is the hundred thousand piastres; but surely, one who can do so much, can do more. I have seen my daughter; let her be returned to me."

"On what condition?"

"Such as you may name."

"I will name none. Go with me again to the pavilion this night: you shall speak with Zulema, and she shall prescribe my fee." To this the pacha agreed.

At midnight, he and the conjurer again visited the lonely mansion encompassed by palms. Again the magic ceremonies were performed, and again the gorgeous saloon rang with music, and glowed with

its thousand lamps. Zulema appeared: she flew to her father's arms, and both were long absorbed in emotions too deep for utterance. But after a time they spoke, and the pacha demanded of his daughter the explanation of the mystery in which she was involved.

"I will explain all," said Zulema, "as far as I may. You know I was captured by a Bedouin."

"Yes."

"Well, I was sold as a slave to the pacha of Damascus. I was delivered from this terrible condition by the arts of a conjurer."

"The Armenian?"

"The same; and in recompense for this service I have given myself to him."

"You are his wife?"

"I am."

"Who is he?"

"You have seen him."

"He is in disguise. Tell me, who and what is he?"

"Let him speak for himself. Here he is."

The pacha turned, and instead of the Armenian, he saw at his side a young man of distinguished mien. It was Dairak. The pacha instantly recognized him. He frowned for a moment, but a smile soon passed over his face. "I understand it all," said the pacha. "So this is the conjurer, and two children have duped a man of experience and the governor of Bassora. Well, well, we will make the best of it. Dairak shall be acknowledged as my son, and since he has shown so much skill in getting a wife, I doubt not he will be able to take good care of her. I am not rich,

but Zulema shall have a suitable dower."

"Nay, nay," said Dairak, "you have given me the Pearl of the Palace, and I ask no more. I was fortunate in my ex-

pedition to Damascus, and have three hundred thousand piastres!"

This increased the satisfaction of the pacha, and all the party went forthwith to the palace.



The Double-Horned Rhinoceros.

MOST of our readers have heard of the rhinoceros, a huge animal of Asia, almost as large as an elephant, and having a horn upon his nose. In Africa, where there is an assortment of queer animals, a species of rhinoceros is found which has a double horn. We give a likeness of one of these fellows, standing in the water, which these creatures are fond of. One of the most curious things about the rhinoceros is, that when he is quiet, his horn is loose; but when he is in a rage, it is firm and strong, nature having thus given him a mode of fixing his weapon for combat, quite as effec-

tual as that by which a soldier fastens his bayonet for close battle.

Bruce, a famous traveller in Africa, says that in the regions frequented by the rhinoceros, there are trees of a soft and juicy quality, which form the principal food of these animals. They have a long lip, something like an elephant's trunk: with this they reach the leaves, which they eat first. Then they apply the horn, and, ripping up the trunk, soon reduce it to shreds. This they easily crush with their teeth, and thus leaves, limbs, and trunk are devoured by these greedy animals.



The Flying Horse; or, Riches and Poverty.

A poor boy was once going by a large, fine house, when he saw another boy of his own age, riding about on a beautiful horse. The boy was handsomely dressed, and the horse pranced gayly along the path that wound among tall trees and grassy lawns.

The poor boy sighed, and said to him-

self, "Why could not I have a beautiful horse, and be dressed in fine clothes, and ride about among pleasure-grounds? How happy that gay fellow must be, and how miserable am I! He has nothing to do but enjoy himself, and I have to work for a living, and be dressed in mean clothes, and eat brown bread, and got

hardly enough of that." And then the poor boy went on his way; but all the time he was thinking of the rich boy, and contrasting his condition with his own poverty, and his heart grew sad; and after a time, he sat down and wept, and then, as the weather was mild, he fell asleep, and had a dream.

He fancied that he was pursuing his way, until at last he came to a forest; and there he heard a voice, which seemed to call him. He followed this, and it led him into a wild and lonely dell. Here the voice grew more distinct, and seemed very near. Pretty soon, he saw the mouth of a cave, and he entered. It was dark at first, but he could see light within. Passing along, he came to a lofty temple, whose ceiling was high as the clouds, and shining as if made of silver. While he stood looking around in wonder and delight, a lovely being, dressed in green, with the form of a maiden, yet with wings like a bird, came to his side, and desired to know what he wanted.

The boy was confused at first; but recovering himself, he said, "I am poor and unhappy. To-day I saw a rich boy, finely dressed, and riding a beautiful horse along lovely pleasure-grounds, and I thought to myself, 'Why is this difference? Why is he so much better off than I am?' And these thoughts have made me wretched, and I wish to die."

"This is very wrong and very foolish," said the maid in green. "You are born in poverty, and the boy you speak of is born to riches; but it is not poverty or riches that make people happy."

"What then?" said the poor boy.

"Good sense, good feelings," said the

fairy, "are the sources of contentment, and contentment brings happiness. One who is poor may have good sense and good feelings, and therefore be happy; while one who is rich may be deficient in these things, and consequently be miserable."

"All that may be," said the boy; "but I wish I was rich, and had a beautiful horse, and fine clothes, and could ride about when I pleased. I'd risk being happy or unhappy if I was rich."

"Well," said the maid, "you shall make the experiment. Come hither." So she took the boy to a splendid edifice, that looked like a palace. The door was opened, and within was a collection of the finest horses that could be seen. The maiden directed the boy to choose one. He looked from one to another. At last, he came to a horse which had wings. This creature was very beautiful, for his skin was black, sleek, and glossy: his mane and tail were long and flowing, like silk, while his eye was bright and sparkling, seeming almost like the intelligent eye of a human being. The boy was enchanted as he gazed on this splendid animal. He hardly dared to ask for this one; but the fairy knew his thoughts, and said, "You can take *him* if you please."

"Really?" said the youth: "may I take this one?"

"Certainly," was the reply. And the maid added, "If you ride so fine a horse, you must have a fine dress. Here is the suit of a knight; it is superb, is it not?" The boy put it on, and impatient to try his horse, he leaped into the saddle. He was about to depart, when the maid in green beckoned him to her side, and said,

"Remember, I warned you that happiness is not the gift of riches, but of good sense and good feelings. These may as well belong to the poor as the rich. But you desired to try riches. You have them! I have given you a horse that will carry you from one place to another with the speed of the wind. I now give you a purse full of gold. Go and try your fortune. But remember, if you do not find happiness, it is not my fault. I have warned you that this springs not from external things, but from the mind and the heart. Farewell."

The boy and fairy parted, the former galloping away in ecstasy. The horse seemed hardly to touch the ground. On he sped, with a swift and easy motion; and at last, starting from the top of a lofty hill, he spread his wings, and flew like an eagle over the landscape. Nothing could surpass the joy of the rider, as he swept over hill and valley. "This is indeed happiness," said he, mentally. "How foolish that girl in green was, to talk about being happy without being rich! Poh! poh!" and with these thoughts he spurred his horse to a quicker and still quicker pace.

For some hours he continued his flight; but at length he grew weary, and by and by he had a sense of hunger. "After all," said he, "I suppose one may get tired, and must eat, even though he may have a flying horse and a purse full of gold." Upon this, he looked about for some place to stop at. Far down in a valley, at some distance, he saw a town, and concluded to stop here. So he pulled in the reins; but the flying horse did not mind the bit. The boy pulled harder and harder; but

the horse, so far from checking his gait, only sped on with a more rapid flight. The boy pulled, but the horse still flew. On, on he went, and in a short time the town below was left far behind. Hour after hour, the horse pursued his swift career, and the rider, at length, weary of his efforts, yielded to despair. "What will come of all this?" said he, thinking almost aloud. "Will the beast never stop? Will he go on till I drop from his back through hunger and fatigue? Am I doomed to be crushed to the earth, and made the prey of vultures and wolves? Really, this is too horrible. After all, perhaps that green woman was right. I've got a flying horse, but I don't know how to manage him. I've plenty of gold, but this is useless to one who is carried away by a demon. What on earth shall I do? Upon my word, I wish I was safe back to the ground in my brown clothes and bare feet, toddling along, as I was this morning. I was happy enough till I saw that rich young fellow prancing about on his fine horse. It must be true what the green girl said—that happiness springs from a contented mind. Alas! I have learned wisdom too late. I see that the power which riches confer are not only useless, but fatal to those who have not the training and the wisdom to use them. If I could manage this horse, he would be indeed a treasure; but not having been taught to govern him, he is my master, and I must perish, as the penalty of seeking what was not fairly within my reach."

While the boy thus mused, he became so weary that he could not sit upright. He leaned forward, and swaying in his saddle, he fell. Down, down he went,

and as he struck the earth with a terrible bang—fortunately it was only a dream—he awoke! He rubbed his eyes, and went on his way. And long, long after, he

thought of the flying horse, and the folly of being envious of those whose condition in life is different from our own.



The Dipper.

THIS bird, on account of his curious habits, has attracted a good deal of attention. In England, he has as many names as the greatest burglar or counterfeiter, being called *water ousel*, *water crane*, *water colly*, &c.

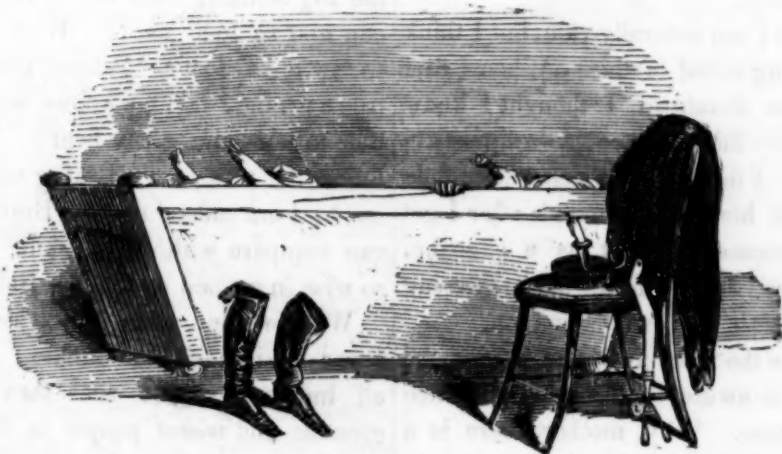
In this part of the country, the dipper

is rare, and we dare say that many of our readers have never seen it, or heard of it. We shall therefore give some account of it. It is shaped like a wren, but it is nearly as large as a robin. The back is nearly black, and the belly brown. It lives in hilly or mountainous tracts, and

frequents streams and rivulets. The nest is built under projecting stones and in crevices of rocks. The young dippers are ravenous eaters, and their cries frequently lead people to their discovery.

The dipper feeds upon the spawn of fishes, and upon young fishes themselves; also upon insects that are found in streams. Its great peculiarity is that, although it is not webfooted, and cannot swim, it *walks in and under the water as well as on the*

land! Its feathers are very compact, so as to prevent the bird from being wet; and, consequently, it pursues its food along the bottom of streams with perfect ease. It is a hardy bird, and is often seen, in England, plunging into the rivers as soon as spring has come and the ice is gone. While the ground is still covered with snow, the dipper is often at work in the water, fishing for his daily feast.



Russian Bed.

A RECENT traveller in Russia describes a bed which he slept in, and which seems to be common in that country.

It is very much like an old-fashioned meal chest. The preceding cut will give a good idea of it. One would think that such a bed was invented for a country where the people get tipsy, and are afraid of rolling upon the floor in their sleep; or where they have earthquakes, and are afraid of being tumbled out of bed by the heaving and swelling of the earth; or where it is

necessary to shut the people up at night, like rabbits in a box, to prevent their running away. At all events, it is a kind of bed not suited to our taste, and we hope the use of it may be confined to Russia for a long time to come, especially if they like it.

NONE are so fond of secrets as those who do not know how to keep them.

Billy Bump in Boston.

[Continued from p. 188.]

Letter from William Bump to his Mother.

Boston, July 18—.

MY DEAR MOTHER: I have received two letters from you since I last wrote, and pray accept my thanks for them. They were very amusing, and contained some excellent advice. I suppose, by your story of the rabbit and tortoise, you fear that I may have some self-conceit, and be likely to rely upon my own superior abilities, rather than my own industry.

Perhaps I am naturally vain, but I think I am getting cured of this. When I first came from Sundown, I thought I knew almost every thing, and could do almost every thing. I felt as tall as a church steeple when I left home, but a month after I got here I seemed as flat as a pancake. Ever since that, I have been growing less and less in my own estimation.

I believe the more a person knows, the more he is aware of his real ignorance and littleness. Why, mother, there is a library here, called the Athenæum: in this there are forty thousand volumes, and some of them are as big as a good-sized baby. Most of them are in English; but some are in Greek, and some in Hebrew, some in Latin, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Swedish, &c. They tell about all sorts of subjects—history, geography, astronomy, chemistry, and a thousand other things I never even heard of. I was in this library one day with another boy, and he saw a book entitled *Numismatics*. "Well," said he, "I've heard of *Matthew Mattocks*, but I never heard of this *New Miss Mattocks* before!"

Well, you see, mother, if I came from Sundown very conceited, it was because I did not know how many wonderful things there were in the world. I have learned better now, and hope, as I gain more knowledge, I shall be still more modest. Uncle Ben told a story, the other day, that touched my case. He said that, some years ago, a famous Indian chief came from the Rocky Mountains to Washington. He was a great warrior, and when he was introduced to the president of the United States, he made a speech. "I am the Big Buffalo," said he. "What hunter can roar so loud as I? What Indian is so swift of foot? Whose arrow is so true as mine? Who knows so well as I how to hunt the grisly bear? Who can follow the trail of a skulking enemy like me? I am indeed a great Brave. Who can compare with me in skill? Who is so wise in council as the Big Buffalo?"

Well, mother, when I first came here, I was a kind of Big Buffalo. I believe all Indians imagine that they are the greatest and wisest people in the world; and I am sure that all boys think they know more than any body else. They are all Big Buffaloes till they become wiser.

It seems to me one of the objects of education is, to find our true position, to estimate ourselves aright, and, with the increase of knowledge, to acquire an increase of modesty.

You may think I am talking very wisely, but I am telling what I have heard our teacher say. He not only makes us learn what is in books, but he talks to us, gives us good advice, and tells us stories, so as to make us understand and remember what he says. He told us, some time ago,

that we ought to be modest and humble, and he gave this as one of his reasons. "No one," said he, "who thinks he is on the top of the hill, will attempt to climb higher. He fancies that there is nothing more to be done; he is above every body else. But if you can show him that he is in fact on a very little, low mound, and that there are lofty regions above him, from which he may see sights the most glorious,—cities, nations, kingdoms, empires,—there is some chance that he may be roused to new efforts, and climb higher and still higher in the path of life, usefulness, duty, and glory."

I was very much pleased with old Bottle Nose's fables, which you sent. How I should like to see the old fellow! It is near three years since I left home, but it seems twice as long. Yet I remember every thing as clearly as if I was there yesterday. I often dream of you, and father, and old Trot, and every thing else at Sundown. You can't conceive how sad I am when I wake, after such a dream, and find that I am still in Boston. Pray, mother, did you ever read some lines called the "*Soldier's Dream*"? They represent a soldier, far, far away from his wife, and his children, and his home. At night, after a battle, he lays himself down to rest, surrounded by the dead and the dying. He falls asleep, and then, in a dream, he seems to return to his home. The story is beautifully told, and is very affecting.

"When reposing that night on my pallet of
straw,

By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the
slain,

At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw.

And thrice ere the morning I dreamed it
again.

"Methought from the battle-field's dreadful
array,

Far, far, I had roamed on a desolate track;
'Twas autumn, and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers that welcomed
me back.

"I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom
was young,

I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And I knew the sweet strain that the corn-
reapers sung.

"Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly
I swore,

From my home and my weeping friends
never to part;

My little ones kissed me a thousand times
o'er,

And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness
of heart.

"Stay, stay with us,—rest; thou art weary
and worn;"

And fain was the war-broken soldier to
stay;

But sorrow returned with the dawning of
morn,

And the voice in my dreaming ear melted
away."

Is it not a sad story? Perhaps I feel it the more, because it reminds me of my own case. I have written a poem in which I have tried to tell one of my dreams. I send it to you, though, by the side of the one I have just repeated, it will seem very flat.

A DREAM OF HOME.

Far, far from home, my heart oppressed,

I laid me down and sought for rest;

I slept, but longing fancy drew

A lovely vision to my view.

Methought I roamed by wave and wood,
 When, lo ! my home before me stood.
 The scenes familiar to my gaze
 Seemed lovelier than in other days ;
 The elm that o'er the humble shed
 Its leafy boughs protective spread,
 The moss-brown roof, the clambering vine,
 The window where the roses twine,
 And O, that blest old open door,
 With narrow, beaten path before ! —
 So dear, so truthful seemed the view,
 No shading doubt my bosom knew.
 As nigh the door, with listening ear
 And beating heart, I paused to hear
 Those voices, more than music dear —
 I heard my name, and O, how blest,
 When, to my mother's bosom pressed !
 With ardent lip my love I spoke !
 And lo ! the glorious vision broke !

Now, mother, don't laugh. The poetry is no doubt foolish enough, but still, I feel so much what I am writing, that I cannot keep the tears out of my eyes. My heart is sadder than usual, for something bad seems to hang over this family. Uncle Ben is very gloomy, aunt is thoughtful, and cousin Lucy looks anxious and pale. What all this means I don't know. I hope nothing bad is going to happen. But to tell you the truth, dear mother, I wish I was at Sundown. Pray give my best love to father, and believe me your dutiful son.

WILLIAM BUMP.



The Swiss Char-a-banc.

THIS carriage, of which the engraving gives a good idea, is a light vehicle employed by innkeepers, and residents in the various cantons of Switzerland, for the safer conveyance of par-

ties making excursions through such districts of that mountainous region as are accessible to carriages.

The mule is the favorite in all countries where footing is insecure, and this

sagacious, though stubborn race is to be found; but this description of equipage is fitted out with horse or mule, as may be convenient. The general appearance of the whole, the driver and the driven, the conveyance and conveyed, is as singular and picturesque as any of the droshkies, sledges, or sedans of Russia. They are peculiarly well adapted to meet the dangers of a route abounding with precipices, ruts, and ravines, not to mention the fearful impediments cast from time to time in the way, by avalanches or overwhelming masses of detached snow from the mountain sides, by vast fragments of rock, or suddenly rushing torrents, that force their way through fissures occasioned by the riven mountains' side having afforded free passage for the springs.

On occasions of peril, when, from the unevenness of the track, the passenger feels in dread of an upset, he has only to place his foot on the step, and encounter the difficulty as a pedestrian, putting, occasionally, his shoulder to the wheel, or grasping the spokes so as to lift the carriage dexterously into a smoother space, and thus, by doing his best to preserve the balance, resume, after a brief interval, his cushioned seat in the car. There are leather curtains, which draw at will, and folding aprons, buckling to the sides, which, in case of snow or rain, afford sufficient protection from the weather; and the ride, with these equipments, and tolerably fair roads, is for the most part very agreeable, and often accomplished with a rapidity quite unlooked for among the Alpine cliffs and crags.

The best chars-à-banc are on elliptic

springs, as represented in the engraving, after the fashion of low four-wheeled phaëtons, and they carry three passengers. The rate of fare is about fifteen cents a mile.

The driver is a most fanciful personage as to costume. His equipments consist of a striped vest or short jacket of woollen or calico, according to the season, with very full sleeves, terminating at the wrist in a black silk or velvet band; plush velveteen small-clothes, white ribbed stockings, and small black cloth boots; a broad-brimmed or high-peaked hat of straw, garnished with artificial flowers and ribbons, a pipe in his mouth, and a tinder-box and a flask of Swiss whiskey in his pouch.

The Potato Disease.

THE following directions, derived from practical experience, are well deserving of attention: 1. Let all early potatoes that are ripe be immediately taken up; 2. Examine the stalks of all others every day; 3. Whenever you find any stalk diseased, put your feet one on each side of it and pull it up, leaving the potatoes in the ground—do not cut the stalk off, but pull it up by the roots; 4. Then tread down and harden the ground over the potatoes, and trench it up; 5. Burn the diseased stalks; do not on any account leave them on the ground; 6. All the late potatoes should remain in the ground, and be dug up only as wanted, for when the disease has once made its appearance, exposure to the air is found to increase it.



The Nimble Lizard.

THIS beautiful little creature, found in almost every part of the temperate regions of Europe, has this peculiarity, — that it is the most gentle and inoffensive of all the lizard family. Though fond of basking in the sun's rays, it cannot bear excessive heat, and seeks for shelter in the hottest weather.

This creature may sometimes be seen, in beautiful spring weather, stretched out on a sloping green bank, or extending itself on a wall exposed to the sun. It shows the great delight which it enjoys under the influence of the sun by the gentle agitation of its slender tail, and by the animating pleasure which sparkles in its lively, brilliant eyes. As it subsists on animals of a very minute size, if any of them come within its reach, it will dart

upon them with astonishing rapidity; and if any danger is near, with equal quickness, it will escape into some safe place of retreat.

On account of its rapid movements, this little creature receives the well-merited name of the *nimble lizard*. It deposits its eggs, in May, in some warm situation, often at the bottom of a wall fronting the south, where they are hatched by the heat of the sun. They can remain a long time without food; indeed, some have been kept in a bottle without nourishment for six months. They change their skins annually, and remain all winter in a torpid state.

HOW TO PRESERVE APPLES. — Lock them up in a dry cellar, and hide the key.



The Hoop.

SEE this boy, driving his hoop! Who is happier than he? Round and round goes the toy, swift and swifter does it leap, glide, and tumble over the ground.

Let us consider this matter. The boy is delighted, in the first place, to see this hoop circling so gracefully along. The thing is, in itself, pleasing and beautiful.

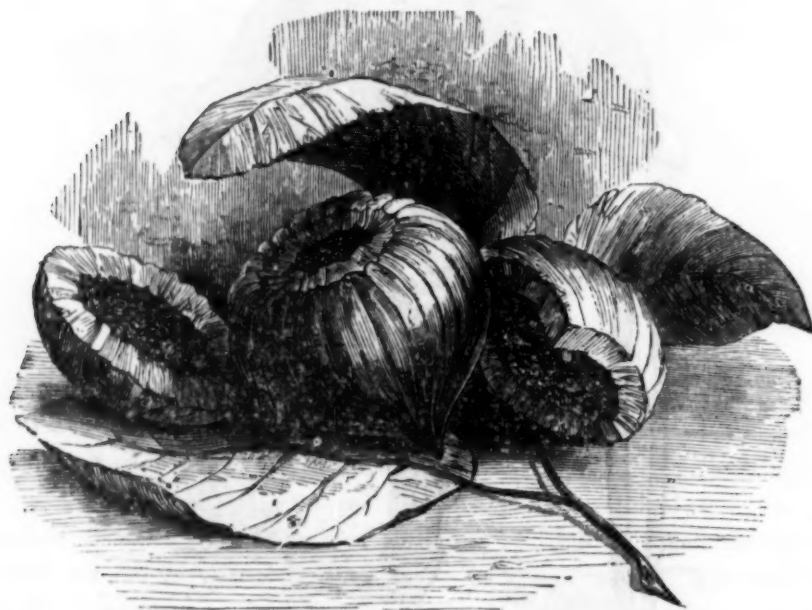
Every child, capable of understanding it, is delighted to see it. Its form is beautiful and its motion is graceful.

But there is a higher delight when the boy says to himself, "This is my hoop!" The enjoyment is again increased when he feels conscious that its motion is given by his hand. The glory of an eloquent

orator, or a victorious general, is of the same nature as that of our hero at the head of this article, who seems to say, "See how *I* make *my* hoop go!"

The boy, then, is father of the man; that is to say, the boy resembles the man; he shows, even in his sports, the principles and motives which form the ma-

chinery of human life and human society. But there is one thing in which boys have the advantage over men: their pleasures are generally innocent. If they learn to love what is evil, they have, too often, bad counsel or bad example from older people to teach them. Let fathers and mothers think of that!



Figs.

THE fig-tree is a native of most warm countries, and in Asia, Africa, and Europe, around the Mediterranean, its fruit has long been not only a luxury, but an important article of food. The tree grows to the height of twenty or twenty-five feet, the trunk being twenty inches in diameter. Its branches are numerous, long, twisted, and pliant. The leaves are

as large as the hand. The fruit, when fresh, has a purplish color, with a soft, sweet, fragrant pulp. In this state, it is a great favorite in the countries where it grows, and for five months of the year, is brought constantly upon the table. The figs which we get here are dried, and are very different from the fresh ones we have described.

The fig-tree, in its wild state, is a low, distorted shrub, producing fruit without any agreeable flavor. The trees which yield the fruit which we have described are the result of cultivation. In countries where figs are raised in large quantities, as Italy, Greece, Turkey, &c., the people employ great skill in obtaining large crops, and in bringing the fruit to perfection. A great many dried figs come from Smyrna, in Turkey, to this country : most of those we see are from that place. Dried figs, with barley bread, are almost the only food of the common people in parts of Greece and many of the Greek islands.

Figs are cultivated in Georgia ; and if any of our readers ever go there, they will find that the praise we have bestowed upon them is well deserved. They grow farther north, and sometimes they grow in the hothouses of Boston ; but these are by no means so delicious as those of more southern climates.

There are many kinds of figs. The *sycamore fig* is eaten in Egypt, and along the coast of Asia Minor ; but it is not so greatly esteemed as the other kinds. The tree is, however, a great curiosity. It is sometimes so large that the trunk measures fifty feet in circumference. It seems that the fruit, instead of growing upon limbs, grows on the body or trunk, and ripens, not at any particular season, but at all seasons of the year. The wood is said not to rot ; and hence the cases of the mummies, in Egypt, are made of it. Some of them, two or three thousand years old, are found undecayed. This tree is the one called *sycamore* in the Bible. It belongs to the same class as the famous *banian-tree* of India.

Birds.

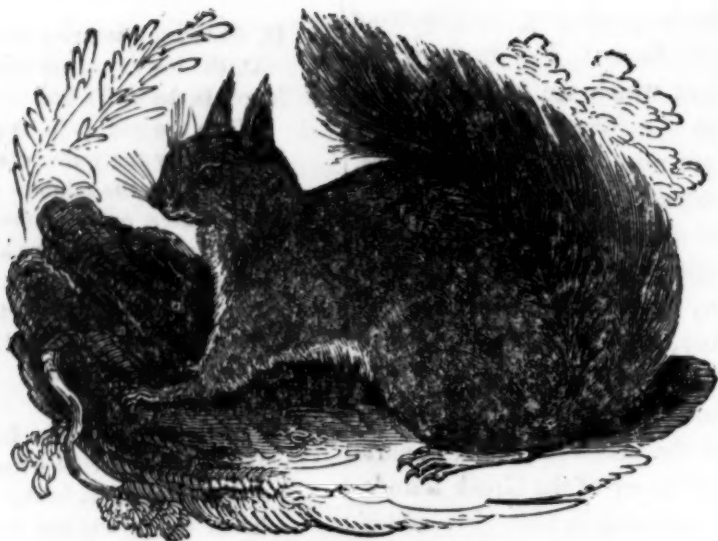
O, THE sunny summer time !
O, the leafy summer time !
Merry is the bird's life,
When the year is in its prime !
Birds are by the waterfalls,
Dashing in the rainbow spray ;
Every where, every where,
Light and lovely there are they.
Birds are in the forest old,
Building in each hoary tree ;
Birds are on the green hill ;
Birds are by the sea.

On the moor, and in the fen,
'Mong the whortleberries green,
In the yellow furze bush,
There the joyous bird is seen ;
In the heather on the hill ;
All among the mountain thyme ;
By the little brook sides,
Where the sparkling waters chime,
In the crag, and on the peak,
Splintered, savage, wild, and bare,
There the bird, with wild wing,
Wheelet through the air, —

Wheelet through the breezy air,
Singing, screaming in his flight,
Calling to his bird mate,
In a troubleless delight ;
In the green and leafy wood,
Where the branching ferns up-curl,
Soon as is the dawning,
Wakes the mavis and the merle ;
Wakes the cuckoo on the bough ;
Wakes the jay with ruddy breast ;
Wakes the mother ring-dove,
Brooding on her nest.

EVERY fool knows how often he has been a rogue, but every rogue does not know how often he has been a fool.

LIVE to learn and learn to live.



The Squirrel.

A GENTLEMAN went into the woods to stay all day. He took with him two ears of roasted corn and some bread for his dinner. After a while, he sat down under a tree to rest himself, and a little squirrel came capering about. The ears of roasted corn were lying in some clean paper on the ground. I suppose the little squirrel liked the smell of them. He acted very much as if he wanted to carry them off. He looked at the corn, and then he looked in the gentleman's face. When he saw him smile, he took hold of one ear of corn with his little sharp teeth, and tried to drag it away; but it was quite too heavy for him. So he nibbled off the kernels, and stuffed his mouth as full as he could. Then he trotted off to his house under the ground, and put the corn away for his dinner. He came back again, and stuffed his cheeks as full as they could hold.

He looked up in the gentleman's face, as if he wanted to ask whether he would whip him for taking his corn. But the gentleman loved the squirrel, and he did not make any noise to frighten him away. So the pretty little creature came to the tree again and again; and every time he came, he carried off as much as his mouth would hold. He did not leave one single kernel of corn on the ears. I wonder his little feet were not tired before he got it all stowed away in his house.

I should love to go into the woods and have a little squirrel come and look up in my face and carry off my dinner. — *Flowers for Children.*

It is an old saying of Epicurus, "A fool is always just beginning to live."

MEN often tire themselves in pursuit of rest.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

Thanks, girls and boys, for your plentiful favors this month. See what abundance we have!

Michigan, June 1, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

As you were pleased to print the letter sent to you by Sammy Sassafras, I send you another, and shall tell you something about the emigrants to California.

They went on their way in fine spirits, encountering bad weather, rain, and quantities of Michigan mud, till they reached Peru, in Illinois. There, finding it best to save their own and the ponies' strength, they shipped on board a steamboat for St. Louis. The river was very high, in many places being two or three miles wide, submerging fields and houses, and presenting to the eye new and peculiar scenery. They reached the busy city for which they embarked in safety, and so crowded was the levee—as the river bank is there called—that the boat had to shove for a place for her bows; and it was a day and a half before they could land, so many hurrying on, bustling and busy. From St. Louis to Independence it would take them nine days to travel by land, as the roads were very bad still; therefore eight of them again took passage up the river for that place, leaving the captain and purser to arrange for some further supplies.

They bought another wagon and two mules, and another span of horses, and furnished themselves with a large quantity of ropes, and more tools; pulleys and tackling; powder and shot; and 1000 lbs. of flour; and 1200 lbs. of bacon; and coffee and sugar; tea and chocolate; and rice; and a long list of articles for their comfort; some barrels of crackers and sea bread. Each man bought a buffalo robe for his bed, and then moved on up the river. They reached Independence landing in three

days; found the company camped out, three miles from town. There they wait till the grass shall start up on the plains, that they may find pasturage for the horses and mules. They were glad to meet their comrades, for they now feel like a band of brothers interested in each other's welfare. They keep guard all night, sleeping on the ground in the tents, and relieve the guard every two hours. It is very pleasant in the fine nights, but when it is raining coldly, and the wind blowing, they think of the comforts of home, and hope all is well with those they love there.

The town of Independence is built on a beautiful site; is of brick, and is a thriving frontier town; and all things necessary for an outfit can be purchased there, except wagons and harness. Mules are kept for sale. Here they found about three thousand people, out on the same cause. They grind their axes, repack their goods, oil their tents and wagon covers, and get quite ready, not forgetting to load one wagon with corn and oats, for the ponies and honest mules, for fear that the grass will be short for the first few days, as the season is very backward.

Here they were joined by Mr. S., who was taken sick with a disease just as they were ready to leave Monroe, and it proved to be that awful one—the small-pox! But he was well enough to meet them there, though changed so much that his companions hardly knew him. They remained until the 20th of April, when they set off for the plains, under the guidance of Colonel Russell, and were in the *first train* with forty wagons and one hundred men. They are at this time in the region of the Rocky Mountains; but we suppose that they will stop at the great Salt Lake, at the Mormon settlement, where they will see many strange and new things. The men had fine health, though unused to cook for themselves or to endure hardships.

The ponies were strong and in good condition.

Many of your readers, Mr. Merry, have friends on the way to the gold region. All go *HOPING*. May all be spared sickness, and trouble, and death in a strange land.

SAMMY SASSAFRAS.

Fredericksburg, Virginia, May 22, 1849.

DEAR MR. MERRY:

Never having written to you before, by way of introduction I will merely state that I live in the dear, little, old-fashioned town of Fredericksburg; which, notwithstanding its being so old-fashioned, is the very place for the exercise of true Virginia hospitality.

My father has been taking the Museum for some years. I used to take delight in "The Leaves for little Readers;" but in the last year or two, my tastes have changed, and now I like your poetry, such as "Childhood's Home," and the piece "To my Sister;" although I have several *little* brothers, whose bright blue and black eyes grow brighter when they see the Museum, and who immediately begin to say, "Now, papa, mayn't I read the Museum first. I want to read the Playmate."

Now, Mr. Merry, I have a favor to ask. Won't you insert a piece of poetry for me? My sister addressed it to me on my birthday, and I want to get a good copy of it. It has never been printed, and the copy I have is in a very dilapidated condition. It is rather long, but if you will waive that objection and insert it, you will oblige

Your black-eyed subscriber,

M. S. H.

TO MY SISTER ON HER BIRTHDAY.

What, sister dear, what shall I say
To thee, on this thy natal day?
Shall I wish thee joy, and lengthened days?
The music sweet of human praise?
Ask that the eye, which now is bright,
Shall ne'er be quenched, or lose its light?
Ask that the heart shall know no fear?
Nor cheek be sullied by a tear?

The form and features, now so fair,
Ne'er bear the marks of eating care?
Hope that through life each joy that's sought
By thee, may be as quickly caught?
That flowers around thy path may fling
The sweetest odors of the spring?
That thou mayst never know decay,
But revel on through life's sweet day;
Each shadow from thy spirit cast,
Each moment brighter than the last?
That life, with thee, may pass away
Unclouded as a summer's day?
All this, and more, my sister dear,
I'd ask for thee, thy life to cheer.
I'd have thee lift thy thoughts above,
Where dwells alone a God of love.
To him devote your early youth,
In trusting words of holy truth.
O, sister dear, could I now tell
But half the thoughts that in me swell,
I'd ask of blessings such a dower
As he, and he alone, could shower —
A gentle spirit, meek and kind,
From all of passion's dross refined;
A voice whose tone is ever mild,
A heart whose thoughts are undefiled;
Which will not turn a deafened ear
To sorrow's plaint, but dry the tear,
Soothe and console the deep distress,
Joyful to have the power to bless.
The curls are fair that cluster now
In rich luxuriance o'er thy brow;
But I would have the soul within
A rarer loveliness to win.
I would before thine eyes unfold
The page whose wealth is yet untold.
I'd have thee of its riches seek
A store which thou through life shouldst keep
I'd have thee grasp the gem thou'lt find,
And quickly on thy forehead bind.
I'd have thy fairy form arrayed
In robes which ne'er on earth were made,
And round thy footsteps, which now cling
To earth, immortal flowers fling.
Such are the joys, my sister dear,
Which I would bring, thy life to cheer;
Joys which in age more freshly spring;
Joys which behind them leave no sting.

But on the path, which else were dark,
 Cast their own bright and heavenly spark.
 And though I would not have thee fling
 Away the wealth that earth doth bring,
 Though I would have thy mind a store
 Of modern learning, ancient lore,
 Yet thou shouldst think these graces fair
 To heavenly light but handmaids are;
 And learn that she whose heart was fraught
 With love for thee, and early taught
 Thy lips to pray, hath to thee given
 The blessing richest this side heaven.
 Then let us turn our thoughts to-day
 To him who is the truth, the way;
 Upwards, O, let them wing their flight,
 Till they are lost in Heaven's own light.

C. H.

Winton, May, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

I have been very much amused with your Museum since I have been taking it. I borrowed it from one of my cousins, and I liked it so well that I determined to take it. I liked the last number of the Museum better than any other I have got. I have only taken it four months. I was very much disappointed, however, not to find the answers to the puzzles in the March number; so I went to work to find them out. I find the answer to the one with twenty-five letters to be "The Gold Region in California." A lady told me that the one with five letters was "Brats." That with twenty-one letters, I found out to be "William Ellery Channing." But it is wrong somehow. Either the printer made a mistake, or the little girl wrote it wrong, for the letter No. 10 is left out. The puzzle composed of fourteen letters I think must be wrong too, for we cannot make any thing of it, though we certainly found some parts of it right.

The puzzle in the April number, of nine letters, is "Happiness;" that of six letters, "Starch."

I live a good way off, on the eastern shore of Maryland, in Queen Anne's county.

I do not live in a town, but on a farm, which is beautifully situated on the Chester River, which is remarkable for its clearness;

and it has a very pebbly beach. There are a great many old Indian curiosities, which we get principally from immense shell banks; and I, with two other little children like myself, are making up a cabinet.

I have two cousins, who live up in the mountains, on the western shore, where they never saw a large river. They opened their eyes very wide when they saw the Patapsco, at Baltimore; but they would open them wider if they saw our river, which, though not equal to your Connecticut River, is three miles wide in front of our house.

My letter is no great thing, Mr. Merry; but I am a little boy, only nine years old. In another year, I hope to be able to write one better worth sending.

From your sincere admirer,

R. T. E.

Middleburg, May 24.

MY DEAR MR. PETER PARLEY:

I think I must have felt something like the man who woke one morning and found himself famous, when I saw you had not only published my letter, but said, "Thank you, Fanny."

Papa has just returned from attending the Medical Convention in Boston, and saw and heard a great deal to delight him with your city; but the most wonderful sight of all he did not see; and that was "Peter Parley." If he had taken me with him, I should have hunted you out the first thing.

Your stories about birds, this month, are very interesting, and remind me to tell you of something that came under my own observation. We had a martin-box on top of our porch, and for many summers, the martins had built in it. But, six years ago, the cat one night got at the box, and killed all the young ones. Mamma was wakened by the distressed cries of the poor old birds, and got to the window just in time to see the cruel cat spring in, her face besmeared with blood. Next morning, the birds all left, and never returned. Every spring, a few would be seen examining the box; but none would settle.

Last summer, we moved to another part of the town, and carried our box with us; and this spring, we have a fine colony of martins established in it. Now, Mr. Parley, how do you account for this? It would seem as if the birds had some means of handing down the bloody story from father to son; for if, as we first supposed, some marks of blood on the box, or other traces of the cat's visit, had frightened them off, a mere change of position would not have remedied that. Please explain this, for we children think you know, like Solomon, every thing; from "the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop upon the wall."

I hope you are not tired of this long letter. I wish you would come to Virginia this summer; but when you come to see me, it must be in "London county," and not "London city," or you will not find your little friend,

FANNY B. C.

Somerville, N. J., May 17, 1849.

DEAR MR. MERRY:

It has afforded much pleasure to all of us children to read the interesting stories in your Museum, and solve all the puzzles and conundrums; and we, brother and sister, thought we would try and give you a specimen of something Jersey children can do.

We are regular readers of your little magazine, which our father is so kind as to take for us; and we hope you will not think us rude in writing to you. Please insert the accompanying enigma, if you think it suitable.

Yours, &c. H. M. M. & S. D. M.

I am composed of twenty-two letters.

My 11, 10, 14, 22, is a river in Europe.

My 20, 9, 5, 11, is the name of a flower.

My 11, 12, 5, 21, 9, 13, is the name of a locomotive very celebrated in Somerset county, N. J.

My 7, 8, 20, 9, 13, is an article much worn.

My 8, 9, 10, 10, 5, is a place much prized by the Americans.

My 14, 11, 22, 21, is a vegetable.

My 5, 4, 5, 21, 11, 20, is a near relative.

My 8, 9, 18, 22, is the deposed head of a church.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, is a boy's name.

My 10, 4, 13, 22, 16, is an article much used by housekeepers.

My 7, 18, 8, 10, 22, is a fruit generally liked.

My 8, 15, 21, 19, 21, 9, is a vegetable in daily use.

My whole is the name of a prince who has made considerable stir in the world.

Farmington, May 15, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

I have taken your Museum for four years, and every number has made me like it more. I have for a long time thought how pleasant it would be to be one of your correspondents, and have at length mustered courage enough to write you. I live in one of the prettiest valleys in Connecticut, which, I believe, has the honor of being your native state. I have found out the puzzles in your last number. M. M. G.'s is "Lydia H. Sigourney;" Charade No. 1, is the letter "T;" No. 2, is "Manifold;" No. 3, "Antelope;" the last puzzle is the "Alleghany Mountains."

Middlebury, May 25.

MR. ROBERT MERRY:

Dear Sir, —

Although I have taken your Museum but a short time, I have become deeply interested in it; especially in your "Monthly Chat" with your friends. I take the liberty to send you the answers to the puzzles and charades in your May number.

The first, is "Lydia H. Sigourney;" the second, is the letter "T;" third, "Manifold;" fourth, "Antelope;" fifth, "Alleghany Mountains."

I am yours, truly,

R. A. B.

Our friend Emma sends us the following neat riddle: —

"When you have nothing else to do,
Make some stockings of your shoe."

We have many letters on hand, but we must reserve them for another number.



Tom Titmouse.

GENTLE reader, allow me to introduce to you one of my friends, named *Titmouse*. Here he is! Mr. Titmouse, these are my friends—John, and James, and Susan, and Lucy! Now you may go, my pretty bird!

Well, as Titmouse is gone, we'll have a little talk about him. But remember, boys and girls, never say any thing bad of a neighbor who has just made me a call. Some people, as soon as any one has turned his back, fall to picking him to pieces. How they do make the feathers fly! But this is not my way. I tell you all, Black Eyes and Blue, if you come to see me, I shall say nothing but good of you when you are gone; and for

this plain reason—I shall feel nothing but pleasure in thinking about you. Other people may do as they please. They may think it witty, and smart, and racy, and spicy, and clever, and every thing else, to say sour things of other people. I think just the contrary. Why, what is so easy as to pick flaws and find fault with people who are absent? This is called *backbiting*; and to mean and vulgar minds, it is just as natural as it is for a rattlesnake to bite those who come in his way.

But we'll not trouble ourselves about backbiters and rattlesnakes; for as I have said I am going to tell you of my friend, Thomas Titmouse. Now, you must

know that Tom had a father and mother ; and, as to that matter, most people have fathers and mothers, at one time or another. I remember one fellow,—his name was Bob Berry,—a freckled, curly-headed, blue-eyed chap, who insisted upon it that he never had any father and mother, but that his aunt Biddikin was both, to him. By the way, this Berry (or, as we used to call him, Bobberry) was a genius. He was famous for always eating chestnuts, and for always having his pocket full, at the same time. He could run faster, throw a stone farther, fly a kite higher, shoot an arrow farther, than any other boy at West Lane school, always excepting Bill Keeler. I cannot say much of his book learning ; for, to tell the truth, he was no great student. The moment he put a book before him, he became cross-eyed : one eye turned up to the wall, and the other squinted down at the floor. The master, whose name was Peppery, tried to whip Bob's eyes straight ; but the more he whipped, the more crooked they grew. One thing was very curious. As soon as the master began to lay on the birch, Bob always began to eat chestnuts ; and he went on till it was all over. Master Peppery grew tired, at last, and gave it up.

Well, as I said, Bob was very clever in ———

Really, I must beg your pardon, gentle reader. I had nearly forgotten my pretty friend Thomas Titmouse, whose portrait is hanging up before me, and whose history I am going to tell you. You will, perhaps, excuse an old man's rambling, especially as this has always been my way. When I was a boy, I often set out

to do one thing, and actually did another. I remember that when I was about eight years old, I was directed to take two bags, and go, on the old mare, to Burt's mill, four miles off ; there get two bushels of rye, have it ground, and bring the flour home in one bag, and the bran in the other. That was the way in R—— forty years ago.

Well, at Burt's mill, there was a famous fish pond, and so I calculated to fish while the grist was grinding. If you will believe it, I set out with a capital hook and line, and a box of worms for bait ; I mounted the mare ; I travelled the four miles ; I reached the mill ; but I had forgotten the bags ! What a scarlet fever I had for about two minutes ! However, it was too late to go back ; but the sun was two hours high, and so I went to fishing ; and — and —

But about this Tom Titmouse ! I must go on with his story, particularly as it is a very good story. I am sorry to set such a bad example of waste of time — but we all have our failings. The fact is, that when I was a boy, nobody had watches or clocks, and so we took things easy. We had three great epochs in the day — sunrise, noon, and sunset. The first and the last were easily settled, in fair weather. When it was cloudy, we guessed at it. Noon was determined by a crease cut on the south door-sill. When the shadow got to that, it was twelve o'clock. This was a well-defined point, for then we had dinner ! Dear me, how nice it was ! — pork, and cabbage, and greens. Alas ! we don't have any such now. And the water — clear as crystal, cool and refreshing as nectar. What

would I not give for a drink out of the old iron-bound bucket! Never shall I hear such music again as that old thing made against the stones, as it went rattling up and down. But I was talking of the time of day. As I said, nobody had watches. We did not say it is nine o'clock, or eleven o'clock, &c. Not at all. We went by the sun in those glorious old days: he was our timepiece. We did not regulate the day by a little French machine, no bigger than one of Kelt's crackers. No, indeed! We used to say, "The sun is an hour high;" or "The sun is two hours high." Those were great times. Every thing then was grand. Why, a ten foot pole seemed longer to me then, than a magnetic telegraph does now. A raccoon, in the woods, was equal to a grisly bear; and a wild turkey was as tall as a giraffe!

"I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance;
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy."

But really, this Tom Titmouse. What shall I do? I have used up my paper, and must leave you, gentle reader, to wait till the next number!

The Wreck of the Royal George.

ABOUT sixty years ago, a large English ship of war, the Royal George, was sunk in the English Channel, and nearly all on board were drowned. A

few years since, the hulk of the ship was raised, and it was proposed to have a billiard table made of some of the wood, for the Queen. On this occurrence, a newspaper, called the London Punch, which is full of wit and satire, had the following article. Such was the effect produced upon the public mind by it, that the proposed billiard table was given up.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY.

Although of an humble stock, and although my wife, Madam Judy, has not been presented at your Majesty's court, yet we humbly declare, that the whole court doth not contain two more loyal and duteous subjects.

May it please your Majesty, we are very old; we have been in the custom of mixing, for centuries past, with every class of the people of this kingdom, and we are enemies to no manner of sport wherewith they amuse themselves.

Billiards, among others, is a good sport. It has the privilege of uniting many honorable gentlemen daily together, of the army, of the universities, and of the swell mob, at the watering places. It has the eminent merit of leading to the detection of many rogues and swindlers; it keeps many ingenious markers, brandy merchants, and soda water vendors, in honorable maintenance, and is a great aid and patron of the tobacco trade, thereby vastly increasing the revenues of your Majesty's government.

With that sport, then, we are far from quarrelling. But there is for this, and for all other games, a time and place. Thus, in the late Mr. Hogarth's facetious print,

(I knew the gentleman very well,) the beadle is represented as caning the "Idle Apprentice" for playing at marbles; — no, not for playing at marbles, but playing on a gravestone during Sunday service. In like manner, were I to set up my show before St. James's Church, during service hours, or under your Majesty's triumphal arch at Pimlico, or in the bishop of London's drawing-room, it is likely, not that the beadle would cane me, — for that I would resist, — but that persons in blue habiliments, oil-skin hatted, white lettered, and pewter-buttoned, — policemen, in a word, — would carry me before one of your Majesty's justices of the peace. My crime would be, not the performance of my tragedy of "Punch," but its performance in an improper manner and time.

Ah, Madam! Take this apologue into your royal consideration; and recollect that as it is with Punch and marbles, so it is with billiards.

They, too, may be played at a wrong place. If it is wrong to play at marbles on a tombstone, is it just to play at billiards on a coffin — an indifferent coffin — any body's coffin? Is such a sport quite just, feeling, decorous, and honorable?

Perhaps your Majesty is not aware what the wreck of the Royal George really is. Sixty years ago, its fate made no small sensation. Eight hundred gallant men, your royal grandfather's subjects, went down to death in that great ship! The whole realm of England was stirred and terrified by their awful fate. The clergy spoke of it from their pulpits; the greatest poet then alive wrote one of the noblest ballads in our language,

which, as long as the language will endure, shall perpetuate the melancholy story. Would your Majesty wish Mr. Thomas Campbell to continue the work of Mr. William Cowper, and tell what has now become of the wreck? Lo! it is a billiard table, over which his Royal Highness, the Prince de Joinville, may be knocking about red balls and yellow, or his Serenity, the Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, may be caram bolting with his coat off. Ah, Madam! May your royal fingers never touch a cue; it is a losing hazard that you will play at that board.

The papers say there is somewhere engraved in copper, on the table, a "suitable inscription." What is it? I fancy it might run thus: —

THIS BILLIARD TABLE

IS FORMED OF PART OF THE TIMBERS OF
THE ROYAL GEORGE MAN-OF-WAR,
OF ONE HUNDRED GUNS,
Which went down on the 29th of August,
1782.

Eight hundred seamen perished on board, in the
service of their Country and their King.
Honor be to the Brave who die in such a service.

As a fitting mark of her sense of
THESE BRAVE MEN'S MISFORTUNES,
as a testimony of sympathy for their fate, as an
encouragement to Englishmen to brave their
lives in similar perils, in hopes that fu-
ture sovereigns may award them
similar delicate sympathy;
above all,

AS A STERN MONUMENT
of the vanity of military glory, the uselessness
of ambition, and the folly of fidelity, which
expects any reward but itself,
HER MAJESTY,
QUEEN VICTORIA,
Has graciously caused this play table to be
made from
THE TIMBERS OF THE FAITHFUL, USELESS,
WORN-OUT VESSEL.

• • • • •

We stop the press to announce that the billiard table out of the ROYAL GEORGE has been countermanded, and that the remaining cart-loads of timber have been purchased to decorate the new chapel at Windsor Castle!



Skating and Sliding in Different Countries.

WE suppose none of our young readers require to be told what skating and sliding are in our latitudes. But in the northern countries of Europe, where, during many months, the land seems bound in iron, the skate and snow sledge become of an importance which they perhaps do not dream of. In Holland, Lapland, and Norway, the winters are so severe, the waters seeming permanently converted from a rapidly moving fluid into a marine though transparent solid, that boats become useless, and all canal and river communication is performed on skates and sledges. Reindeer are harnessed to the sledges, and often perform one hundred to one hundred and fifty miles a day. The inhabitants, both male and female, while mounted

upon skates, often carrying heavy burdens upon their heads, glide along the rivers and canals with nearly equal velocity.

The engraving represents a Laplander descending a mountain pass, with the assistance of his snow skates, or, as they call them, *skies*. The following is a curious account of the manner of using them: "In northern countries, after the snow has fallen a few days, the frost gives it such a consistence, that it is firm enough to support the weight of a man. The surface becomes hard and glazed, and the Laplander can then make his way in any direction he pleases across the country, which before was impassable. Nothing is capable of stopping him, and he skims with equal ease and rapidity the

whole expanse of land, lake, and river. In ascending the sides of mountains, he is of course obliged to proceed in a zig-zag direction; and although the ascent be long and steep, he accomplishes it in an exceedingly short space of time, considering its difficulty. When he begins a descent, he places himself in a crouching posture, his knees bent, and his body inclined backwards, to assist him in keeping his position. He holds in one hand

a staff, which he presses on the snow, which serves to moderate his speed when too great. In this manner he will shoot down the steepest declivities. So great is his dexterity, that if he should meet suddenly with a fragment of rock or other impediment, he takes a bound of some yards to avoid it; and such is his alacrity, that it may be compared to that of an arrow, a cloud of snow being formed by the impetus of the descent."



During the former wars with Sweden, the Norwegians formed a military corps, which was provided with skates or snowshoes, and armed with rifle and sword. It was almost impossible to attack them with any success, while their efficacy in harassing and annoying the enemy was really extraordinary. Cannon shot could produce but little effect upon them, dispersed, as they were, at the distance of two or three hundred paces; and their movements were so rapid, that at the moment when you expected to see them a second time, they had already disappeared,

to break out again when least expected. If an army halts, fatigued and weary, after a long march, they find it impossible to protect themselves against an enemy which has no need of path or road, and traverses with equal facility marshes, lakes, rivers, and mountains. Even in those parts where the ice is too feeble to bear the weight of a man, the *skielober* glides safely over by the mere rapidity of his motion.

In a region of England, known as the Lincolnshire fens, the inhabitants have become renowned for their extraordinary

performances as regards velocity. Skating-races are as common there as horse-races at Epsom. A mile was several times made in one minute four seconds, and the great skaters used to challenge all England to a match for one hundred and fifty guineas. Of late years, however, the winters have been too mild for the success of those out-door sports; and, since 1838, but little has been heard of this most agreeable of all cold weather amusements.

The Dancing Mania.

IT is well known that many diseases existed in ancient times, a recurrence of which is no longer to be feared. The leprosy, and the sweating sickness, live only in the pages of history; and the ailment called St. Vitus's Dance, which is a very rare and by no means dangerous disease, is all that remains of an epidemic that once afflicted thousands, and spread terror and confusion over large districts.

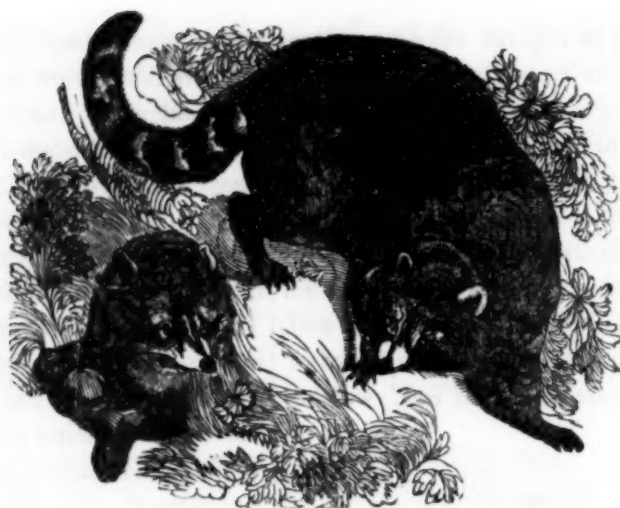
In 1374, an assemblage of men and women were seen at Aix-la-Chapelle, who had come out of Germany; they formed circles, hand in hand, and continued dancing in the streets for hours together, in a wild delirium, till they fell from sheer exhaustion. They seemed to be haunted by visions; their fancies conjuring up spirits whose names they continually shrieked out. When they fell to the ground senseless, they soon sprang up again, and began the dance again amid strange contortions. In a few months, the

mania spread over the Netherlands. The dancers often wore garlands in their hair, and had cloth round their waists, which were tightened when the fit was over, and seemed to give them relief. Many, however, were more benefited by kicks and blows, which the bystanders were commissioned to administer without stint. These pranks were universally attributed to demoniacal possession.

Still later, in 1418, Strasburg was visited by the dancing plague, where the aid of St. Vitus was invoked for the cure of the patients. St. Vitus was a Sicilian youth, who had suffered martyrdom under Diocletian, in 303. It is said that many were cured, who commemorated his birthday, and fasted upon its eve. History records earlier instances of dancing mania than these. In 1237, more than a hundred children were seized with the disease, and continued dancing, jumping, and screaming, for hours together. Many of them died, while the rest were afflicted with a permanent trembling for the rest of their lives. This singular mania has not been heard of in Germany since 1648, at the expiration of the thirty years' war.

Grace.

DR. FRANKLIN, when a child, found the long graces used by his father, before and after meals, very tedious. One day, after the winter's provisions had been salted, "I think, father," said he, "if you were to say grace over the whole cask, once for all, it would be a vast saving of time."



The Raccoon.

THIS animal is found in almost all parts of the American continent. Including the head and tail, it may be said to be about thirty inches long, the length of the body being from eighteen to twenty. Its color is grayish-brown, with a dusky line running from the top of the head down the middle of the face, ending below the eyes. The tail is very thickly covered with hair, and is marked by five or six annulations of black on a yellowish-white ground.

The raccoon, when tamed, is a very playful and very curious animal. In the wild state, he is sanguinary and vindictive, committing great slaughter among both wild and domesticated birds, as he always destroys a great number without consuming any part of them except the head, or the blood which flows from their wounds. He has the destructive traits of the old Roman emperors, who used to have a hundred peacocks killed for their breakfast, eating nothing but their tongues.

Before eating, the raccoon always plunges its food in water. It is droll enough to see him catch a chicken, take it in his mouth to the nearest pond, and souse it in head first. This immersion he repeats several times, till the chicken may be supposed to be thoroughly purified, when he condescends to eat its head. He is a good climber, and, from the form of his claws, is enabled to adhere so firmly to a branch of a tree, that it requires no slight exertion to disengage his hold. When inclined to sleep, he rolls himself up into a ball. In this position, he sleeps so profoundly as not to be readily disturbed. The fur is valuable, and forms no inconsiderable article of traffic.

The raccoon is tamed with ease when young, but is apt to become intractable and dangerous as it grows older. In the domesticated state, it is extremely restless and inquisitive, examining every thing. He puts his head into this box, smells at that cupboard, and trots about with his

ears erect, on a continual *qui vive*. He delights in annoying and killing insects. In this sport he spends hours. When engaged in this occupation, he seems to be saying to himself, "Ha! what's that? Spider? No. Snail? Yes. Whang! Dead. Hallo, here's another. No, it's an earwig. All the same, — so here goes. Whew! there's a grasshopper. Don't he hop? Ha! have I got him? No, not yet. There he goes: up and at him. Stubby!" and at it he goes, and seems never to be tired.

The raccoon has one failing, however, which we are obliged, against our will, to mention. He loves liquor, and often gets intoxicated. This, however, is more a fault of his education than a natural defect in his character; for, till man made whiskey, raccoons never got drunk. There is nothing to intoxicate them in the woods, except wild honey, which only makes them sleepy. When man took it into his head to tame them, however, and give them a civilized education, the effect was immediately visible. They were often seen to totter, and lean against a henroost for support. We have no doubt that the raccoon, when in this position, has the same idea of his situation, as a man in the same state. He thinks that the henroost goes round; and more than probable, if he could speak, his words would be, "Why don't yer stand still? Yer ort to be ashamed o' yerself. Yer drunk, and don't know wot yer doing!" This may be amusing enough in a poor brute, but who would like to imitate him?

Let conscience guide when you decide.

The Hand Organ Business.

THE hand organ business has increased in Boston, lately, to a wonderful degree, as most of our musical and anti-musical people can amply testify. The quality of the instruments upon which these surreptitious serenades are given, has also materially improved, along with the increase in the number of *grinders*. Few persons, however, know that nearly all these hand organs are owned by one man, in the vicinity of Fort Hill, — a Jew, — and that each one is regularly let out daily, for a share in the profits of the person who totes it about town. Between forty and fifty of these instruments are deposited every night in the domicile of the owner; and if the profits of the day's work of any one of them, as returned to him, does not come up to his avaricious notions, he has no organ to let next day to the same person. He says that his best customers are young girls from eighteen to twenty-five. Either they are more honest in returning to the *musical director* the result of their day's labor, or more successful in drawing pennies and sixpences from the pockets and reticules of the charitably disposed. This old Jew has accumulated a snug little sum by his investment.

Franklin's Toast.

WHILE Washington's renown was in its zenith, Franklin dined with the English and French ambassadors, when the following toasts were drunk. By the British ambassador:

"England — the *sun*, whose bright beams enlighten and fructify the remotest corners of the earth." The French ambassador, glowing with national pride, but too polite to dispute the previous toast, drank, "France — the *moon*, whose mild, steady, and cheering rays are the delight of all nations." Dr. Franklin then rose, and with his usual dignified simplicity, said, "George Washington — the *Joshua who commanded the sun and moon to stand still; and they obeyed him.*"

Cryptography, or Secret Writing.

VARIOUS methods have been tried, from time to time, to convey information of importance in such a manner that no one but the person for whom it is intended may understand it. Officers who wish to communicate with their generals, and fear that their messengers may be intercepted, and their information read by others, used to employ the well-known expedient of writing a letter on some indifferent topic, and then interlining it with invisible ink. This may be nothing more than the juice of an onion, or even milk. On holding the letter before the fire, the part thus written turns brown, and becomes easily legible. Other modes, dependent upon chemical affinities, have been invented, and the inks thus used are termed *sympathetic*. Though ingenious and amusing, these plans are very unsafe, as the means of discovering them are few and simple, so that, in the case of suspicion, detection is almost certain. In one of Sir Walter Scott's novels, one of

the principal characters receives a letter, in which are the words, "The messenger is to be trusted." It having been agreed between the parties, that in any case of emergency they would resort to the use of invisible ink, the recipient of the letter held it before the fire: immediately the word *not* appeared in the sentence, which now read, "The messenger is *not* to be trusted." A very simple sympathetic ink is starch, which, if dissolved in water, and employed as a writing fluid, will remain invisible, till washed over with a weak solution of iodine, when it assumes a bluish hue, and of course becomes legible.

The ancients often adopted the following curious method of conveying intelligence when there was danger of detection and discovery. This was nothing less than to shave a slave's head, to write, with a stain or color not easily obliterated, on the crown, and allow the hair to grow; the slave was then sent on his errand; if he arrived safe, the writing could be read by again removing the hair. Another method was, to wind a very narrow slip of paper, in a spiral manner, round a stick of determinate size, and to write on the paper from one end of the stick to the other. The paper was then unwound, and sent to the person intended, who is supposed to be in the trick, and to be furnished with a stick of exactly the same size as the first. Upon re-winding the paper upon this stick, each letter assumes its proper place, and the writing becomes legible. If the paper is wound upon a stick a hair's breadth larger than the original one, it remains confused and illegible.

The method, however, which we are about to describe is, perhaps, the safest yet known, and may be said to be perfectly secure from discovery. It is

worked by means of a table like the following, and a key, which is a simple word, that can easily be retained in the memory.

Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A
B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B
C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C
D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D
E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E
F	G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F
G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
H	I	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H
I	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I
K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K
L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L
M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M
N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M	N
O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O
P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O	P
Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q
R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R
S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S
T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T
U	V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U
V	W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V
W	X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W
X	Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X
Y	Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y
Z	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z

It is supposed that each of the two persons communicating together, are furnished with a table of this sort, and have agreed upon the word to be used as a key; for instance, IRON, or any other word foreign to the subject. The sentence to be transmitted is to be written out in full,

with the key word over it as many times as necessary, thus:—

IRON IR ON IRO NIR ONIR ON IRON I
MEET ME AT THE YEW-TREE AT SEVEN.

We then look for the first letter of the sentence, M, and find it in the table in the column the farthest to the left: then,

looking for I, the first letter of the key, in the horizontal column at the top of the table, we bring the finger down till it reaches the line beginning with W : there we find the letter V. The next letter in the sentence is E, and the corresponding letter in the key, R. The letter in the angle formed by these two letters is W. Proceeding in this way, we have the sentence thus : —

MEET ME AT THE YEW-TREE AT SEVEN.
VWTG VW PG CZT MOO HEOW PG BWKSW

This second line is the message to be sent, and is utterly unintelligible to any one who does not possess the table and the key. The party receiving the communication, in order to decipher it, writes the characters thus : —

IRON IRON IRON IRON IRON IRON I
VWTGVWPGCZTMOOHEOWPGBWKS

with the key word above them ; he then looks in the upper row for I, and down the column at the head of which that letter stands, until he arrives at V, the first letter in the communication ; then, casting his eye to the left, he finds, in the extreme left-hand column, the letter M, which is the first letter in the original sentence. Proceeding in this way, he soon finds himself invited under the yew-tree at seven.

The advantage of this method is, that the table may be known, yet the writing still remain a secret, without the help of the key ; and this key it is utterly hopeless to attempt to guess out of the tens of thousands of words in the English language. The same table and different keys may be used with different correspondents, and one will never be able to decipher what was meant for another.

Another method of secret writing, equally impossible to discover, is the following : The parties corresponding are provided each with a piece of paper of the same size, in which numerous holes are cut, the holes being exactly similar in each paper. The party about to convey information, takes his pierced paper, lays it over the paper on which he is to write, and writes the words of his communication in the openings. He then removes the pierced paper, and completes the letter by filling up the spaces between the words already written. This must be done skilfully, so that the letter may read freely, and without awakening suspicion. The person receiving this has simply to place the first opening in his pierced paper over the first word in the letter, which should always be also the first word in the sentence containing the information : this done, all the other openings come immediately over the important words, which, when read consecutively, form, of course, the original phrase. If, in correspondence of this sort, the pierced paper should be lost, the communication would become unintelligible.

We will suppose that the person who was to be at the yew-tree at seven, wishes to return an answer ; for instance, "*I'll be there at seven, spite of bad weather.*" He puts *I'll* in the first opening in his paper, *be* in the second, *there* in the third, &c., till all is written. He then proceeds to fill up the letter, which might read thus : —

"*I'll endeavor to be punctual, as you request ; there will be a race at six, and another at seven ; and even in spite of disadvantages of broken roads and bad*

cradle-holes, I mean to beat if the *weather* is tolerable. My horses are in good case, and if plenty of oats and a good rubbing down three times a day can win a race, they'll do it."

It is evident that nothing but the pierced paper will enable any one to believe, from this disquisition on horse flesh, that the writer will be at a certain place at seven o'clock, spite of bad weather.

A very original method was once resorted to by a young lady who was married to an old, ugly, and jealous husband, to inform her friends of the disagreeable life she led. Being afraid of discovery, she wrote the following letter, which, on the face of it, contains nothing but the most complimentary allusions to her jealous lord. If, however, the first line, and every other line after the first, only, are read, the sense will be entirely different. It was in this way that the letter was deciphered by the lady's friends, who were in the secret.

"I cannot be satisfied, my dearest friend, blest as I am in the matrimonial state, unless I pour into your friendly bosom, which has ever been in unison with mine, the various sensations which swell, with the liveliest emotions of pleasure, my almost bursting heart. I tell you, my dear husband is the most amiable of men. I have now been married seven weeks, and have never found the least reason to repent the day that joined us. My husband is both in person and manners far from resembling ugly, cross, old, disagreeable, and jealous monsters, who think, by confining, to secure a wife, it is his maxim to treat as a bosom friend and confidant, and not as a plaything or a menial slave, the woman chosen to be his companion. Neither party, he says, should always obey implicitly, but each yield to the other by turns. An ancient maiden aunt, near seventy,

a cheerful, venerable, and pleasant old lady, lives in the house with us. She is the delight of both young and old; she is civil to all the neighborhood around — generous and charitable to the poor. I am convinced my husband loves nothing more than he does me; he flatters me more than a glass, and his intoxication (for so I must call the excess of his love,) often makes me blush for the unworthiness of its object, and wish I could be more deserving of the man whose name I bear. To say all in one word, my dear, and to crown the whole, my former gallant lover is now my indulgent husband; my fondness is returned, and I might have had a prince, without the felicity I find in him. Adieu!"

If any of our young friends should be inclined to try their hand at composition of this sort, and will send us a letter bearing, like the above, two distinct interpretations, we will insert it. They must remember, however, that as every thing depends upon the relative position of the lines being preserved, they must endeavor to put as much in a line of writing as will make a line of print; and, to do this, it will be well to find out the average number of letters in a line of the type in which our correspondence is printed. There, Black Eyes and Blue, which speaks first? Which can write the most ingenious, the most mischievous, and the funniest letter? For mischief and fun, we believe that black eyes always carry the day. As well as we can remember, — for it is a long time since we used to think of such things, — blue eyes used to prefer yew-tree invitations, and meet-me-by-moon-light-alone sort of letters. However, we don't wish to anticipate, and wait what time and the mail may bring forth.



Hot Cockles.

WE suppose all our readers are acquainted with the game of Hot Cockles, or, as the French call it, *Hot Hand*. It is better played with a number of persons, but may even be played by two, as the following old dialogue between two brothers, who were at a loss how to amuse themselves, will show.

Charles. Brother, all our friends have left us, and yet I am still in a playing humor. What game shall we choose?

Henry. There are only two of us, and I am afraid we should not be much diverted.

Charles. Let us play at something, however.

Henry. But at what?

Charles. At blind-man's-buff, for instance.

Henry. That's a game that would

never end. What do you think of Hot Cockles?

Charles. That would be the same, you know. We could not possibly guess wrong.

Henry. Perhaps we might. However, let us try.

Charles. With all my heart. I will be hot cockles first, if you like.

Henry. Do. Put your right hand on the bottom of this chair. Now stoop down and lay your face close upon it, that you may not see. (*He does so.*) So far, so good: now your left hand on your back. Well, master; but I hope your eyes are shut.

Charles. Yes, yes. Don't be afraid.

Henry. Well, master, what have you to sell?

Charles. Hot cockles! hot!

Henry. (*Striking him with his left hand.*) Who struck?

Charles. Why, you, you little goose!

Henry. Yes, yes; but with which hand?

Charles. The — the — right.

Henry. No, it was the left. Now you are the goose.



The People of the Landes.

THE Landes is a department in the south-east of France, and, both from the character of the inhabitants and their manner of living, is a very curious region. They obtain their livelihood principally by making charcoal, and tending flocks. The soil is sterile, and the produce of the land small. The peasants live in solitary cabins. The head of the family engages in the cultivation of the soil, where its sterility is diminished by nature, or counteracted by an

abundance of manure. The younger branches go perhaps twenty miles from home, to make charcoal in the forest, or to attend their flocks. They traverse the desert on long stilts, that they may pass dry-footed through the many morasses which intervene. The shepherds watch their flocks, mounted on these stilts, and resting on their staffs, by which they support themselves for a long time in one position. They even knit woollen stockings in their moments of leisure, and the neighboring markets offer for sale a great deal of this merchandise, manufactured at an elevation of six feet in the air. They can walk, run, turn round, stop, and begin again, as easily as other people with the two legs which grew up with them.

They seem to be a happy people, though they live in a miserably unproductive country, and have no intercourse with the more civilized part of the kingdom. They live in a half savage state, clothed chiefly in sheep-skins, on which, or on straw, they usually lie at night. Their food is principally maize or rye bread, with now and then some millet porridge, or pea soup, with a little sour lard, or tasteless spice. They are grossly ignorant and degraded, both physically and mentally.

Travelling Incident.

WHEN Mungo Park, the celebrated African traveller, reached Sego, in Bambarra, he found that the negro king was suspicious of him, and forbade him to advance and cross the

river. Under these discouraging circumstances, he was obliged to lodge at a distant village. But there the same distrust of the white man's purposes prevailed, and no person would allow him to enter his house. He says, "I was regarded with astonishment and fear, and was obliged to sit all day without food, under the shade of a tree. The wind rose, and there was great appearance of a heavy rain, and the wild beasts are so very numerous in the neighborhood, that I should have been under the necessity of resting among the branches of the tree.

"About sunset, however, as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose, that he might graze at liberty, a woman, returning from the labors of the field, stopped to observe me. Perceiving that I was weary and dejected, she inquired into my situation, which I briefly explained to her; whereupon, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle, and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was hungry, she went out, and soon returned with a very fine fish, which, being broiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper. The women then resumed their task of spinning cotton, and lightened their labor with songs, one of which must have been composed extempore, for I was myself the subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a kind of chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words, literally translated, were these:—

The winds roared, and the rains fell;
The poor white man, faint and weary,
Came and sat under our tree.
He has no mother to bring him milk,
No wife to grind his corn.

CHORUS.

Let us pity the white man.
No mother has he to bring him milk,
No wife to grind his corn."

The reader can fully sympathize with this intelligent and liberal-minded traveller, when he observes, "Trifling as this recital may appear, the circumstance was highly affecting to a person in my situation. I was oppressed with such unexpected kindness, and sleep fled from my eyes. In the morning, I presented my compassionate landlady with two of the four brass buttons remaining on my waistcoat — the only recompense I could make her."

The duchess of Devonshire, whose beauty and talent gained such extensive celebrity, was so much pleased with this African song, and the kind feelings in which it originated, that she put it into English verse, and employed an eminent composer to set it to music.

"The loud wind roared, the rain fell fast,
The white man yielded to the blast;
He set him down beneath our tree,
For weary, faint, and sad was he.
And ah! no wife, or mother's care,
For him the milk or corn prepare.

CHORUS.

The white man shall our pity share:
Alas! no wife, or mother's care,
For him the milk or corn prepare.

"The storm is o'er, the tempest past,
And mercy's voice has hushed the blast;
The wind is heard in whispers low;
The white man far away must go;

But ever in his heart will bear
Remembrance of the negro's care.

CHORUS.

Go, white man, go; but with thee bear
The negro's wish, the negro's prayer,
Remembrance of the negro's care."

Butterflies.

OF this beautiful insect there have been counted and classified, more than seven hundred and sixty different kinds; and the catalogue is still very incomplete. Almost every collection of butterflies can show undescribed species; those which are produced in warm latitudes being much more brilliant than the natives of cold climates. Their wings present the following curious details: In the first place, there are four of them; and if two are cut off, they still fly with the two remaining. We would not advise our young naturalists to try this experiment, however; let them take our word for it. The wings are, in themselves, transparent, owing their beautiful colors to the thick dust with which they are covered. They are studded over with a variety of little grains, of different dimensions and forms, regularly laid upon the whole surface. The wing is very strongly constructed, and its weight does not seem to be increased by these thousands of scales or stars.

In the eye of the butterfly may be discovered the various colors of the rainbow. When examined closely, it will be found to have the appearance of a multiplying glass; having a great number of sides or facets, in the manner of a bril-

liant cut diamond. Six thousand of these facets have already been counted in the eye of a flea. There are probably many more in the eye of a butterfly. These animals, therefore, see not only with astonishing clearness, but view every

object multiplied in a surprising manner. A distinguished naturalist once adapted the eye of a butterfly, so as to see objects through it by means of a microscope. A soldier thus seen through it appeared like an army of pygmies; for



while it multiplied, it also diminished the object. The arch of a bridge exhibited a spectacle more magnificent than human skill could perform. The flame of a candle seemed a beautiful illumination. It still remains a doubt, however, whether the insect sees objects singly, as with one eye, or whether each facet is itself a complete eye, exhibiting its own object distinct from all the rest. The butterfly, when flying in the air, distinguishes its

mate at a distance of two miles; and it is difficult to conceive by what sense they see such distances; for a butterfly is imperceptible to the strongest sight at an eighth of that distance. It can scarcely be by the sense of smell, since the animal appears to have no organs for that purpose.

The different species of the butterfly vary greatly in their sizes; the least of the tribe being not more than half an

inch from the tip of one wing to that of the other, while some of the larger species measure ten inches across the wings. In form and color, they vary so infinitely, that any description we could give of them would be less instructive than a walk across the fields any warm day — such a day as this, for instance, the first of August, when the cows are standing up to their waists in water, and when the laborers in the fields are wiping, for the fiftieth time, the perspiration from their faces.

Butterflies often fly in swarms; and in Switzerland, in the summer of 1826, a column of them, from ten to fifteen feet broad, was seen to pass over Neufchatel. The passage lasted over two hours, without any interruption, from the moment when the insects were observed. Perhaps some butterfly Xerxes was marshalling his hosts for an attack upon some Swiss Thermopylæ — a clover field, or a bed of daffadownillies being the subject of dispute. Or perhaps it was some gigantic system of emigration that was going on through the air; some California of fruit and flowers had been discovered in the far west, and thither they were hieing, bag and baggage — placers of buttercups and honeysuckles weighing seven ounces. Whether they took the Isthmus or the Horn route, history saith not. Peace be with them!

Episodes in the History of Rome.

THE Romans were a very superstitious people, and whatever the priests commanded, was implicitly performed. They submitted to their requisitions

with the best possible grace, and even encountered death itself at their command. The case of Marcus Curtius may be instanced in proof of this. During an earthquake, a yawning gulf opened in the forum, threatening to swallow houses and temples in its abyss. Burnt-offerings and prayers were of no avail: the gulf continued gaping in the heart of the city. The augurs — persons who consulted omens, and derived, or pretended to derive, from them a knowledge of the future — declared that it never would close till the most precious thing in Rome had been thrown into it. Marcus Curtius, — who believed that patriotism and military virtue were the most precious qualities a state could possess, and that to offer up these at the shrine of his country could best appease an offended deity, — arrayed himself in armor from top to toe, mounted his finest charger, and in the presence of the priests, the senate, and the people, leaped boldly into the gulf. The abyss, says the historian, closed upon him, and he was seen no more.

When Manlius, who had saved the Capitol of Rome, was accused of sedition, and of aspiring to the sovereignty, his trial took place in the vicinity of the Capitol he had saved. The only defence he consented to make, was to turn and point to the edifice, to put the people in mind of what he had done for his country. They refused to condemn him as long as he was in sight of this building; but when he was brought from thence to the Palatine grove, where the Capitol could not be seen, they, without further hesitation, condemned him to be thrown headlong from the Tarpeian rock.

The Fairy Mignonne.



THERE was once upon a time — Was it yesterday? I know not. Was it at the commencement of the world? I am ignorant. All that I can affirm is, that the events of this story took place upon one of the pleasant banks of the Danube. Well, then, there was, once upon a time, a charming young girl, who, toward the end of Christmas eve, was dancing with a tall, handsome youth, with dark hair and flashing eyes; while standing in the cottage was a little musician, who was watching the waltzers, and blowing sadly his clarionet.

The young girl was called Ioula; an harmonious name, in which four vowels sing round one isolated consonant. The handsome youth was called Hermann, and the poor musician, Wilhelm.

Both loved Ioula. And who would not have loved her? I have already said she was charming; but I did not speak of her eyes, blue as the forget-me-not, nor of her teeth, so white as to make one believe that the snow fell daily upon them. Her cheeks were of that brilliant color one sees upon the cheeks of sleeping infants, and her mouth was always smiling. She delighted to dance. O, the

girl knew very well all the graces she displayed.

Hermann and Wilhelm both adored her, and many others would have done the same, ourselves among the first; but Hermann and Wilhelm were the only young men in this village, composed of, at most, six or eight German huts.

The waltz stopped, like a top which ceases to turn after having spun a long time, and the coquettish Ioula threw herself upon a stool at the feet of Wilhelm, who was still blowing his clarionet. But as she stopped waltzing, she whispered

to the happy Hermann, "Be at the door of my room at the first crow of the cock."

Hermann nodded fondly his head. At the same time, while Wilhelm was leaning down to offer his assistance in lifting her from her lowly seat, she whispered, lower still, "As soon as the first cock crows, be at my chamber door."

Joy shone in Wilhelm's eyes, and his clarionet sounded like a triumphal trumpet.

O, how charming is the night before Christmas in a German village!

As soon as the day disappears, the toilet begins. Then, 'midst various occupations, midnight is anxiously looked for. Then, in the churches, are heard the sacred hymns, which cause the window panes to clatter with their vibrations. Soon it is the turn of feast and frolic. Then come singing and dancing. O, why does not this night last the whole year through!

Meanwhile the children, assembled in a neighboring room, dance round the *wekens*, or Christmas trees, overloaded with miniature candles, gilded nuts, dolls, without counting cakes, candies, and all sorts of *bonbons*, hidden amid the starry foliage. There is, if possible, more fun in this room than in the one where the elder children are assembled.

Alas! holiday hours fly rapidly, and in a few minutes daylight would be upon them.

Dances and songs had ceased in one room, and in the other the eyes of the children and the candles of the *wekens* were falling asleep, when the gentle Loula left secretly the ball-room, crossed on tip-toe the room where the children were, mounted the stairs with the ease of a mountain goat, and shut herself in her little room, dimly lighted by the undecided rays of the dawning day.

There she listened, to make sure that she was alone, and then ran to an old oaken wardrobe, opened the doors, which creaked upon their rusty hinges, raised her hand to the upper shelf, and took down, with great care, two vases of blue glass, with long necks, very much like the one which malicious dame Stork offered to the disappointed fox, as the fable tells us.

The door once shut, the blue vases were

wiped until they shone like mirrors; she then filled them to the edge with clear and limpid water; finally, she placed them gently upon the mantel-piece, each side of the wax Virgin, to whom, as her protectress, Loula prayed every night.

A curious person would have been astonished at these mysterious preparations; and yet they were all very simple. Loula took two bulbous roots from a little box, and placed them in the blue vases, where they were to flower, notwithstanding the winter!

Wait a moment—this is not all. The girl took from the window-seat a modest flower-pot of baked earth, and planted in it some crocus roots, and then placed it in front of the Virgin, in the middle of the mantel-piece. This done, she clapped her hands, and looked at her hanging garden with great satisfaction.

At this moment, the cock crowed.

Loula ran to the door, and opened it wide. The dim light of her chamber penetrated into the obscure entry, and two astonished voices made themselves heard at the same time.

"Wilhelm!" cried Hermann.

"Hermann!" sighed Wilhelm.

"Come in, both of you," replied the girl, with a roguish smile.

"Ha! ha!" she cried, as she remarked the disappointed air of the two lovers. "You've been dreaming of a tête-à-tête, I suppose. You imagined yourselves all alone with Loula, Christmas night. O, no, gentlemen! O, no! That's a privilege I keep for my husband, and you are neither of you on that road yet."

"Why have you summoned us both?" ventured Hermann, while Wilhelm, with

drooping eyes, stared at the floor in silence.

"I am going to tell you," replied Ioula, very seriously. "There is an old legend, in which my mother piously believed, and in which I, too, have perfect confidence. You see in these blue vases, two bulbs — one a bulb of streaked tulips, and the other of white hyacinths. You both of you love me; at least if I am to believe your flatteries and your attentions. But which am I to choose? Neither my heart nor my reason has yet told me; so I am going to leave it to the oracle of my mother."

"What!" exclaimed Hermann and Wilhelm.

"Listen," continued Ioula. "Hermann, you are the richer, the handsomer, and the more powerful of the two. But you have often made a bad use of your wealth and of your good looks. Don't interrupt me. What I say is true. You frequent the taverns of the city, and you make war against the weak; you deceived that poor Greetchen, who perhaps curses you from her grave, hidden under the herbage. Spite of that, you please my eyes. I'm only sixteen, and can't help it. But, after all, perhaps Wilhelm would make a better husband. He has no fortune, but he works hard. His clarionet and his occupation of mole-catching, line his modest purse with kreutzers. If he is feeble, he is gentle; and if his face charms less than yours, his heart is perhaps worth more than yours. How, then, shall I choose? I should be embarrassed enough without the aid of my bulbs in their blue vases, which I have commissioned to choose for me."

"Fine judges, I declare!" sneered the

disdainful Hermann, shrugging his shoulders.

"O!" sighed Wilhelm.

"I choose it should be so," replied Ioula, resolutely. "Hermann, the vase which is to represent you I have placed on the right side of the mantel-piece; Wilhelm, yours dips its fibrous roots in the vase on the left. You, Hermann, have the proud tulip; to you, Wilhelm, belongs the perfumed hyacinth. The two were placed in the water at the same moment. They will tell me which of you is the worthiest and most faithful. Flowers never deceive. My heart is his whose bulb shall put forth the first leaf — my hand to him whose plant flowers first. I have called you both here together this morning, to show you that I do not foster one more than the other. Hope and a good chance to you both."

"But," said Hermann, with an air of distrust, "who knows that you have not your favorite bulb? What assures us that a caprice will not cause you to change the place of the vases?"

"I will trust in Ioula's sincerity," said Wilhelm, immediately.

"Thank you, Wilhelm," replied Ioula. "But don't be afraid, Hermann. How could I change the vases? One contains a hyacinth, and the other a tulip. Then, besides, do you see, in the middle of the chimney-piece, this little earthen flower-pot? Well, in it there are some crocuses, whose well-known mission is to watch all that takes place during the trial, which lasts a month. No girl upon the banks of the Danube doubts the power of the impartial crocus-bells. They would destroy the effect of my protection and

preference, if I had any; and be sure, Hermann, that if I were to bestow more care upon the hyacinth than upon the tulip, the tulip would be the first to flower."

"Well," said Hermann, "we'll trust to Mr. Crocus, who seems to me to have in his earthen pot rather a cracked robe for a judge."

"But," said Ioula, "here comes the day, driving away the fog. My eyes are as full of needles as a lace-loom, and I must go to bed and rest my tired feet. Good-by, Hermann! Good-by, Wilhelm!"

The two lovers left the room; the first with a pettish gesture, the other casting a melancholy and suppliant look towards the vase, where his loved hyacinth was floating.

All this took place in virtue of an old German legend which prevailed a few years since. Does any one remember it at the present day? I should hardly dare to say, as, in our day, simple and candid beliefs are so soon forgotten.

The bolts of the door were already drawn; already had our sleepy young heroine opened the little white curtains surrounding her bed, when a strange noise was heard against the window-panes. It was the farm cock, who, while crowing and flapping his wings, had flown and landed upon the edge of the window-sill — the same cock whose morning salutation had served as a signal to the two impatient lovers.

Ioula ran to the window: opening it wide, she threw to the feathered sultan some crumbs of Christmas cake. Then she shut the window quicker than she

had opened it, shivering at the icy wind, which turned blue the rosy satin of her shoulder, but not quick enough to prevent three invisible personages from gliding into her room.

They were three familiar spirits — that is to say, two little fairies and a genie.

This bevy of elves had arrived upon the window-sill, thanks to the cock: the two fairies rode upon his wings, and the genie upon his crest.

There is nothing astonishing in this — the sprites were no larger than the inhabitants of Lilliput. Ioula could have hidden them all three between her fingers. There could be nothing prettier and more sprightly than these elves, the most dwarfish of dwarfs one would wish to see.

The two fairies were as coquettishly dressed as two opera-dancers. A field-daisy served as hats for their saucy little heads; two rose-leaves were fastened round their tiny waists, and the purple bell of a campanella fell, in the shape of a skirt, to the middle of their little legs, which were as small as those of a fly; two grains of wheat, wonderfully hollowed out, shod their almost imperceptible feet. They had two sparks of fire for earrings; the skin of a silkworm served as a cloak, enveloping them in a golden tissue. For magic wands, one had the quarter of a blade of grass, and the other half of one of the shiny feelers of an insect.

O, what pretty creatures they were!

The genie was funnier yet. He was a little old man, with red-heeled shoes, diamond buckles, and embroidered silk stockings, kept up by a golden garter. He had little velvet pantaloons, a satin waistcoat, and a spangled coat. Add to

these, a little plaited ruffle, a lace cravat, a wig, powdered with hoar-frost, and a little sword; under the left arm, a miniature feather hat; in the right hand, a little ivory cane; and upon his breast a small badge of honor. He walked with a smart, foppish air, playing with his microscopic tobacco-box.

The three sprites were the smallest dolls ever seen through the large end of an opera-glass.

They flew into the room shivering, and as if chilled through. They ran quickly to the mantel-piece, and jumped upon it. The genie climbed quickly into the flower-pot placed in the middle, and buried himself in the earth among the crocuses.

At the same time, the two fairies clambered into the blue vases. One struck the tulip with her magic feeler, and the other the hyacinth with her spear of grass. Then both disappeared in the bulbs, the shelly covering of which opened like the doors of a palace to receive the noble company of the prince and princess.

Then silence stole upon all around—the genie, who, buried deep in the earth around the root of the crocus, was to act as judge in the trial about to ensue; the fairy Petiote, who, enclosed in the shell of the gaudy tulip, favored the interests of the gallant Hermann; and her sister Mignonne, already half asleep in the cup of poor Wilhelm's hyacinth, which she meant to encourage and foster as much as a fairy half an inch high could; and Ioula, who, piously trusting to her mother's oracle, was sleeping the sleep of the innocent. All four were soon lost in oblivion, though the rising sun and the

retreating shadows soon began to connect night with day. But people who have been dancing all night generally sleep all day, so we leave them to their repose. A month more, and we shall wake them up again. [To be continued.]

Winter Camp of a Hunter.

THE winter camp of a hunter of the Rocky Mountains is usually located in some spot sheltered by hills or rocks, for the double purpose of securing the full warmth of the sun's rays, and screening it from the notice of strolling Indians that may happen in its vicinity. Within a convenient proximity to it stands some grove, from which an abundance of dry fuel is procurable when needed; and equally close, the ripplings of a watercourse salute the ear with their music.

His shanty faces a huge fire, and is formed of skins, carefully extended over an arched framework of slender poles, which are bent in the form of a semi-circle, and kept to their places by inserting their extremities in the ground. Near this is his "graining block," planted aslope for the ease of the operation in preparing his skins for the finishing process in the art of dressing; and not far removed is a stout frame, contrived from pieces of timber, so tied together as to leave a square of sufficient dimensions for the required purpose, in which, perchance, a skin is stretched to its fullest extension, and the hardy mountaineer is busily engaged in rubbing it with a rough stone, or "scraper," to fit it for the manufacture of clothing.

Facing his shanty, upon the opposite side of the fire, a pole is reared upon crotches, five or six feet high, across which reposes a choice selection of the dainties of his range, to wit, the "side ribs," shoulders, heads, and "rump cuts" of deer and mountain sheep, or the "dépouille" and "fleeces" of buffaloes. The camp fire finds busy employ in fitting for the demands of appetite such dainty bits of hissing roasts as *en appola*, (that is, stuck on a slanting stick over the fire,) may grace its sides; while, at brief intervals, the hearty attendant, enchained upon the head of a mountain sheep, whose huge horns furnish legs and arms for the convenience of sitting, partakes of his tempting lunch.

Carefully hung in some fitting place are seen his "riding" and "pack-saddles," with his halters, "carraces," "larrietts," "apishamores," and all the needful *matériel* for camp and travelling service; and, adjoining him, at no great distance, his animals are allowed to graze, or, if suitable nourishment of other kind be lacking, are fed from the bark of cottonwood trees, levelled for that purpose; and, leaning close at hand, his rifle awaits his use, and by it his powder-horn, bullet-pouch, and tomahawk.

Thus conditioned are these lordly rangers in their mountain home; nor do they own that any creature of human kind can possibly enjoy life better than they.

SIMPLICITY is the great friend to nature, and if I should be proud of any thing in this silly world, it would be of this honest alliance. — *Sterne*.



The Aracari.

THE aracari form one of the genera of the race of toucans, and, for brilliancy of coloring and gaudiness of plumage, are the most splendid birds known in ornithology. The most beautiful variety is that represented in the engraving—the CRESTED ARACARI. It is a native of the forests of Brazil, and seems to be of extreme rarity. The head is covered with a crest of curled metal-like feathers, of a glossy jet black, consisting of flat expanded shafts. The feathers of the cheeks are also expanded at their tips in a similar manner; their color is white, except at the tips, which are black. Tho

top of the back is deep red; the chest is yellow, with slight bars of red at irregular intervals. The flanks are yellow, with broad stains of red. The middle of the back, wings, and tail, are olive-green, the quill-feathers being brown. The bill is stained with longitudinal ribbons of yellow, red, and dull blue, blending at their edges.

These birds are usually seen in groups of ten to twelve together, hopping among the branches of the tallest trees with great agility, and ever in motion. They frequently engage in quarrels with monkeys, who like to have trees and fields all to themselves, and to enjoy the privilege of poaching alone. Though, during a great part of the year, the aracari live on fruits and berries, yet, in the breeding season, they become carnivorous, and attack the smaller birds in their nests, devouring their eggs or their young. In some species of this bird, the bill is as long as the body; in the aracari it forms only about a third of the entire length, which is ordinarily eighteen inches.

Billy Bump in Boston.

[Continued from p. 22.]

Letter from William Bump to his Mother.

Boston, July —, 18—.

MY DEAR MOTHER: It is now five long months since I have written to you. The truth is, I have not had the heart to write. I believe I said, in one of my letters, that there seemed a cloud over this family! Alas, the storm has burst, and sad is the desolation which has followed.

I wish I could pass over the details of the story; but this may not be. About three months since, my aunt came to my room. She was very pale, and looked as if she could hardly stand. She sat down. "My dear Willy," said she, "I must tell you that great and sad misfortunes have fallen upon us."

"O, do not say so," said I, in great terror.

"Nay, but my dear coz, you must know it," continued my aunt. "All the world will know it to-morrow. Your uncle has failed!"

"Failed — failed?" said I. "What does that mean?"

"It means that your uncle cannot pay his debts. He has lost two ships at sea. Several persons, who owed him money, have become unable to pay him. The times are very bad for men in business; and your uncle has suffered by great and heavy losses."

"But, my dear aunt," said I, much relieved, "is that all? Why, you, and Lucy, and uncle are all the same. Why not be happy, then, as before?"

"Ah, William," said aunt, with a sad smile, "when you know the world better, you will learn to judge things more wisely. We are not the same in the eyes of the world. We must quit this house; we must give up all this furniture; we must go to a cheaper dwelling, and live in a very humble way. This I do not mind. But do you know, Willy, that when rich people become unfortunate, they are sure to be treated with contempt?"

"No, indeed."

"Yet such is the fact. Many envious people rejoice in their downfall, because they think the more others are down, the

better is their chance of getting up. You have seen many people courting and flattering us, while we were deemed prosperous, and while we were in fashion; and most of them will turn their backs upon us, and say evil things of us, as soon as our calamity is known. We shall hear no more of their flattering speeches; we shall see no more of their admiring looks. But all this is not my chief source of trouble. I can bear to become the scorn of the world, if so Providence decrees; but I have great anxiety for others. How my poor husband will bear this, Heaven only knows. He is proud, and has too much set his heart upon wealth, and the position which wealth gave him. I fear the impossibility of meeting his engagements will break his heart, strong as it is. And poor Lucy, too — how sadly are her prospects blasted! But I have cause to be thankful, for the dear child seems an angel sent to cheer us in this hour of gloom. And you, my dear Willy — I suffer on your account. I know your poor mother must feel disappointed to find that we are not able to do as we intended: that is, to establish you in business."

My aunt was going on in this way, — the tears streaming down her cheeks, — when I begged her not to be unhappy for me. I thanked her for being so kind as to tell me her sorrows, and besought her to point out some way in which I might be useful. We went and found Lucy, and talked the matter all over. Lucy was very cheerful, and almost put her mother in good humor. We parted at last, for it was late at night. I did not sleep, but walked my room, revolving all sorts of plans for the future.

The next day uncle Ben's bankruptcy was the town talk. All the gray, old, wrinkled men, who have plenty of money and nothing to do, talked it over in State Street, at places called insurance offices. His business and character were all thoroughly discussed. Some people were charitable, but the majority turned up their noses. There were a set of shallow fellows, who, being conscious of knowing less than other people, looked wise, and said, "*It's just what we expected: we knew this would happen three months ago!*"

Well, it was a very bad business. Uncle Ben owed ever so much money, and had not more than half enough to pay it. His creditors were very hard with him; and the richest were, of course, the hardest. And beside, there were some cases very aggravating. Uncle Ben had taken the money of widows and orphans to keep, and this was gone with the rest. He did not intend to do any harm; very far from it. But people said he had speculated, and run too great risks. These things cut him to the heart. He put a brave face upon it, especially in the streets. There was a stern smile about his lip, and one deep cloud-spot across his brow; but beside this he seemed the same as ever. He met his creditors; he spoke and acted calmly. Some of them said cruel things to him; but he replied without irritation. He came home; he spoke cheerfully to us all, at least in words. He retired to his room, and begged to be alone. No one dared to intrude upon him. We could hear groans and sobs, though low and stifled. It was fearful to hear these agonies of a great and proud man.

The next day, uncle Ben was found to be in a high fever. He became delirious, and remained for two weeks in a critical state. The disease at last took a bad turn, and at the end of three weeks from the first attack, he breathed his last. O mother, it was dreadful to see poor aunt. I know she would have died, had it not been for Lucy. I cannot tell you about the funeral, it was so sad. Dear me! it makes me wretched to think that there are such melancholy things in the world as death and funerals, and losing friends whom we shall meet no more.

I must now close this sad letter. I do not know what we shall all do. The furniture is to be sold next week. When I write again, we shall all have left the big house in Beacon Street. It makes me feel very, very bad; not for myself, for I could go back to Sundown. If I could forget aunt, and Lucy, and all the sad things that have happened, I should rejoice to go home; but I cannot leave them now. They have been kind to me, and I am ready to die for them, if so God wills it. The only pleasure I take is in thinking of some great thing I can do for them. But I fear this is only idle fancy. However, I am now neatly eighteen, and I shall try to do something.

Give my love always to father, and take ever so much for yourself; and good-by, dear mother.

WILLIAM BUMP.

PARENTS. — In general, those parents have most reverence who most deserve it; for he that lives well cannot be despised. — *Johnson*.

Old English.

THE earliest specimen extant of what may strictly be called English, was written in the year 1280, and was a description of the battle of Evesham. The following verse, which was written about the same period, is part of a song on the beauties of summer: —

"Sumer is icumen in
Lhude sing cuccu
Groweth sed
And bloweth med
And springeth the wde nu:
Sing cuccu."

The following "Reasons for learning to Singe," which were written in 1598, show the progress three hundred years had made in polishing and perfecting the English language. In all ancient authors, *ye* means *the*, and *yt*, *that*.

"Reasons briefe sett downe by ye auctor to perswade everie one to learne to singe.

"1. It is a knowledge easilie taught and quicklie learned, when there is a good master and an apte scholar.

"2. The exercise of singinge is delightfulle to nature, and good to preserve the healthe of man.

"3. It dothe strengthene all partes of ye hearte, and dothe open ye pipes.

"4. It is a singular good remedie for a stutteringe and stammeringe in ye speeche.

"5. It is the beste means to preserve a perfette pronounciation, and to make a good orator.

"6. It is the only waye to knowe where nature hath bestowed ye benefytte of a good voyce; whiche gifte is soe rare yt

there is not one amongste a thousand yt hath it, and, in manie, yt excellent gife is loste, because they want an arte to expresse nature.

"7. There is not anie musicke of instruments whatsoever, comparable to yt whiche is made of ye voyces of men, where ye voyces are good, and ye same well sorted and ordered.

"8. The better ye voyce is, the meeter it is to honor and serve God therewith, and

ye voyce of man is chieflie to be employed toe yt end.

"Since singynge is soe good a thinge,
I wish alle men woulde learne toe singe."

SORROW. — Sweet is the look of sorrow for an offence, in a heart determined never to commit it more! — upon that altar only could I offer up my wrongs. — *Sterne.*

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

Craterville, June —, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

I am a blue-eyed, red-headed scribe to Merry's Museum. I have rit you three letters, and sent you seven puzzlers; some on 'em as long as my arm; and now you haint insarted none on em. This is tew bad! One of the puzalers I put together in a red-hot day, last week, and it makes my ginger rise, to think that you won't print it. I paid postage ont besides; and that don't help the matter. According to my way of thinking, to write letters, and pay the postage, and not see 'em in print, passes all pashunts. And what makes it wus, is, that you insart other people's letters, and take no notice of mine. I'm for equil rites, Mr. Merry, and hate ojus distinkshuns and priveledges. I speak my mind, and mean no offens; and if you'll insart this, I'll forgive the past. Its the duty of all to be forgiven, and so I bid you good by.

This is from your friend and well-wisher,

J. R. — D.

MR. MERRY:

I send you a puzzle, which you are at liberty to print, if you please. It has amused me to compose it, whether it amuses you and your readers, or not.

I am composed of six letters.

My 6, 2, 3, 1, makes the part of a melon which you don't eat.

My 2, 3, 4, is what many travellers like to find.

My 1, 5, 4, is a place in which a famous prophet was put.

My 4, 2, 3, 5, is a number which shows my age.

My 2, 1, 5, 6, only want the letter C, to make a liquor, more in vogue formerly than now.

My whole constitutes a great event every day of a person's life.

Brighton, June 30, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

I send you a *puzzler*, and shall be glad to see an answer to it. Whoever finds the answer, is pretty cute, and ought to be employed to find the barn-burners who have lately made such disturbance at Jamaica Plain, and thereabouts.

S. P. I —

I am composed of seventeen letters.

My 9, 7, 8, 9, is a thing often used in the making of milk.

My 3, 10, 9, is a coarse expression for impertinence.

My 9, 2, 4, 3, is what is sometimes made out of brown bread.

My 1, 13, 5, is not a girl.

My 6, 16, 13, 14, 15, is what one boy does to another, when the latter is climbing a tree.

My 12, 13, 17, 5, is what the thin man was.

My 11, 16, 14, are the first three letters of a valuable appendage of the human body.

My whole is what was begun some time ago, and is not yet concluded.

Thompsonville, April 20, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

I am a new subscriber to the Museum and Playmate, and am very much amused with its contents.

I live in the pleasant village of Thompsonville, once known by the name of *Sandyside*. There were only a few dwellings here then; now, beautiful houses, churches, and large manufacturing establishments are to be seen in every direction.

I am young, and am not capable of writing much to interest your youthful readers; but I am much pleased to peruse their pleasing communications, and hope to hear from them often.

Yours with respect,

C. C. O.

Worcester, June, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

Sir: I thought that I would write to you, and give you some account of Worcester, where I live. It became a city the twenty-ninth of February, 1848. It contains over sixteen thousand inhabitants. The Blackstone River runs through it.

Five railroads centre here. The following are their names—Boston and Worcester, Providence and Worcester, Norwich and Worcester, Worcester and Nashua, and the Western railroads. Railroad cars are also made here.

Worcester became a town and was incorporated as early as 1684; but being much molested by the Indians, the first town meeting ever held was in 1722. But I fear that my letter is getting too long, especially for so young a customer; so I stop, only requesting you to publish the rest of the story of Peeps at Paris. In so doing, you will oblige your friend and subscriber,

A. W.

Our friend Alice, of Bridgeport, sends us the following mythological enigma.—

I am composed of thirty-nine letters.

My 14, 11, 18, 25, is a Scandinavian goddess.

My 21, 25, 32, 24, 25, 34, 37, 13, is the hell of the Greeks.

My 8, 25, 29, 20, 32, 7, is the father of the gods.

My 1, 25, 34, 8, is the god of war.

My 17, 15, 11, 27, 8, is the goddess of agriculture.

My 2, 32, 5, 8, is the goddess of the rainbow.

My 39, 6, 3, 37, 8, is the god of the winds.

My 26, 18, 11, 36, 13, 34, 37, 8, is the dog of the infernal regions.

My 9, 4, 10, 11, 25, is the goddess of flowers.

My 33, 18, 34, 1, 35, 16, 37, 8, is the guardian of boundaries.

My 1, 27, 4, 5, 23, 22, 25, is the goddess of bees.

My 35, 12, 37, 28, 25, is the queen of youth.

My 13, 32, 25, 38, 31, is one of the Nine Muses.

My 30, 25, 37, 7, 8, are rural divinities.

My whole is a sentiment which was responded to by every patriot in the revolution.

East Cambridge, May 21, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

Dear Sir,

As I have taken the Museum for nearly a year, without writing to you, I thought I would introduce myself among your numerous correspondents. There are a good many of my school-mates in this place, that take the Museum; and as yet, I have never seen any letter dated from our village. I am very much pleased when the Museum comes, for it is my delight to read it. I hope that you will never get tired of writing stories for us, for I can assure you, I shall never get tired of reading them. I see, in the May number, that you have a letter from my native place—Rome, Georgia. Yes, I am a southern girl. My father sent me to the north, to get an education. I have been here two years the twenti-

eth of this month. My father was born in a town at a distance of about forty miles from here. He, when quite young, went off, then expecting to return in about seven months; but has never returned yet, which will be thirty years pretty soon.

Now, Mr. Merry, if you should happen out this way, you will please to give us a call. If you think worthy, you may insert this; if you do not, you will not offend your friend,

LIZZIE H—s.

I am composed of fourteen letters.

My 13, 14, 12, is a plant that grows in China.

My 6, 12, 11, is a kind of gum.

My 9, 8, 12, 11, is a delicious fruit.

My 5, 2, 11, is a title of respect.

My 7, 8, is a pronoun.

My 4, 2, 3, is a part of the dress of an infant.

My 9, 10, 14, is an article of food.

My 11, 12, 13, is a troublesome quadruped.

My 3, 12, 6, is also a troublesome quadruped.

My whole was a famous freebooter.

Pasture Plantation, April 13, 1849.

DEAR MR. MERRY:

I like your Museum very much. I like the stories of Dick Boldhero, the adventures of Philip Brusque, and Jumping Rabbit's story; and the Siberian Sable Hunter, I like better than all the stories I have ever seen. My brother, Minor, has just begun to learn to read; but he does not know how to write yet. I have another little brother, named Dannie, about five years old; and a little sister, named Maria, who is not yet a year old. If I ever have a pet, I shall name it Merry. I have found out three of your names, Parley, Merry, and Goodrich. I do not like puzzles much, and as I cannot sing, I do not like songs much; but I like adventures, and stories, and fables. I have a great many of your books, and hope you will not stop writing your Museum. I am one of your little subscribers, and have derived a great deal of instruction and amusement from your books. I forgot to say that I liked the story of Bill Keeler very

much. I go to school, at home, with my little brother, and our teacher's name is Mr. Babbit, and I learn spelling and reading, and study Parley's Universal History, geography, grammar, and arithmetic; and you will know by this letter that I am learning to write. As I see that a good many of your little subscribers send you riddles, and puzzles, I will get my teacher to write one for you, and send it to you in this letter. I should be glad if you would let me know if any body finds out the answer to the enigma I send. If you have time, please answer my letter, as I am very anxious to have your handwriting. My little brother says I must thank you for the amusement he has had from hearing me read your books. I must stop now, as I have nothing more to say.

Your sincere friend,

WILLIE K—r.

FOR STUDENTS IN GEOGRAPHY.

I am composed of twenty-one letters.

My 14, 18, 9, 2, 20, 11, is a country of Europe.

My 18, 1, 7, 12, 19, 15, is a large country in the eastern continent.

My 20, 9, 2, 21, 6, 15, is a large country in the western continent.

My 16, 3, 12, 7, 13, 1, 18, 3, is one of the United States of America.

My 19, 2, 6, 3, 21, 2, 15, is one of the United States of America.

My 20, 9, 18, 21, 20, 20, 15, 12, is a city in South America.

My 20, 15, 2, 10, 13, 2, is a large city in China.

My 9, 6, 21, 16, 7, is a county in Mississippi.

My 15, 6, 6, 19, 7, 13, 2, is a county in Vermont.

My 12, 8, 18, 21, 14, 14, 13, 18, 6, is a county in New Hampshire.

My 7, 13, 16, 5, 18, 12, 17, 4, is a county in Maine.

My 16, 5, 18, 20, 17, 18, is a county in New Jersey.

My 12, 20, 13, 4, 10, is a county in Virginia.

My 16, 21, 6, 3, 12, 13, 2, is a county in Ohio.

My 20, 13, 2, 20, 13, 18, 6, 19, 15, is a parish of Louisiana.

My 6, 11, 20, 9, 4, 1, 18, is a county in Georgia.

My 16, 13, 2, 18, 13, 5, is a county in Florida.

My 16, 19, 7, 12, 13, 1, 18, 19, is a large river in North America.

My 12, 9, 3, 2, 4, 14, 18, 21, 2, 20, 3, 7, is a river in Missouri.

My 4, 17, 2, 2, 5, 12, 7, 5, 17, is a river in Kentucky.

My whole is a large country.

MR. MERRY :

I am not very fond of funny tales, or Billy Bump stories, or fables. I prefer arithmetic and mathematics, and things of that kind. I am rather pleased with puzzles; but most that you insert, are too easy to be worth answering. The answer to that in the July number, is "Louis Napoleon Bonaparte."

Holmes Hole, July 6, 1849.

MR. MERRY :

In the April number of Merry's Museum, there was a puzzle, the answer of which was "Starch." I guessed it, and sent you the answer by mail, post paid. This is the first puzzle I ever guessed, of my own head, and I do think you ought to insert my letter, considering.

J. J—.

Saugatuck County, July 4, 1849.

DEAR MR. MERRY :

In the letters of Billy Bump there is a good deal of bad spelling; and Billy does some rather coarse and awkward things. Now I wish to ask why you print such things. Will you please answer this, and oblige

Yours,

DOROTHY D—.

We are very glad to answer the inquiry of friend Dorothy. We tell the story of Billy Bump partly to amuse our young readers; and we show his faults, his mistakes, and his failings, so that

they may take note of them, and avoid them. We have, often, faults ourselves, which we do not notice, till we see the like in others; then we note them, and are very likely to correct them. I do not thus show off the errors of poor Billy Bump merely to make a laugh; but I wish, through his trials, to teach good and useful lessons to others. I wish to show, also, that a boy of few advantages may still, with a good disposition, rise to a respectable station in life.

We have many favors, besides those we have inserted, which it is impossible to notice, further than to acknowledge the receipt of them.

R. P., of Gouverneur, N. Y., has written us two neat and pleasant letters. We have also received communications from the following:—

C. W. H., of Lowell; M. M., of Brooklyn; A. F. G., of Haverhill, Mass.; E. C., of Rycgate, Vermont; J. B. T., of Somers, Penn.; H. D. B—e, of Mineral Point, Wisconsin; H. P. H., and J. A. K., of Putnam, Ohio; Susie —, of Andover, Mass.; C. M. M. L., of Albany; G. B. C., Hastings, N. Y.; Alice, of Brooklyn; J. Q. A. P—, of Ashburnham, Mass.; Eunice, of Augusta, Maine; F. G. N., of Dedham; H—d, of Woburn, Mass.; W. E. F., of Cambridge; E. M., and L., of Farmington; S—, of Slatersville; N. H. H. Lovell; C. M—n, of Colchester, Conn.; F. A. C., of East Middleburg; a Green Mountain Boy, of Middlebury; An Eight-Year-Old Subscriber, of Brooklyn; E. A. & S. L., of Sandwich; Caroline M. S., of Fitchburg; C. M. S. J—, of East Cambridge.



The Black Beast.

DON'T be frightened, reader! This frightful creature in the picture is not a reality; it has no existence but in the fancy. Please to hear my story, and then you shall decide whether it is a good beast or a bad beast.

A great way off, and a great while ago, there lived a rich man by the name of Martin. He had one daughter, named Katreena, and she was his only child. He loved her very much, and allowed her to do any thing she pleased. From very childhood, she was indulged in all her whims and caprices.

Now, Katreena was not naturally

worse than other people; but, by indulgence, all that was bad in her became exaggerated, so that her faults at last had got to be great faults indeed. Among other things, Katreena was passionate. If any thing displeased her, she became very angry, and would do and say very spiteful things. And then she was very proud. She was rather handsome, and her figure was tall and commanding. She became very proud of her personal appearance, and was accustomed to wear rich and costly silks, so as to make herself look noble and queenly.

Notwithstanding all this, nobody seemed

to love Katreena. Many persons paid her a sort of respect, and as she was very rich, she was surrounded with great people; but, as I have said, nobody seemed to love her. She was very much surprised at this, for, though she was proud, like every body else, she desired to be loved. At last, she began to grow unhappy, and, after thinking of it a long time, she determined to ask her attendant, a good old woman, who had brought her up, and was a kind of mother to her.

One day she therefore began:—

"Dear Joan, I am very miserable."

"O madam, you unhappy, surrounded with every thing that heart can wish?" said Joan.

"I am not surrounded with any thing the heart can wish," said Katreena. "I have nothing that I wish. I am rich; but I despise riches. I am disgusted with silks and laces, and pearls and diamonds."

"And what is there you want?"

"I wish to be loved."

"And are you not loved?"

"No. I believe every body hates me. It is true they pay me a kind of respect: they bow, and ask after my health; but they keep away from me, and look as if I was a fearful and terrible thing."

"Ah, madam, would I could tell you the truth."

"And why not tell me the truth?"

"I am afraid you will be angry."

"Well, suppose I am angry—is that any reason why you should not tell me what concerns my happiness?"

"Does your ladyship really desire me to tell you why people don't love you?"

"Certainly."

"Well, my lady—but it's a very awful thing I am going to reveal to you."

"Nevertheless, go on."

"Well, my dear lady—positively I dare not."

"Tell me; I command you."

"Well, if I must!—Now, my lady, this it is: you are constantly attended by a great black beast."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say—you are attended by a great black beast. You do not see it; but other people see it, and it is this that makes them afraid of you."

"Are you mad?"

"No; it is you who are mad. You are haunted by a monster which every body sees except yourself."

"This passes all patience. What do you mean, Joan, by trifling thus with me?"

"Ah, madam, you commanded me, or I should not have told you."

"You are an impudent creature. I ask you for counsel and sympathy, and you make a monkey of me. Leave my presence—go instantly, and never let me see you again!"

Joan left her mistress, and the latter gave herself up to passionate tears and wailings. It was late at night when she retired to her bed. At last she slept, and in her dream, she saw a horrid beast at her side. It had enormous ears, goggle eyes, a forked tongue, and large hooked teeth. Nothing could be more terrible. "Indeed," said Katreena, "it is all true. Here is the monster, after all. What a hideous creature! No wonder people are afraid of me. What ears! What a mouth! What a tongue! It is strange I never saw it before. Alas! I am un-

done. What shall I do?" And during this, the poor lady in her dream wrung her hands, and sobbed, and gave herself up to despair.

In the morning, she sent for Joan. When she came, "Forgive me, Joan," said she: "it is all true. I have seen the beast! Last night it paid me a visit. I do not wonder people shun me. Now tell me, my dearest friend, and tell me frankly, — what shall I do?"

"Well, my lady, when one is sick, it is a great point gained to know it. Now you have seen the creature that haunts you, and deprives you of the love of your friends, perhaps we can contrive something by which we may get rid of him."

"Speak, Joan, and tell me what is to be done."

"Do you know the beast's name, my lady?"

"No."

"Well, it is *Pride*."

"What do you mean, Joan?"

"I mean that the beast is named *Pride*."

"Ah, dearest Joan, I now understand you. You mean that I am proud. You mean that I carry about an air of pride with me, which is offensive. This is the beast which is my attendant, and which drives people away from me."

"Exactly so, my lady; and now you have a clear idea of the difficulty, you may, perhaps, remove it."

"But really, Joan, is pride so very offensive? I had no idea of it."

"Yes, pride is a very disagreeable vice; but your case is not singular. Many a person is attended by his black beast; and while he does not see it, every body else sees it, and takes care to keep

out of its way. This will explain what we often see — a person who has good looks, good talents, good education, good position in society, and who is, after all, not loved."

"Love your Enemies."

LITTLE Hattie Wilson was sitting on a low cricket by the side of her father, one quiet Sunday evening: she had been very still for some time — a very unusual circumstance for a frolicsome child six years old. At last she said, very earnestly, —

"Father, Mr. Crosby said, this afternoon, in his sermon, two or three times, very loud, 'Love your enemies;' and I began to think who enemies were. I suppose they are people that don't love us, and try to kill us, and hurt us; are they not, father? And I wondered if I had any enemies, and where they lived; and I thought and thought, till I went to sleep. Do little girls and boys have enemies, father? Have I got any?"

"I hope not, my darling. Good little children very seldom have any. People almost always love children, and are kind to them, and very careful that nothing shall injure or trouble them. If a little child should fall down in the street, and get hurt, a great many people — any body that saw it — would run to its assistance."

"But, father, are kittens that scratch, and things that bite us enemies? Because, if they are, the big gray goose that lives at aunt Eunice's is my enemy. Don't you remember how she ran after me, and

bit my bare arm, one day, and how I screamed and screamed, and uncle Charles ran so fast, to see what was the matter? She is a very ugly, disagreeable goose, and I am sure I don't want to love her."

"Perhaps she did not mean to bite you, Hattie."

"O, yes, she did; for she opened her mouth as wide as she could, and ran after me, on purpose. Besides, you know, father, I never touched her or *shooed* at her a bit."

"Didn't you try to catch one of the little yellow goslings that were with her?"

"O, the little baby geese, such cunning little things! No, I *could* not catch one; but I tried a long while, and called to them, but they all ran away; and then, when I ran after them, the ugly old cackler bit me."

"That was the reason she bit you, Hattie. The poor goose was *mother* to the little ones, and she was afraid you meant to hurt them."

"Why, father, she might have known I would not hurt them. What a *fraid-cat* she was."

"What is a '*fraid-cat*,' Hattie?"

"Why, don't you know, father? Why, it's what Caddy, and Frank, and I are, when we are such silly children as to be frightened when nothing is the matter: then we call each other '*fraid-cats*.'"

"Well, my child, the poor mother goose saw you run after her little ones: she could not tell what you intended to do with them, but she wanted you to go away, and let them alone; and so she ran after you, and bit you. She was only defending her children, and taking care of

them, just as your mother would defend you and Frank, if you were in any danger."

"But, father, if any body wanted to carry us off, what would mamma do? She could not bite."

"No; mamma would call to the people in the house, or in the street; perhaps would take my cane, or a broom-handle, and beat the person that had taken you. She would defend you as long as she lived."

"I guess nobody will run away with us. Do you think they will, father?"

"No, indeed! Little children are very plenty, and almost every body has enough."

"But, father, must every body really love their enemies?"

"Yes, my child. Jesus Christ has taught us so in the Bible. He forgave his enemies, and loved them, and did good to them while he lived, though they tormented and afflicted him, and at last killed him; yet, when he was dying, he prayed to God to forgive them, for they knew not what they did."

"If little children ever have enemies, father, must they love them?"

"Certainly; they must try, and do good to them, if they can."

"But, father, if the goose that bit me is my enemy, how can I love her and do good to her?"

"Next time you go to see aunt Eunice, if you speak kindly to mother goose, and give some bread or corn to her and the little ones, she will be very good and gentle, I dare say; and you must be very careful not to frighten her any more, and I am quite sure she will not bite you again."

"Some little boys and girls do have enemies. Don't you remember, father, the wicked uncle that sent the bad man off with the little boy and girl into the dark wood? And the bad man ran away, and left them, and they died, and the robin redbreasts covered them up with leaves. He was a wicked enemy. Father, could they love him, if they were alive again?"

"Perhaps, if they could be alive again, he would repent, and be sorry for what he had done, and be kind to them, and they would love him very much. But, if he was *not* sorry, and was not kind to

them, they would *pity* him, because he was so wicked; and if they were gentle and patient, God would love them, and, perhaps, in time, they would teach him, by their example, to be good and gentle, and kind too; and thus they might all be very happy together."

"Well, father, I shall try, and love every body; and then I shall not have any enemies, if I am good, — shall I?"

"I think not, my dear. But begin tomorrow, and pacify the only one you have now; make mother goose forget the past, and then try never to have any more evil wishes." — *Annie Armstrong.*



Indians removing their Village.

The Civilized Indians.

MANY people think it impossible to civilize the Indians of America; that is, to make them give up hunting and fighting, and live by agriculture, manufactures, and peaceful arts; to persuade them to have schools, and houses,

and churches, and good laws. The reason why people thought so, was, that instead of trying to teach them these good things, they sold them rum and brandy, and gave them powder, and thus degraded and brutified them, and made them worse

than before. It was bad enough to be savages, but the white people made them drunken savages. But Providence seems to be taking better care of the remnants of this people. They have been partly driven, and partly persuaded, to settle in the country between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains, and here they have a splendid tract of land, called the *Indian Territory*. It is true that some of the Indians here are still a roving, unsettled people, as you see by the picture at the head of this article; but some tribes are greatly improved and improving.

A man going to California, with a company of adventurers, has lately passed through this region; and he gives the following account of what he saw:—

“In travelling thus far, we have passed through the Cherokee, Choctaw, Chickasaw, Creek, and Seminole nations, and find that many of these wandering tribes of the family of Adam are in an advanced state of improvement and civilization. Many of them appear to be engaged in agricultural pursuits, and are in affluent and easy circumstances. It appears that Nature, in the arrangement of the country now in possession of the tribes of Indians, was trying her best to make a place for man's abode, no part or portion of which could be objected to, even by fault-finding man. The rivers, the valleys, the prairies, and the mountains, all appear to have been planned by Dame Nature to assist man in contemplating the works of Him who rules and governs all things, and preparing him for the enjoyment of that bliss which is promised only to the true and faithful beyond the grave.

“The Choctaws, from what I could

learn in passing through the nation, are advancing more rapidly in civilization than any of the tribes on our route. They have a large number of schools interspersed throughout their whole country, and many of the Indians are men of good practical English education. They publish a respectable paper at Doakville, in the nation; one portion in the Choctaw language, and the balance in English. They have a code of laws, which they rigidly enforce, as I can bear testimony. The day after we crossed a ferry through their nation, two Indians were tried before one of the chiefs for horse-stealing, found guilty, and stripped, tied up, and given forty lashes, well laid on their naked backs; the whole transaction occupying about two hours. The poor fellows were almost dead when released, and were taken to the tent of a humane Californian, and their wounds, which were ghastly from the whip, were rubbed over with sweet oil. They appeared grateful for the kindness of the Californians, but breathed vengeance against the chief and sheriffs. It would have amused you, Mr. Gazette, to have seen the imperturbable old chief, with a stick, scoring the stripes, as they were given. At thirty-nine, he caused the sheriff to halt a moment, and then ordered him to lay on ten more for good measure. Such is the summary mode of Indian justice.

“The Cherokees, as a nation, are not as far advanced in agriculture and civilization as the Choctaws; but I found many refined and well-educated half-breeds and quadroons among them.

“The Chickasaws we saw but little of, as we passed through but a small portion

of their country. They, however, appear to be rapidly improving in agricultural pursuits. Their country, however, is the most delightful on the globe.

"The Creeks and Seminoles are a powerful tribe, mustering, probably, eight or ten thousand warriors. They, too, are improving rapidly in all that tends to peace or civilization. Some of the largest and most athletic men we have ever seen belong to these tribes. Government is now building a mission near North Canadian, which will cost fifty thousand dollars, and in a few years all of the tribes whose country we have yet travelled through, will have abandoned the roving life of the red man, and settled down on their rich and fertile bottoms and prairies as an

agricultural people. Many of those whose huts we passed on the road are, I am informed, strict observers of the Sabbath: others still work on that day. The Indians appear remarkably peaceable and friendly; and could *whiskey*, that bane of all social happiness, and that destroyer of the red man, be kept out of the nation, in a few years a man might travel through all the tribes, from Fort Smith to the Pacific, without fear or molestation. It is only when drunk, or in their drunken revels, that they commit depredations against the white man; and how could we expect any thing better from a savage, when the use of the same articles makes very demons of the most refined and civilized?"

Several of the Camanches have been



Camanche Warriors.

down to a trading post near this place, and state that they are disposed to be friendly, and trade with us on our route. As we have nothing to trade, we shall treat them with all due civility, but watch

them closely, as they are great thieves, as well as murderers.

Our teams are in as good, if not better, order than when we left; as corn has been generally very cheap during our trip,

sometimes but two dimes per bushel. From this point west we shall find no more corn, as the Camanches raise nothing.

In leaving Fort Smith, our company, which then numbered one hundred and sixty men, started on the road lately cut out by Uncle Sam; but after travelling that for two weeks, and getting but thirty miles from the fort, ninety of us cut through the mud to the old road, where we found it so much better that we have out-travelled the rest of our company, and are fearful they will not overtake us again. We travel under strict military discipline, keeping a guard of fifteen out every night. We have lost none of our teams, although numbers of others have been less fortunate.

Our company at present consists of ninety men, eighty of whom are well educated, refined, and honorable gentlemen. We have lawyers, doctors, printers, dentists, daguerreotypists, landscape painters, gunsmiths, blacksmiths, wagoners, and all other trades and professions, in our company. The consequence is, the company being composed of such good material generally, we get along without the peace and harmony of the same being in the least disturbed. Many other companies have become disorganized and scattered.

We calculate on resting every Sabbath, and, having two good preachers with us, we shall have preaching regularly. My next, probably, will be from Santa Fe or San Francisco. Adieu! F.

THE true way to contentment, is to know how to receive the vicissitudes of life.

The Fairy Mignonne.

[Continued from page 56.]

ON the evening of Christmas, as Ioula was smiling at herself in the glass, some one knocked three times at her door. She ran to open it, and Hermann entered.

"Ah! ha!" said he, in a coaxing voice, "just dressed? So we have turned day into night: it is no more than just, however, when we have turned night into day. Bravo! Ioulette, your eyes are as bright as two dewdrops, and your feet are as light and nimble as the wings of a swallow on leaving its nest. Ioulette, you are charming this evening, which to us is a morning."

"O, what gallantry!" replied Ioula, smiling affectedly. "You are more amiable than you were this morning, which to us was an evening."

"O, don't speak of that," said Hermann. "I was foolish, but for all that, I love you well enough to have courage to wait, since it seems I must. O, I wish the snow would melt quickly, and we will be married as soon as the first primrose shows its head above the meadow."

"Wait a moment, sir; the bulbs in their blue vases have not yet given in their decision."

"O, the lazy things," cried Hermann. "What! not yet one little shoot?"

"Have patience," said Ioula. "Tulips do not put forth leaves in one night."

"Nor hyacinths, either. Do they?"

"O! O!" said Ioula, mischievously.

"Then," said Hermann, winking his eyes, "the tulip will flower first?"

"Ask my blue vases," said Ioula; "for I cannot answer you."

"That's true," said the young man, approaching the mantel-piece. Then placing his elbows upon the edge, he said to the bulbs, in a tone of voice half serious and half joking, —

"Well, tulip, my only hope, have you worked hard all night for Hermann? O, flower quickly, if you do not wish Hermann to die. Make haste, make haste, my beauties, and bring forth your colors more brilliant than the rainbow's hues."

"Be still," said Ioula. "Do not try to influence the judges by talking, for you are malicious enough to gain their favor."

The village dandy only replied by a smile of vanity, and continued, addressing the crocus, —

"And you, Sir Guardian, have you kept good and faithful guard in your old watch-house? I thought of you, and have brought you something to keep rheumatisms and chilblains from troubling your venerable person."

"How?" asked Ioula, with curiosity.

Hermann drew from his pocket a package, from which he took the covering. "There!" said he.

It was a porcelain flower-pot, so thickly gilded, that it seemed of gold.

Ioula blushed with pleasure at the sight of this present.

"I have a right to render my judges favorable, by giving them presents, have I not?" asked Hermann.

"My mother did not tell me that it was forbidden," murmured Ioula, bowing. The temptation was too great, and she had not the courage to refuse.

The genie, Grognon, had overheard all

this, and highly approved of Hermann's behavior. Ioula, who was already helping to change the abode of the crocus, was equally pleased and prepossessed in his favor.

The old flower-pot was thrown out of the window; during which time, Hermann snapped the hyacinth rudely with his finger and thumb, saying between his teeth, "May you never blossom, troublesome flower."

"Wretch!" — exclaimed Mignonne, waked suddenly from her peaceful slumber.

At this moment Wilhelm entered. The poor youth brought nothing. It was not the season for mole-hunting, and his sole resource during the winter was his clarinet.

Hermann received him with an air at once disdainful and triumphant. Ioula would neither speak to him, look at him, nor smile on him.

Then the unlucky little flute-player made a sudden guess at the truth, and understood it all.

The company remained long that evening. Hermann fluttered like a butterfly round Ioula, who had eyes for no one but him.

Wilhelm hid himself and his sadness in a dark corner of the room. He was downcast and pale. He had the head of a child with the heart of a woman. Once he approached the window as if to look out; it was only to wipe away a tear. Suddenly his eyes brightened, and without saying a word, he left the room. He had, without doubt, discovered some new ray of hope.

* * * * *

As Ioula was retiring, she heard a noise under her window.

It was Wilhelm's clarionet.

"O, the clumsy fellow!" said she. "He will make every one in the village talk about us."

"Animal!" gaped the sleepy Grognon, at the same time, "I was dozing so nicely in my gilded palace."

"The wind blows for Hermann," sung the fairy Petiote, rubbing her little hands joyously.

"Poor boy!" sighed the fairy Mignonne. "He gives all he has—a melancholy air upon his clarionet."

Thus things went on for fifteen days. Ioula became more and more amiable towards Hermann, and more indifferent towards Wilhelm. The former looked proud and haughty, the latter sad and hopeless.

The invisible world was, alas! a reflection of the external one. Hermann had bribed the genie with the porcelain vase, and the fairy Petiote with flattering words.

All this saddened Mignonne. How could she defend her favorite against so many enemies? The genie and Petiote were leagued against him. Ioula seemed to have forgotten him, and Hermann detested him. Mignonne alone remained friendly to him.

Ioula repeated often to the impatient Hermann, "Wait till the tulip has blossomed. I will never deny my belief in my mother's oracle." Thus she spoke, but her heart perhaps belonged already to Hermann. This the fairy Petiote declared; but the fairy Mignonne sustained the contrary. "No," she cried,—
"no! Ioulette does not love Hermann.

Hermann does not love Ioula. The one is gallant, and the other a coquette. Wilhelm keeps silence, but loves more sincerely than Hermann, who passes his nights in the village tavern, gambling, while Wilhelm sighs under Ioula's window."

"Ta, ta, ta!" replied Petiote. "You do not understand young people. Hermann is merely bidding good-by to bachelor life. He is rich, too."

"O, ho!" said Mignonne; "he has only a few crowns, wickedly gained, and a field left him by his father. Of this he has taken no care, and nothing grows there but stones."

"Well, that is more than Wilhelm has got," sneered Petiote. "He has nothing!"

"Yes, sister; but he is laborious. Wait for the mole season, and Wilhelm may be richer than Hermann. What do you say, Marquis Grognon?"

"I? I say nothing. I observe all from my porcelain house; but I sometimes think Hermann is a thoughtful and attentive youth."

One day, the two rivals were called by Ioula, who said that one of the bulbs was opening.

"Which?" said Hermann and Wilhelm, at the same time.

Ioula pointed to the tulip.

Hermann jumped for joy; Wilhelm looked sadly down; Petiote was contented and happy; and Mignonne suffered to see Wilhelm suffer.

Wilhelm approached his hyacinth, and wished to speak to it; but only gave vent to a sigh, which enveloped the bulb in a warm and supplicating breath. This sigh gave new courage to Mignonne, and all

night she watched and worked, while Petiotte slept.

Great was Ioula's surprise, when, in the morning, she found the progress made by the hyacinth. Already a green sprout was to be seen. The tulip had remained stationary since the day before.

That day, Wilhelm was received with a smile, while Hermann was scarcely noticed.

At this, his temper, naturally ungovernable, became furious. He declared that he would not suffer himself to be ousted by Wilhelm, and rated at a terrible rate what he called his foolish, lazy tulip. This vexed Petiotte, while Mignonne, in terror, asked herself if Hermann might not employ foul means to regain the ascendancy he had lost.

"O," cried Wilhelm, as he was passing under Ioula's window. Something had fallen upon his shoulder.

"I ask your pardon," cried a little bird-like voice. "Did I hurt you?"

Wilhelm looked all round, but saw no one.

"Here! I am here," said the voice, which seemed to come out of the ground. Wilhelm stooped down. Something rolled at his feet. "O, dear," cried he, "it is my hyacinth."

"Yes," sighed the bulb. Wilhelm, alarmed, opened his hand.

"Take care," cried the invisible voice, which came from the core of the hyacinth; "you will let me fall, and I have just bumped my head hard enough to last for some time." But Wilhelm trembled so that the bulb had to console him with her little silvery voice: "Do not be afraid. As soon as you keep still, you

shall see me. I am not of a size or shape to frighten any one. There! there! here I am." Then the hyacinth opened, and the fairy Mignonne sprung out. Wilhelm uttered a cry of surprise and admiration.

"O," said the fairy, "you do not find me so very terrible, — do you? Well, I am glad of that. Put my bulb into your pocket. I wish to keep my boudoir." Then placing herself on his shoulder, the fairy spoke thus: —

"Hermann, furious at his anticipated defeat, came into Ioula's room in her absence, took me from my blue vase, and threw me out of the window, placing a poisoned bulb in my place. There is no longer any doubt of the tulip's blossoming first."

"O," cried Wilhelm, "I shall tell Ioula of this miserable trick."

"Not so fast," replied the fairy. "You will not be believed."

"I will swear by the wax Virgin, who must, as well as you, have seen the crime committed."

"No, no. Hermann will swear as hard as you, and he is the favorite."

"Then," said Wilhelm, "I will drown myself in the Danube."

"Another folly. If you leave the field clear, Ioula will love your rival."

"Then, what shall I do, as I have no hope left?"

"No hope?" repeated Mignonne. "Not directly, but indirectly, perhaps."

"How?" cried Wilhelm.

"Ah! you see there is still some hope left in the corner of your heart."

"O, speak, speak! fairy of good omen, if you don't wish me to die."

"Listen, then, in silence. Ioula, as I have said from the beginning, will keep her word. I know that she will only give her hand to him whom the bursting of one bulb or the other shall indicate as its choice. Now, if the tulip does not flower for a hundred years, it will still do so before the hyacinth, which will never flower at all. But the tulip can die too. Then the chances between you and Hermann again become equal."

"Hurra!" shouted Wilhelm.

"Stop, stop," laughed Mignonne. "Success is by no means easy; for the fairy Petiotte lives in the tulip, and she is much attached to Hermann. Therefore she must consent to leave her favorite bulb. This is the only way; for neither you nor I would like to have recourse to the means employed by your rival. You must never fight against the wicked with their own arms, or else you deserve nothing better than they. Remember that Petiotte thinks Hermann has many virtues, which I think only vices disguised. Let the mask fall, and she will yield. Besides, she must have been shocked at the trick played upon us by her favorite. This morning he called her a fool, and she is very sensitive. One more trial. Gold is known by the touchstone, man by the touch of gold. If Hermann comes from the contact unscathed, I leave you to your unhappy fate. If, on the contrary, he betrays himself, I hope my sister may desert him. Is not that just? Ioula shall be his who loves her best. That was her mother's last wish."

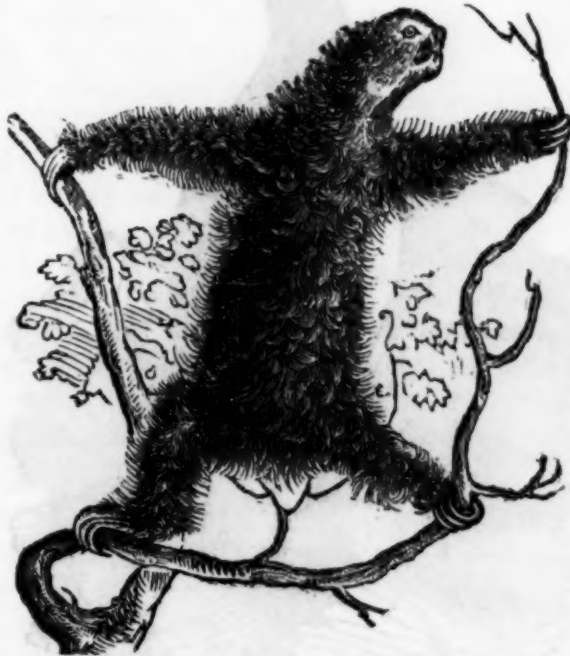
[To be continued.]

The Sloth.

THE sloth, in its wild state, spends its whole life in the trees, and never leaves them but through force or by accident. Providence has ordered man to tread on the surface of the earth, the eagle to soar in the skies, and the monkey and squirrel to inhabit the trees: still these may change their relative positions without feeling much inconvenience; but the sloth is doomed to spend his whole life in the trees, and what is more extraordinary, not upon the branches, like the squirrel, but *under* them. He hangs suspended from the branch, he rests suspended from it, and he sleeps suspended from it. To enable him to do this, he must have a conformation different from that of any other animal. He does not, however, hang head downwards, like the vampire. When asleep, he supports himself from a branch parallel to the earth. He first seizes the branch with one arm, and then with the other: and after that, brings up both his legs, one by one, to the same branch; so that all four are in a line: he seems perfectly at ease in this position. The animal has no tail, and it is well for him that he has none: for if he had, he must either draw it up between his legs, which would interfere with them, or he must let it hang down, where it would become the sport of the winds. Thus his deficiency in tail is a benefit to him; he has merely an apology for one, being about an inch and a half long.

This animal has received the undeserved name of *sloth*, from the fact that naturalists have not paid sufficient attention to him in his native haunts, which are

generally the dense forests of tropical countries, and because they have described him in an element where he was never designed to cut a figure, that is, on the ground. When in the trees, he catches at one branch after another, and thus travels at a good round pace; but when on the ground, he hardly moves



three paces an hour. He is a scarce and solitary animal, living entirely upon vegetable food, — the leaves, the fruit, and flowers of trees, and often even on the very bark, when nothing else is left on the tree for his sustenance. If in an isolated tree, and wishing to go to another, he is obliged to roll himself up in a ball, and from thence fall to the ground: his physical conformation unfits him for descending, as it does also for walking. A sloth which was kept in confinement by Mr.

Waterton, offered him many opportunities for observing his movements. His favorite abode was the back of a chair; and, after getting all his legs in a line upon the topmost part of it, he would hang there for hours together, and by a sort of low and inward cry, seemed to invite attention and sympathy. When placed upon the grass, he invariably shaped his course to the nearest tree. The sloth is very good eating, and is hunted by Indians and Negroes.

PRAISE. — The real satisfaction which praise can afford, is when what is repeated aloud agrees with the whispers of con-

science, by showing us that we have not endeavored to deserve well in vain: — Johnson.



Penguins.

THIS species of bird, which none of our readers have probably ever seen, is remarkable as being, in the water, one of the swiftest and most graceful swimmers, and, on the land, the most awkward, unwieldy, and stupid bird it is possible to see. It inhabits the waters in the vicinity of the South Sea islands, and never visits land except when breeding; and, but for this necessary duty of propagating their species, naturalists would never have had an opportunity of seeing them, and would be utterly unacquainted with their history.

This bird's element is the sea, and there it is more safe and impregnable than an eagle in his eyrie. Its entire conformation adapts it for a residence in the water. Its legs, or paddles, are entirely in the rear of the body, and thus it is enabled to make very rapid progress, like Indian canoes, in which the oars are worked near the stern. When wishing to dive, all they have to do is to bend their body a trifle forward, when they lose their centre of gravity, and down they go, while every stroke from their feet only tends to sink them the faster. If

they perceive themselves pursued, they instantly sink, showing nothing but their bills till the enemy is withdrawn.

Smart as these birds are at sea, when on land they are as awkward as a boy with a new pair of pantaloons on: metaphorically speaking, they seem to have their thumbs in their mouths, and look as if they did not know what they were doing. They allow themselves to be knocked on the head without even attempting to escape. They stand to be shot at in flocks, without offering to move, till every one of their number is destroyed. The reason of this probably is, that they have never learned to know the danger of a human enemy: it is against the fox and the vulture that they by instinct defend themselves; and seem never to suspect any injury from beings so little resembling their natural enemies.

They never fly if they can help it: even the smallest kinds seldom fly by choice; and, though they have a very small weight of body to sustain, they flutter their wings with all the energy of despair, but make very little headway. As for their style of walking, the less that is said of it the better. All our readers have probably seen ducks walk: well, ducks are the personification of grace and elegance, compared to the penguin; and this the creature seems very well to understand; for it walks straight from the water to its nest, and from its nest directly back again into the water. They are very tenacious of life. Many of them were left, by an exploring expedition, apparently lifeless from the blows they had received; but while the sailors were in pursuit of others, every one of them

got up, and marched off with the utmost gravity. Their sleep is extremely sound: a sailor belonging to the expedition, stumbling over one of them, kicked it several yards without disturbing its rest, nor was it till after being repeatedly shaken, that the bird awoke.

The species of penguin represented in the engraving is the Magellanic penguin, which is found on the southern shores of Patagonia. It never flies, as its wings are very short, and covered with stiff, hard feathers, and are always seen expanded, and hanging uselessly down the bird's sides. These penguins walk erect when they do walk, with their heads on high, their fin-like wings hanging down like arms; so that, to see them at a distance, they look like so many children with white aprons. They are often seen drawn up in rank and file, upon the ledge of a rock, standing together with the albatross, as if in consultation. From hence, they are said to unite in themselves the qualities of man, fish, and fowl. Like man, they are upright; like fowls, they are feathered; and like fish, they have fin-like instruments that beat the water before, and serve for all the purposes of swimming, rather than of flying. They are very voracious, and their extreme fatness seems to give proof of the great plenty in which they live.

PROVIDE what is necessary before you indulge in what is superfluous. Study to do justice to all with whom you deal, before you affect the praise of liberality. — *Blair*.



Boy and Cannon.

HERE'S a miniature hero for you! He has all the instruments and appliances for carrying on a regular battle—two field-pieces, a large box to hold his powder in, and some dozen balls, with which to thin the enemy's ranks. He himself is his own engineer, general, and gunner, while his sister seems to have undertaken the management of the concerns of the foe. Her sympathies are with her brother, though, as is evident from her eyes, which are intently fixed on the little three-ouncer opposite. The enemy seem to have no means of defence, and look as if they wish themselves back in their castle, on the safe side of their ditches and moats, and drawbridges. We have no doubt

they are used to it, however, and have probably been shot at in the same way every day since the fourth of July. The soldiers play alternately the part of red-coats at New Orleans, and Mexicans at Buena Vista; and whether in the one case or the other, they get peppered most unmercifully. These riotous proceedings contrast drolly with the quiet look of every thing else in the room. There's a picture hanging up representing the garden of Eden, a glass of hyacinths on the table; and then the young lady has on French slippers, and has her hair curled with Bogle's Hyperion Fluid. We wish all battles were as much of a joke, and were as little attended with regret and mourning as the one in the engraving.



Mother Good-Measure.

HERE is an old lady selling grapes. She is just giving half a pound to the little girl with the apron. How nice they look! and probably they taste quite as good as they look.

This is a scene in the streets of Paris; and the three persons in the picture are Parisians. The old lady has been selling grapes, carrots, and radishes, on that same bench for the last forty years. There are a great many other old ladies like her in Paris: they may be seen under every archway, on every unfrequented doorstep, and often, like our friend above, at the corners of streets, on little two-legged benches, which, with her basket and scales, are the implements and insignia of the trade.

Grapes are so abundant in France,

that, for three or four cents, enough may be had for a luncheon; and if you add to it a one-cent roll, you have a meal fit for a king. This is a favorite way of satisfying hunger, and passing the time agreeably, among the coach-drivers and teamsters of Paris, when they have nothing else to do, and nobody wants to ride. Indeed, they are the principal customers of the old lady in the picture, as her corner is near a station of carriages in one of the great thoroughfares. They call her *Mother Good-Measure*, because she always throws in a grape or two more than the real weight. What a big half pound she is giving the little girl and her brother; and all that for two cents! If we ever go to Paris again, we shall find out *Mother Good-Measure*.

Thomas Titmouse.

[Continued from p. 35.]

As I was saying, Thomas Titmouse, or Tom Tit, as he was generally called, — a circumstance by no means against him, surely, for many celebrated personages have had nicknames, before his time. Cromwell was familiarly known as *Old Noll*; Napoleon was the *Little Corporal*; Andrew Jackson was *Old Hickory*; Wellington is the *Iron Duke*; General Taylor is *Old Zack*. The truth is, a nickname is a sure sign of celebrity, and therefore the short title of *Tom Tit* shows that our hero is an individual of note, and well known to all the world.

Well, I began to speak of Tom's father; and, as to that, I might say a word of his grandfather, and grandmother, too, and, indeed, of his ancestors farther back. It is not every one who can tell who or what his great grandfather was; but in this case, we have the materials for a very precise biography. We can not only say who Tom's great grandfather was, but we can tell his favorite food, his hours of rest, labor, and recreation; the exact color of his eyes; his weight to a quarter of an ounce; and his height to a quarter of an inch.

Tom's grandfather, then, or rather his great grandfather, — for I had got back to him, — bore the same name as his descendant, the subject of the present sketch. He was in many respects an example worthy of imitation. He went to bed early, and arose with the sun. He was a Washingtonian in drink, never tasting any thing but water, and of this he took just enough, and no more. How

much misery would be prevented if mankind would imitate the example of Tom Titmouse the elder! And then, as to cakes, and sweetmeats, and ice creams, and jellies, and trifles, and hot oysters, and all that — Mr. Titmouse never in his life put one of these things into his mouth. And what was the consequence? Why, he was a happy, lively, cheerful fellow, from infancy to old age. He kept all the commandments, so far as they were made for him. Who is there can say more?

While I am about it, I may as well say a word of Tom's grandmother. The fact is, that the very word *grandmother* stirs up the most interesting recollections. How well I remember my grandmother, with her black silk dress, her tall laced cap, her high-heeled shoes, her long waist, and her majestic gait! She was like a moving statue of Minerva, grown old, to be sure, and with abundance of gray frizzed hair. She was a sort of divinity to others — grave, stately, venerable — an object of reverence. To me, she was kind, gentle, tender, motherly. O, what beautiful hymns she recited to me! Alas! shall I ever hear such again? And then such stories, about giants, and fairies, and all that! She had lived in the time of the revolutionary war, and had seen Washington, and Old Put, and that blacksmith Quaker of Rhode Island, named *Nathaniel Greene*, who threw away his strait collar and broad brim, and went to fighting; and when he got at it, made the British trot hither and thither as they had never done before in all their lives.

Well, my grandmother knew all these people; and what stories she did tell

about them ! It really seemed to me that I could see them ; and such was my awful reverence for these great men, that, up to the time I was seventeen, I had a sort of idea that Washington was about three times as tall as Goliath of Gath ; Put as strong as Samson ; and Nat Greene more of a general than Julius Cæsar, Alexander, and Hannibal, all put together.

But to return. Let me see, — where was I ? O, I have it ; I was speaking of Thomas Titmouse, whose biography I had promised to the reader. For the sake of brevity, I shall call him *Tom*, or *Tom Tit*, or simple *Tit*, as the case may require. I beg to say that by this abbreviation I mean no disparagement to the subject of this memoir. *Tom*, or *Tit*, or *Tom Tit*, or *Thomas Tit*, or *Tom Titmouse* — I always mean the same thing. This matter of name is not material ; the thing signified is the material point.

"A rose," says the poet, "by any other name would smell as sweet."

When I was a boy, I went to school, as I said, to Master Philo Peppery. Now, in those days, there was no market in R——, and people did not kill an ox every day. We had no penny papers to tell every thing that went on, and a good deal more. Squire Keeler, Colonel Bradley, and General King took the Connecticut Courant between them : thus we got the news. As to other matters, we heard the gospel at meeting on Sundays, and were satisfied. But when an ox was killed, the event was advertised at school. The way was this : Toward the close of the day, when all the reading, spelling, writing, and whipping were over, and just

before that glorious word, "DISMISSED !" was announced, old Peppery used to say, "Let all be seated ! Attention ! If any one knows who has killed a beef, let him rise and speak !" Now, it chanced that on one occasion, the master had seated the school, and in the midst of the awful silence, he said, as usual, "If any one knows who has killed a beef, let him rise and speak !" In an instant, a lively little fellow, by the name of Richard Pease, jumped up, and said smartly, "I don't know any body that's killed a beef, but uncle Seth has killed a hog." A terrible titter broke out on all sides. Peppery was amazed. "Down, Dicky !" said he, in a voice of thunder ; and Richard Pease went by the name of *Down Dicky* till after he was one and twenty. But the name did not change him, for he was the same lively, pleasant fellow as before.

But, as I was saying, Thomas Titmouse —

Really, gentle reader, I beg your pardon ; I cannot do justice to the memoir I have undertaken upon this small bit of paper ; and I must beg you to excuse me till another number.

Playing the Old Man a Trick.

ON a certain occasion, several of the students of South Carolina College resolved to drag the carriage of the president, Dr. Maxcey, into the woods, and leave it there. This, they thought, would be a good joke, and they fixed upon a night for the performance of the exploit. One of their number, however, was troubled with some com-

punctious visitings, and managed to convey to the worthy president a hint that it would be well for him to secure the door of his carriage-house. Instead of paying any heed to this suggestion, the doctor proceeded, on the appointed night, to the carriage house, and ensconced his portly person inside the vehicle. In less than an hour, some half a dozen young gentlemen came to his retreat, and cautiously withdrew the carriage into the road.

When they were fairly out of the precincts, they forgot their reserve, and began to joke freely with each other by name. One of them complained of the weight of the carriage; another replied by declaring that it was "heavy enough to have the old fellow himself in it." For nearly a mile they proceeded along the highway, and then struck into the woods, to a covert which they concluded would effectually conceal the vehicle. With many jokes, conjecturing how and when would be found the carriage, they at length reached the spot where they had resolved to leave it. Just as they were about to depart, having once more agreed that "the carriage was heavy enough to have the old doctor and all his tribe in it," they were startled by the sudden dropping of one of the glass door panels, and by the well-known voice of the doctor himself, who thus addressed them:—

"So, so, young gentlemen, you are going to leave me in the woods, are you? Surely, as you have brought me hither for your own gratification, you will not refuse to take me back for mine! Come, Messrs. — and —, buckle to, and let's return; it's getting late!"

There was no appeal, for the window

was raised, and the doctor resumed his seat. Almost without a word, the discomfited young gentlemen took their places at the pole and at the back of the vehicle, and quite as expeditiously, if with less noise, did they retrace their course. In silence they dragged the carriage into its wonted place, and retreated precipitately to their rooms, to dream of the account they must render on the morrow. When they had gone, the doctor quietly vacated the carriage, and went to his house, where he related the story to his family with great glee. He never called the heroes of that nocturnal expedition to an account, nor was his carriage ever afterwards dragged at night into the woods!

Billy Bump off for California.

[Continued from p. 60.]

Letter from William Bump to his Mother.

Boston, June —, 18—.

DEAR MOTHER: When last time I wrote to you, we were in a very uncertain and unsettled state; but now our plans are all formed. What do you think, — I am going to sea! This will sound very strange to you; and, indeed, it seems almost a dream to myself; but it is really so; and in two days I shall sail for the Pacific Ocean. I must tell you how all this came about.

You know that uncle Ben was largely engaged in the trade along the western coast of America. He used to send out various kinds of goods, to be sold at different places, such as Valparaiso, Panama, St. Francisco, &c. Some of his ships went quite to the North-west Coast,

touching at Oregon, and places still farther north.

Well, it appears that he had an agent stationed at San Gabriel, which is a small place on the coast, south of St. Francisco. He was a Spaniard, and for some years he managed very well; and uncle Ben was so well pleased with him, that he sent him a whole cargo, worth thirty thousand dollars, or perhaps more. The man sold it all, and sent uncle Ben a small part of the amount. The rest he laid out in some speculation, and lost it all, as he said, and so was unable to pay it.

This took place a number of years ago, and it was supposed that the claim was entirely lost. But a short time before his death, uncle Ben heard from some who had been in that quarter, that this person, whose name, by the way, was Diego Naldi, was living in the interior of the country, and that he was very rich, with an immense farm, and several thousand cattle. Now, as uncle Ben had been very kind to this man, he naturally thought he would pay this debt, if he could get some one to go and see him; and he was laying plans to have this done, when he was taken away.

Uncle Ben's estate has turned out better than was expected; and it will only fall thirty or forty thousand dollars short of paying all his debts. His creditors, therefore, feel pretty liberal; and some of them put their heads together, and made an arrangement to send some one out to San Gabriel, and see what could be done with Diego Naldi; and it is agreed that half of what is obtained shall go to aunt and Lucy!

Well, when all this was fairly planned, I took Lucy aside, and told her that I intended to propose myself to go on this very expedition to Señor Naldi! She looked thoughtful, and her eyes were as blue as a patch of clear sky after a thunder shower. We had a long talk on the subject, but Lucy at length approved my plan, and soon brought aunt into the scheme. Then we set to work to get the consent of the men who had charge of the matter, and they at last consented; and so it is now all settled, and in two days I am off.

Now, mother, what do you say to all this? Is it not droll to think of your awkward, ignorant Billy Bump, who left you only five years ago, a rough child of the forest, going on an errand of fifteen thousand miles, and relating to an interest valued at thirty or forty thousand dollars! No doubt you will think it very absurd; and father will say we are all mad. But let me explain the matter a little. In the first place, mother, I have not been idle since I came to Boston. I have been pretty industrious in my studies, and my teacher has spoken very well of my success. Since uncle Ben's death, I have devoted myself to taking care of aunt and Lucy, and have also been engaged in assisting the persons charged with settling uncle Ben's estate. I have been so fortunate as to obtain their confidence; and thus it is that I am intrusted with this business.

Lucy will write you on this subject, and give further explanation. I am very much occupied, and have little time to devote to any thing but my business. Still, my dear mother, I can find time to

write to you, and to think of you ; but I feel that it will be gratifying to you to hear from some one, beside myself, how the case stands. I know you will be apt to fancy that it is a mad piece of business, altogether ; but if my friends here think well of it, you will, perhaps, think well of it, too, after a while.

I must, however, whisper to you, mother, that even if I fail in getting any thing of this Señor Naldi, there is another scheme in my head, which I may adopt. It is said that there is gold in dust and small lumps in the mountains north of St. Francisco, and it is so plentiful, that a person may pick it up at the rate of an ounce a day. Most people laugh at all this, but I am sure it is true. I have seen a man who has been there, and I have seen some of the gold that he collected himself, to the value of two thousand dollars. Now, I mean at least to look into this matter, and if there is such a quantity of gold in the country as they speak of, I mean to have a chance at it.

And now, dear mother, farewell. I shall write to you as often as I can, and Lucy will write also. Farewell, and may God bless my dear parents.

WILLIAM BUMP.

Letter from Miss Lucy Bump, in Boston, to her Aunt, at Sundown.

Boston, June —, 18—

MY DEAR AUNT: This is the first letter I have ever written to you, but it will not be deemed intrusive, as it comes from your niece, and must relate chiefly to your son William. He is going on a distant voyage, charged with important business ; and he wishes me to write, so as to satisfy your mind if any doubts should exist as

to the prudence of the enterprise. It is true, William is only seventeen years of age ; but he is very manly, and has judgment and capacity quite beyond his years. His progress in study has been great, owing to his diligence ; his desire to learn has made him successful in acquiring agreeable manners, at the same time that he has laid in a large stock of knowledge, considering the short period devoted to his education. He has obtained the good will and confidence of all who know him ; and for this and other reasons, he has been selected for the business in question.

He is in very good spirits, and I feel sure he will succeed. I never saw such courage, mixed with so much prudence. He longs to see you ; and when you are spoken of, the tears fill his eyes. I have only one feeling of anxiety about him. I know he is led to this expedition from a desire to serve mother, and perhaps me. Therefore, if any thing bad should befall him, I should never be happy again. Mother is very dull, and takes a dark view of life and its interests ; but there is something about William which inspires confidence and hope even in her. His bright, cheerful, determined face seems always to suggest ideas of success ; every body who looks at him says, "He was born to good luck."

Thus, my dear aunt, you will see our confidence, and the grounds of it. I pray Heaven will watch over William, and bring him back safely. Do write to me, and tell me what you think of all this. I shall keep you informed of all that transpires respecting William.

I am your affectionate niece,

LUCY BUMP.

A Queer Bequest.

IN English miser, John Pleece, lately died in London, leaving the following will: "I give and bequeath to my nephew my black coat; I give and bequeath to my niece the flannel waistcoat I now wear; I give and bequeath to each of my sister's grandchildren one of the earthen pots on the top of my wardrobe; finally, I give and bequeath to my sister, as a last token of the affection I have always felt for her, the brown stone jug at the head of my bed."

The disappointment of the legatees, when this strange will was read, may be easily imagined. The deceased was spoken of by all in a manner no way flattering to him; and his sister, in a fit of anger, gave the brown stone jug, her legacy, a kick, which broke it in pieces, when a complete stream of guineas poured out of it, and the general disappointment gave way to joy. Each hurried to examine his or her legacy; and the old black coat, the waistcoat, and the little earthen pots, were found equally well filled, the testator having only wished to cause an agreeable surprise.

Taylor is our President.

IT puzzled some of the politicians to get the good general in, as president, and perhaps it will puzzle some of them to get him out; and it appears by the following, which we find in the papers, that now he is in, he is to be a puzzle to every body.

The following may be read upwards of four thousand different ways, by beginning with the centre letter, T, and taking the most zigzag course to any of the four corners; and it will be found that it invariably makes the words at the head of the article, viz.: *Taylor is our President.*

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e d i s e r p r u o u r p r e s i d e
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t n e d i s e r p r e s i d e n t

The Notch.

IN the White Mountains of New Hampshire, there is a famous ravine called the *Notch*. Running through this, by the side of the road, is a little stream. This pursues its winding way through valley and glen, till, at last, it reaches the sea. Its name is *Saco*, and it is one of the rivers which you will find on the map of the state of Maine.

The Notch is a very famous place. On each side of the valley, rocky cliffs rise up,



seeming to mingle their tops with the sky. The scenery is very grand and beautiful; but the place is even more famous for its history than for its remarkable features as a work of nature. In this deep gorge, there formerly lived a family by the name of *Willey*. Their little dwelling was called the *Notch House*. They lived without fear, for no one had heard of any such event as that which at last overwhelmed them.

The family consisted of Mr. Willey and his wife, with five children, from two to twelve years of age. At midnight it began raining very hard, the clouds seeming to burst simultaneously, and pour their contents down in one tremendous flood of rain. The soil, which had previous-

ly been soaked through, was suddenly loosened by the deluge, and the trees, pushed and wrung by fierce winds, acted as levers in breaking up the earth. The avalanche began upon the mountain top, immediately above the house, and moved down the mountain in one direct line towards it, in a sweeping torrent, which seemed like a river pouring from the clouds, full of trees, earth, and rocks. On reaching the house, it divided in a singular manner, and passed on either side, sweeping away the stable and horses, and completely surrounding the dwelling. The night was dark and frightfully tempestuous. The family, it appears, sprang from their beds, and fled naked into the open air, where they were

instantly carried away by the torrent, and overwhelmed. The slide took every thing with it, forest, earth, and stones, down to the solid rock of the mountain. In the morning, a most frightful scene of desolation was exhibited. All the bridges over the streams were gone. The road was torn away to the depth of fifteen or twenty feet, or covered with immense heaps of earth, rocks, and trees.

In the Notch, and along the deep defile below it, for a mile and a half, the steep sides of the mountain had slidden down into this narrow passage, and formed a complete mass of fragments. The barn was crushed, and under its ruins were two dead horses; but the house was uninjured. The beds appeared to have been just quitted; their coverings were turned down, and the clothes of the several members of the family lay upon the chairs and floor. The little green in front of the house was undisturbed, and a flock of sheep remained there in quiet, though the torrent, forming a curve on both sides, had swept completely around them, and reunited below, covering the meadows and orchards with ruins. The bodies of seven of the family were dug out of the drift wood and mountain rivers on the banks of the Saco.

Valentine Greatrakes.

THIS person, renowned in the annals of quackery, was born at Affane, in Ireland, in 1628. He received a good education at the classical free school of that town, and was preparing to enter

Trinity College, Dublin, when the rebellion broke out; and his mother, with a family of several children, was obliged to fly to England for refuge.



Some years after, Valentine returned, but was so affected by the wretched state of his country, and the scenes of misery that were witnessed on every hand, that he shut himself up for a whole year, spending his time in moody contemplations. He afterwards became a lieutenant in the army; but in 1656, he retired to his estate in Affane, where he was appointed justice of the peace for the county of Cork.

Greatrakes was now married, and appears to have held a respectable station in society. About the year 1662, he began to conceive himself possessed of an extraordinary power of removing scrofula, or king's evil, by means of

touching or stroking the parts affected with his hands. This imagination he concealed for some time, but, at last, revealed it to his wife, who ridiculed the idea.

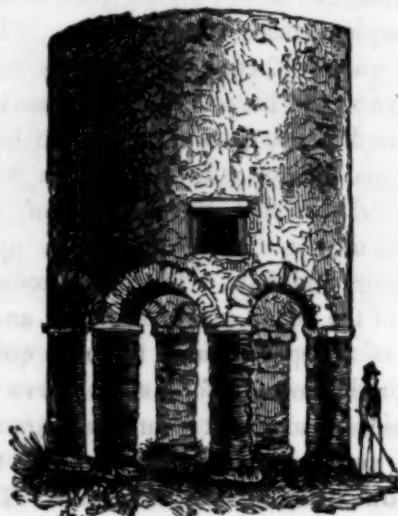
Having resolved, however, to make the trial, he began with one William Maher, who was brought to the house by his father, for the purpose of receiving some assistance from Mrs. Greatrakes, a lady who was always ready to relieve the sick and indigent, as far as lay in her power. This boy was sorely afflicted with the king's evil; but was to all appearance cured by Mr. Greatrakes' laying his hand on the parts affected. Several other persons having applied to him to be cured, in the same manner, of different disorders, his efforts seemed to be attended with success, and he acquired considerable fame in his neighborhood.

His reputation now increased, and he was induced to go to England, where he gained great celebrity by his supposed cures. Several pamphlets were issued upon the subject; it being maintained by some that Greatrakes possessed a sanative quality inherent in his constitution; by others, that his cures were miraculous; and by others still, that they were produced merely by the force of imagination. The reality of the cures seemed to be admitted, and the reputation of the operator rose to a prodigious height; but, after a brief period, it rapidly declined, and the public became convinced that the whole excitement was the result of illusion. Greatrakes himself possessed a high character for humility, virtue, and piety, and was doubtless the dupe of his own bewildered fancy. He died in 1680, having offered the world a striking caution

not to mistake recovery for cure, and not to yield to imagination and popular delusion, especially in respect to the pretended cure of diseases.

The Old Mill.

At Newport, Rhode Island, there is a very curious stone building, which has caused a great deal of learned investigation. It is said that some people came from Denmark about the



year 1000, and discovered the Coast of New England, and made settlements here. These people are called *Northmen*. It is supposed this building was erected by them; for it is like some of the Danish and Norwegian buildings, being made of small stones mortared together.

But, after all, it is not certain who did construct the building in question. It is called the *Old Mill*, in Newport; but whether it ever was a mill, or not, does not appear.

The Autumn Bird.

WHEN the summer is getting old,
And nights and mornings growing cold,
Then comes and sits upon the spray
The friendly little chick-a-day.

She is a chubby little bird,
And all day long her song is heard,
Her friendly chick-a-day,
Chick-a-day, day, day.

She never minds a cloudy sky,
But ever singeth cheerily
Her friendly chick-a-day,
Chick-a-day, day, day.

When cold winter draweth near,
Dearly do I love to hear
Her friendly chick-a-day,
Chick-a-day, day, day.

Blessings on the happy bird,
With her pleasant little word,
Her friendly chick-a-day,
Chick-a-day, day, day.

Flovers for Children.

Unity.

LOOK into private life ; behold how good and pleasant a thing it is to live together in unity. It is like the precious ointment poured upon the head of Aaron, that ran down to his skirts ; importing that this balm of life is felt and enjoyed, not only by governors of kingdoms, but is derived down to the lowest rank of life, and tasted in the most private recesses. All, from the king to the peasant, are refreshed with its blessings, without which we can find no comfort in any thing this world can give. It is this blessing gives every one to sit quietly under his vine, and reap the fruits of his

labor and industry. In one word, which bespeaks who is the bestower of it, it is that only which keeps up the harmony and order of the world, and preserves every thing in it from ruin and confusion. — *Sterne.*

**Foster Powell.**

THIS famous pedestrian was born near Leeds in 1734. In 1762 he came to London, and artied himself to an attorney in the Temple. After the expiration of his clerkship, he was in the service of different persons, and in 1764 he walked 50 miles, on the Bath road, in seven hours. He now visited several parts of Switzerland and France, where he gained much fame as a pedestrian.

In 1773 he walked from London to York, and back again, upon a wager, a distance of 402 miles, in five days and eighteen hours. In 1778 he attempted to run two miles in ten minutes, but lost it by half a minute.

In 1787 he undertook to walk from Canterbury to London Bridge, and back again, in twenty-four hours, the distance

being 112 miles, and he accomplished it, to the great astonishment of thousands of spectators. He performed many other extraordinary feats, and died in 1793. Though he had great opportunities of amassing money, he was careless of wealth, and died in indigent circumstances. His disposition was mild and gentle, and he had many friends.



The Baobab-Tree.

THIS extraordinary tree, which is found on the banks of the Senegal, in Africa, has excited the wonder of all travellers in that region. Its trunk is supposed to be the largest in the world. This enormous stem, rarely more than fifteen feet in height; is often no less than eighty in circumference. A distinguished naturalist has, by close observation, proved that the trees, which are twenty-seven feet in diameter, or eighty in circumference, must have attained the astonishing age of

four thousand two hundred and eighty years. The lower branches, reaching sometimes fifty-five feet from the trunk, and bending towards the earth, form a mass of verdure, the circumference of which is frequently four hundred and fifty feet. Beneath its grateful shade, the negroes repose, or find refuge from the storm. The blossoms are gigantic in proportion.

This tree is said to grow in plains of barren, movable sand; and in one case

the water of a river having washed the sand away so as to lay bare the roots, they measured one hundred and ten feet in length, without including the parts which remained covered with sand.

The fruit is a great favorite with the monkey tribe, and has in consequence received the name, by some, of the "apes' bread-tree." The leaf resembles the fingers of the human hand. A powder made of the dried bark and leaves is used by the negroes as a sauce with food; and this, as well as a decoction of the leaves, is esteemed highly medicinal. The acid pulp of the fruit is much relished, and the

bark is an ingredient in the manufacture of soap.

The negroes of Africa bury their poets, buffoons, and musicians, in the enormous trunk of the decayed baobab-tree, hollowed out for this purpose. Considering them as inspired by *demons*, they neither suffer their bodies to be interred nor thrown into the waves, lest the fish in the sea or the fruits of the earth should perish from their contact. Thus, to avoid harming either sea or land, they are enclosed in a tomb where they dry and wither away, and become mummies without embalming.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

So, so! Here they are — letters from all points of the compass! Thank you, gentle friends and correspondents. How very good-natured you all are! There is only one who seems out of humor, and he scolds so gently that his letter sounds almost like a compliment. Hear him!

Boston, August 10.

MR. MERRY:

I have taken your Museum for three months, and feel enough acquainted to write you a letter. Good advice is cheap: so I send you some. Don't put in any more fairy tales. They are not true, and what is not true is false, and what is false is wicked, and what is wicked ought not to be set before children. I believe you mean well, Mr. Merry; and so I speak to you in the spirit of kindness. I hope to see you hereafter dealing only with truth. Truth is the only proper food for the youthful mind. Fiction is only calculated to lead the mind astray.

Pray, Mr. Merry, think of these things, and excuse the liberty I take.

I am yours, truly,

JOHN UPDOWN.

Danvers, Aug. 13, 1849.

DEAR MR. MERRY:

I am so much pleased with the last two numbers of the Museum, that I have concluded to write you. I like the story of the *Flying Horse*, in the June number, exceedingly. It is calculated to teach and impress a most important truth on the mind, in a way that is not likely to be forgotten. The story of the *Caravan* is not only interesting, but it gives the reader very correct and lively pictures of the manners and customs of people in the far-off country of Asia. But of all the stories I have lately seen, I prefer that of the *Fairy Mignonne*; it is full of delicate thoughts and beautiful images, calculated to refine the mind and the feelings.

I know, Mr. Merry, that some people do not like fancy tales, and fairy tales, and fables:

they think that solid matter of fact is the only proper reading for the young. But if fiction is wrong, why is the faculty of imagination given to us? If we are never to exercise the fancy, why is it one of the most active and powerful of all our faculties? After all, according to my way of thinking, the imagination is one of the great instruments by which truth is to be inculcated. So, doubtless, thought our Savior, for he constantly appealed to the imagination, as in the fable of the *Sower*, and the *Good Samaritan*, and the *Marriage Feast*, and the *Prodigal Son*. These are all fancy tales, but they impart valuable truths in a pleasing and impressive manner. Who can measure the good done by that single story of the *Good Samaritan*?

I remember that, some years ago, the infidel Rousseau wrote against the use of fiction in education. His argument was, that children would so mix up truth with fiction as to confound the two, and therefore have no preference for truth over fiction. To this the good Cowper replied, that no child had so thick a skull as not to be able to distinguish the truth from a story of a "cock and bull." I am quite of Cowper's opinion. I believe, with the good and great of all ages and countries, that tales, fables, parables, and fancy stories, of a proper kind, are exceedingly useful; and it is because your Museum has a good supply of these that I like it and recommend it to others.

A PARENT.

Somerset, Somerset Co., Pa., July 10, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

Dear Sir,—

An older and younger brother and myself have been taking your Museum since the year 1841. We take two copies, and get them from your agent at Harrisburg. We live in a part of Somerset county, Pa., called the "Glades," lying between the main Alleghany and Laurel Hill. Our county is celebrated for the great quantity and good quality of the butter made in it, known as "Glades butter" in the east.

The last Fourth of July was celebrated here by two societies of young men,—the one called "Franklin Literary Society," the other, "Democratic Literary Society." The Declaration of Independence was read twice in English and once in German, and five of the members delivered very clever addresses. A division of the Sons of Temperance has lately been formed in this place; also, a division of the Cadets of Temperance. My eldest brother and I belong to the latter. I am a student at a small classical school, and am now reading *Cæsar's Commentaries*.

In my leisure hours I read a great many books and papers, but prefer the Museum to all others. I take great delight in finding out the enigmas and puzzles, and hope you will always have a supply on hand.

Truly your young friend,

P. Q. A.

Memphis, Tenn., July 18, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

I take the liberty of writing to you, though I have had your Museum but a short time. I have not seen any letters from Tennessee published in your Museum; so I thought I would write to you myself.

I live in Memphis, which is situated on the Mississippi River, the longest river in the world. I like to stand upon the high bluff, and look at the steamboats as they pass up and down the river. It is a beautiful sight on a summer's evening, as the sun is going down.

I like your story of the *Flying Horse* very much, and the *Caravan* story is very interesting indeed.

We have had lots of plums and peaches, and if I could, I would send you some of them.

Your friend,

GEORGE P.

Natchez, July 26, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

I have been a reader of the Museum for many years, and should be glad to show my

good will to its editor. I therefore send a description of the place where I live, which may perhaps serve as a contribution to the magazine. At all events, it gives me an apology for writing to Robert Merry. So here is my description.

Natchez takes its name from the Natchez tribe of Indians, who showed great taste by selecting such a situation. Its beauties would certainly attract the eye of the most casual observer.

The city proper stands on a high bluff above the turbid waters of the Mississippi. The bluff, to those approaching from the river, presents a picturesque and romantic view. There are three roads leading up the bluff, which are rather tedious to ascend; but when the height is attained, a sight meets the eye more than sufficient to pay for the trouble.

On the projecting brow of the hill are beautiful pleasure grounds, laid out with much taste, where the gay and fashionable meet to enjoy the cool shade. Here, every evening, are seen parties either walking for exercise after the fatigue of the day, or sitting upon seats placed there for the purpose. The city is beautifully laid out; the streets crossing each other at right angles, bordered on either side with the china-tree.

There are many fine buildings in the city, the largest of which is the Catholic cathedral, and which, by the way, is the largest edifice in the state. In the outskirts of the town are many fine residences and gardens.

There is not as much business done now as formerly; but more dwelling-houses are being built; and it will always be a desirable dwelling-place, on account of its healthful air and agreeable society.

I am yours truly,

D. W.

Boston, May 29, 1848.

MR. MERRY:

Will you please insert this little story in your Merry's Museum, if it meets with your approbation and oblige

A CONSTANT READER.

THE LEGEND OF THE ECHO.

Far, far away, o'er hill and glen, there resided a little fairy, in a lovely spot, surrounded by the most beautiful flowers—the fragrant magnolia, the blushing rose, and the sweet forget-me-not. In the centre there fell, softly murmuring, a beautiful fountain, which, as it trickled away amidst the grass and flowers, whispered its tale of love to some of the sweetest flowers; and still the fickle fountain played on, and changed its love with every morn; and still the listening flowers believed, and bent their heads to hear and answer the deceitful story.

The little fairy had lived here many, many years; for fairies do not grow old like mortals, but are always young and lovely. Discontent or envy had never entered her bosom, and she thought she had forever driven love from her heart. Here, year after year, she wove wreaths of beautiful flowers, bathed in the fountain, decked her long tresses with brilliant gems, and talked to the mermaids which lived in the stream. She had never been from her sweet little home, excepting once a year, when all the subjects of the fairy queen met at the palace, to render homage to her; but the splendor which she saw there, only served to make her glad to get to her peaceful home once more. One day, as she was sporting about, playing with the flowers which surrounded her on every side, she perceived, at the foot of the glen, a handsome youth, dressed in a beautiful suit of green, trimmed with gold lace. He carried in his hand a greenwood bow, and at his back was placed a quiver of arrows.

The stranger advanced, and she retired, scarce knowing why she did so. "Beautiful being," said the youth, "why do you fly from me? I will not harm thee; I love thee too well. O that thou wouldst love me." "I know you not," said the fairy, in a low, musical voice: "what is thy name?" "Julio," replied he; "and thine, fairest of flowers." "I'm not a flower, but you may call me Fleance," answered the fairy, artlessly. "And

will you love me?" "I do, Julio." Julio pressed one long kiss on her fair white brow. Just then a bugle call was heard, and the name of Julio was sounded through the woods. "'Tis Rodolph. I must go now. Farewell, Fleance. I shall come soon again. Do not forget me, love." "Forget thee?" "Nay, pardon me, dearest Fleance," and pressing her to his heart, he left her. He came on the morrow, and again and again; but at last his visits grew less frequent, and then ceased altogether. But one day she heard his voice. For a moment she hesitated, then flew to the spot, and there beheld him; but—alas! poor Fleance—with his arm encircling another's waist.

"My own dearest Emma," said he to the fair, young creature, who reclined her head on his breast, "is not this a lovely spot? See yonder murmuring waterfall; just such a place as a naiad might choose to live in." "It is, indeed, dear Julio, but with you even the desert would be a paradise," said Emma; and she gazed fondly on Julio. Poor Fleance had heard enough; *he* was false; he loved another. Pressing her hand to her throbbing brow, she flew to the queen of the fairies, and begged her to take from her the gift of immortality. The queen in pity granted her request, and Fleance flew again to her peaceful glen.

Many years passed away. Fleance had faded to a shadow. At length, even that passed, and nought remained but her sweet, low, musical voice, which still repeats the last words which mortals say, as if in mockery,—and men call it Echo! S. C.

LETTER FROM AN ABSENT MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

Boston, July —, 1849.

DEAR LITTLE NELL: I cannot look over the hills to see you in your pleasant home, but my heart sees you, and loves you, always. I have seen many pleasant sights since you kissed me good-by, that sunny morning, and I will try to show you what I have enjoyed. I have seen many little girls; but not one that I loved so well as you, my dear. I have

heard murmuring brooks, and they make a pleasant sound; but not half so sweet to my ear as the voice of my little Nelly. I saw bright violets and flowers by the wayside, and they looked like your bright blue eyes; and ripe, red strawberries, that looked like your little red lips! And I have seen cunning squirrels, leaping from rock to rock, like happy children, and wild birds, with nests in the great trees; but I know a nest that shelters two dearer birds than these, and the mother bird has flown from it; but she will return.

I hope those birds live in love together, always. I have been among the mountains, where it was wild and dark; where the bright waters flowed like threads of silver, and where it is always quiet and beautiful in the great forests. I saw a little school-house, where the boys were making birch canoes, and they were playing merrily with their little fleet; and I thought of "Robert Merry's" stories of Indians, and of boys and girls, that he tells you so pleasantly about. I remembered you, my little one, when I saw those happy children, and prayed the Good Father to watch over you, and make you always happy. When I come back to you, I shall want to know your pleasures, and what you have learned since I left you; and, by and by, I will teach you to write, as I am doing, so that you can talk to me when I am far away from you. I know you will love your baby brother, and kiss him for his mother, although he cannot share your letter.

I think of you morning and evening, and know you say your prayers always to God, that he may watch over and bless you forever. Be good and gentle, my beloved child, that you may be happy; so the *angels* shall smile upon you, and guard you while you sleep.

From your own dear mother.

Besides these, we have agreeable letters from A. P., of New York; H. P. R., of Rutland, Vermont; G. H., of Saco, Maine; O. C. C., of Egypt; S. F. R., of New York; Edgar C., of Albany, &c., &c.



The Fire-Flies. A Dialogue.

James. O, SEE those bright things flying about! and they will then present a very beautiful scene.

Ann. O dear! What are they?

J. Why, they look like sparks of fire!

A. Yes; and are they not fire? Pray, mother, what are they?

Mother. They are called *fire-flies*.

J. And are they really flies, and are they on fire?

M. No; they are small bugs, and a part of their body has the power of sending out light, which sparkles in the dark. The sun has just set, and it is not yet night. In half an hour, you will see hundreds of these insects flying about,

J. O, I've heard people speak of them, and I have seen one or two before; but I never saw so many at once.

M. The reason, doubtless, is, that you have never before been in a place at night, frequented by them. They love moist places, such as the margins of rivers, swamps, and marshy thickets. Here you may sometimes see many thousands dancing about, seeming like bright fairies, having a frolic all by themselves.

A. Well, that is very wonderful, and very pleasing, too. What happy little

creatures they must be, not only to be able to fly, but to make such a brilliant display! I really wish they were not bugs, but fairies, and then I should like to be one of them; at least, for a little while.

J. And what would you do?

A. O, I do not like to express all my thoughts.

J. But pray tell me what you would do, if you were a fire-fly fairy.

A. O, I really don't know. But I should have some good frolics.

J. With whom?

A. The other fairies, to be sure.

M. Come, Ann, I am curious to hear what you would do if you were a fairy with wings, and a dress of fire.

A. Well, I think—I think—really I do not know what I do think; but it seems to me a pity that those creatures should not be fairies: the idea is so pleasing.

M. Ah, my dear Ann, you cannot change their nature. Bugs they are, and bugs they must be; but you, however, can fancy them to be what you please. I have heard a story of a fire-fly which turned into a fairy; and you have only to use your fancy to make these thousand insects seem like those beautiful little people of whom so many stories are told.

J. O mother, do tell us the story.

A. Yes, mother, pray tell it.

M. Well, it is a kind of fable, and is as follows: Once upon a time, an ant was crawling along in the bushes, when he met a fire-fly. "O, ho! Miss Fire-fly," said the ant; "how came you here?"

"Well, Mr. Ant, I'll tell you. I'm here to get a little supper. I shall nibble

a bit of this lily-dew, and then it will be dark, and I shall be off with my friends, the fire-flies. We have a frolic to-night, in the swamp hard by, and I expect to have a nice time of it."

"Well, Miss Fire-fly, here! take a bit of this dead beetle for your supper. It's much more wholesome than lily-dew."

"O Mr. Fire-fly, how can you speak of it? It would spoil my breath."

"I beg your pardon—I didn't think of that. But tell me, pray, what do you do when you have a frolic?"

"O, we all get together, and we fly about, and every one tries to shine the brightest."

"And what else?"

"That's all."

"Really?"

"Really."

"I should think it poor fun."

"Indeed! How so?"

"Why, what is the use of it? Suppose you shine the brightest; what then?"

"Why, I am the most beautiful."

"Yes; but all the rest are less beautiful. You may be happy to feel that you are the brightest fire-fly in the swamp; but every other fire-fly feels miserable because he or she is out-dashed by you. Your pleasure, then, depends upon the misery of others."

"Yes, that is all true; but it is so delightful to provoke the envy of every body!"

"And does that make you happy?"

"Certainly." And saying this, Miss Fire-fly spread her wings, and went away, shining as bright as she could, and imagining that the ant was captivated

with her beauty. But the silly insect was mistaken. The ant was a sober, thinking, benevolent creature; and the selfishness of Miss Fire-fly quite disgusted him. Having finished his meal, he made the following reflections:—

"I'm very glad I have met with this idle, giddy thing; for she has taught me to be content with my lot. I have often seen these gay insects dancing in the air, and I have imagined that it would be glorious fun to do as they do; and I have murmured to think that I have no wings, and am therefore condemned to grovel on the earth. But I see now that it is all for the best. My life may be humble, but it is useful. I live in a community where there is no envy and no strife. Each one in our little brotherhood labors for others as much as for himself. How much better is this than to live only for display, and take our chief delight in rendering others unhappy!"

Making these sage reflections, the ant turned into his hole, put on his nightcap, and went to sleep. In the morning early, he went abroad; and as he was crawling along, he saw a miserable looking insect lying upon the ground. "Is it possible!" said he. "Is this you, Miss Fire-fly?"

"Alas! yes," was the faint reply.

"And what is the matter with you?"

"O, I'm quite exhausted, and chilled to death with cold."

"How has this happened?"

"Why, I've danced all night."

"And you are quite worn out; but I suppose you were the loveliest of all the fire-flies, and you excited the envy of all, no doubt."

"Yes, certainly."

"Well, you are very happy, of course."

"On the contrary, I am very miserable."

"Why?"

"I will tell you. For the first time, I was last night declared queen of the fire-flies. I was giddy with delight. I went sailing around, making my light flash in the eyes of all. But I soon saw, that though every one admired my beauty, yet every one secretly hated me. Before, all loved me. I was a favorite, for I made no pretensions; but now that I was declared to be the belle of the swamp, I became vain, and love was turned to hate; and so, you see, my only triumph has brought upon me disappointment and misery."

Saying these words, the fire-fly gathered up her wings, and expired.

"Poor thing!" said the ant. "I'm sorry for you; but it is too late to repent. A life of mere pleasure is a life of folly, and usually ends thus. It is not only short, but the very pleasure that is expected is rarely gained; and even if it be, it speedily terminates in disappointment. How much better to be content with a useful life, in which every day brings its tranquil happiness, always increased by considering that in doing good to ourselves, we are also doing good to others!"

J. That's a sad story, mother, and I am glad it is not true.

M. The story is not true, yet there is truth to be learned from it. Many silly people are like the fire-fly, and imagine that happiness lies only in dress and display. After hearing this fable, they may perhaps remember, that the greatest pleasure is to be found in being useful.



Logan, the Mingo Chief.

THIS unfortunate chief, better known to the world by the eloquent and pathetic speech which he has left as a record of his misfortunes and sorrows, than by his exploits in war, refused for many years to take up arms against the whites. He was attached to them by the most friendly feelings, and exerted himself as a peace-maker. He lived on the northern frontier of Virginia, near

the banks of the Ohio River. In the year 1774, his friendship was requited with a series of such barbarous and wanton cruelties as rendered him at once a most vindictive enemy to the whole civilized race. The whites, excited by certain reports as to a contemplated attack on their settlement by the Indians, took measures to exterminate this unhappy race, wherever any of them could be

found. There was not the slightest indication of hostility on the part of the savages, except what could be gathered from these reports, and these turned out afterwards to be unfounded.

A canoe, containing a few unoffending Indians, was fired into, and its occupants were all killed or drowned. Some time after, another party were invited across a river, into the territory of the whites. Rum and other intoxicating liquors were given to them to drink, when they were all murdered, with the exception of one little girl. The Indians in the camp heard the firing, and sent off two canoes with armed warriors. The whites, who lay in ambush, received them with a deadly fire, killing the greater part. In these wanton massacres, the whole family of Logan perished. It will hardly excite wonder that the love of Logan for the pale-faced race was turned into hate, and that from that moment he breathed nothing but vengeance against the treacherous whites.

A general Indian war followed. Logan was the foremost in leading his countrymen to battle. On the 10th of October, 1774, a severe contest took place between the whites and the combined forces of the Shawanees, Mingo, and Delawares. After an incessant fire of twelve hours, darkness put an end to the conflict. One hundred and fifty were killed and wounded on each side, and the next day the Indians retreated, and shortly after made proposals of peace. Logan was consulted, and a messenger sent to him to inquire whether the proposition met his approbation. On this occasion he delivered the speech to which he owes his

reputation. After giving vent to a copious flood of tears, he addressed the messenger in the following words:—

“I appeal to any white man to say if ever he entered Logan’s cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, ‘Logan is the friend of the white man!’ I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relatives of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that this is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? —Not one!”

This affecting appeal will be remembered longer than any other existing specimen of Indian rhetoric. Every reader will be touched with its simple pathos and eloquence. Mr. Jefferson asserted that neither Greek, Roman, nor modern oratory has any passage that surpasses it. It is mournful to state that the great qualities of Logan were obscured, later in life, by intemperance. He fell by assassination, on a journey homeward from Detroit.

For Merry's Museum.

"Do as you would be done by."

I NEVER will play with Charley Mason again, mother. He's a naughty boy, and I don't love him."

"What is the matter now, my son? I thought you and Charley were very good friends."

"Why, mother, he's got my new India-rubber ball, which sister Anne gave me, and he says he will keep it all the time. But I say he shan't—shall he?"

And saying this, little Georgy Hammond burst into a sad fit of tears. His mother spoke gently to him, and said, "How came Charley to run away with your ball?"

"Why, mother, he wanted to play with it, and so did I. I let him look at it, and then took it again, because it was my ball, you know; and by-and-by, when I was playing bounce, it rolled away. I ran after it, and so did he; and he got it before I could, and carried it home."

"Well, George, it was wrong for him to carry it away in such a manner: but, let me ask, my son, if Charley had a nice ball, and you had none, don't you think you should like to have played with it?"

"O, yes, indeed."

"And do you think Charley would have let you?"

"O, I guess he would, for he's a real nice boy, sometimes."

"Well, Georgy, do you remember what papa told Fanny yesterday—'to do, as she would be done by?' You would like very much to play with Charley's ball, and yet were not willing to let him play with yours. This was not

right. You did not do as you would be done by. You did wrong, and so did he. If you had let him play 'bounce' with you, then you would both have been happy little boys, and now you have been both wrong and both angry. I admit that Charley did wrong, but you did wrong first."

"Well, mother, I dare say that is all true; but Charles has got my ball."

"Charley will not keep it long, my dear. He only took it to trouble you a little: he will give it to you, I dare say, this afternoon."

"But Charley did not do as he would be done by, mother, when he ran home with it."

"No, I suppose he did not think any thing about it, any more than you did in not letting him play with you. Don't you remember how kind Charley was, a little while ago, when he had his new balloon? Did you not play with it?"

"Yes, mother; and don't you know how I let it blow away into the big tree, and Patrick could not get it down again, and how long it was up there?"

"And did Charley cry about it?"

"No, I guess not; but he was very sorry and so was I; and I took the money uncle gave me, and bought some more paper, and sister Anne made him a real nice balloon, bigger than his first one was."

"And did you not feel happy, when you carried it to him? and was not Charley very glad to have it?"

"Yes, indeed;—and he's got it now, and we play with it sometimes."

"That was doing as you would be done by. You lost his balloon, and gave

him another to replace it, which was just."

"Mother, if Charley loses my ball, do you think he will be *just* too, and bring me another?"

"Certainly, if he does what is right. But I think I hear Charley's voice in the hall. Go and see if it is he."

"Yes, mother, 'tis Charley," said Georgy, as he ran into the hall to meet him; and the mother followed him.

"I've brought home your ball, Georgy," said Charles. "Mother said I was a naughty boy to run away with it, and she told me to come and bring it right back.

I'm sorry I plagued you, and I won't do so any more."

"And I am very sorry I refused to let you play with the ball," said George, "for I know it was that which made you think of running off with it."

Thus the two boys were soon reconciled; and George's mother was glad to see how well her son understood his error, and the way to atone for it. We have only to add, that if children would all do as they wish others to do to them, there would never be any snatching of one another's things, no harsh words, no angry feelings, among them.



For Merry's Museum.

The Lonely Grave.

"Where the long reeds quiver
Where the pines make moan
By the forest river,
Sleeps our babe alone.

"Woods unknown receive him,
'Midst the mighty wild;
Yet with God we leave him,
Blessed, blessed child." — *Hemans*.

THE quiet and secluded village of Rockdale is situated in one of the most romantic and picturesque counties of New Hampshire; and in this place

many of the happiest years of my childhood were spent, and the sweet memories of those early days have shed a charm over my whole existence, which time, change, and distance only deepen and endear. No scenery has the unfading beauty of those craggy hills and deep woods, where it was my delight to wander alone, and, with no companions but the birds and the squirrels, spend whole days in pure enjoyment of nature, pondering

over deep mysteries, which time has not yet unfolded.

The remote farm-houses where I was always a welcome guest, and the individuals who composed each family, are as vividly present to me now as if it were but yesterday. I was the pale-faced child, who bounded with light footsteps, and still lighter heart, to the homes where I was ever received with smiles and caresses, and departed with benedictions upon my orphan head. Thanks to our Heavenly Father for all the mercies which he has so bountifully bestowed upon me. Not the least, indeed, is that which in childhood led me to such scenes as these, where kindness and love ever threw a gentle and holy radiance over all my paths, and makes that land still the dearest spot on earth to me. New Hampshire! Well might I say with the poet,—

"Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,
My heart, untravelled, fondly turns to thee."

The district school-house is a charmed place, around which memory loves to linger; and the gay companions, who there toiled up the steep path of knowledge, are bounding before me now. It was by the road-side, and surrounded by a large extent of pasture and meadow land, where rocks, brooks, woods, and hills were free to our range. A broad strip of land lay between the road and the adjoining fields, which were separated from it by a low stone wall. This, in summer, was a perfect hedge of brambles, hawthorns, roses, convolvulus, wild pea, and woodbine. All this ground had once been covered with forests, though

now but few of the ancient trees remained; but these were highly prized and cherished by the successive generations of children, who had played beneath their shade.

A gnarled and knotted oak, known as the "Old Acorn Tree," was a great favorite; and the greensward under it was worn smooth by the tread of many little feet. An old yellow birch, with moss-covered trunk, hung its graceful branches over a clear brook, which tumbled merrily over its rocky bed, and washed the long-extended roots with its sparkling waters. The low, mossy mound, under the tree, was a retreat a poet might have chosen; and, lulled into charming contemplation by the harmony of nature around him, the "Old Birch" might have been immortalized in song; and I should not have been left, alone, to snatch a few withered leaves, to form into a coronet to crown its undying loveliness. The aged hemlock, now dead at the top, which stood a monarch of the forest full two hundred years ago, had even now

"All that should accompany old age,
As honor, love, reverence, and troops of friends."

But the *hallowed* ground to us was not under either of our favorite trees. No; but by the side of a grassy knoll, overhung by a huge mass of granite, covered with the moss of ages, was a spot which possessed for us an absorbing and fearful interest, never destroyed and never waning. It was a little grave! A child of three summers had slept many years under that green sod. Here the sweet spring violets bloomed in luxuriant pro-

fusion, the wild roses shed their fragrant blossoms, and the wood strawberries hid themselves under their broad green leaves. But bud, blossom, and ripe berry were sacred from our touch. Often we sat upon the mossy rock, and watched the gentle robin redbreast, hopping over the grave, and pecking at the fruit *he* well might claim. We thought that the bird who had covered the Babes in the Wood with green leaves as a funeral pall, was entitled to peculiar privileges, and to be held in love and veneration by all children. Sometimes the little ground sparrow, which had built its nest and reared its young by the quiet grave, secure from danger and interruption, would claim with the robin a portion of the fruit, and drew largely upon our love.

Many long, sad, and earnest conversations did the school children have in this secluded spot, and the sounds of our merry voices were hushed to low whispers, as we spoke of the little dead child who was sleeping there. Our tears fell, as we talked of the poor mother, who watched over her dying child, and laid it away in the grave — when the now cheerful road-side was a wild wood, and there was no house or people within many miles of them.

The child who slept here was a nameless one to us. We wondered what its name could have been. Had it any sisters, and was it an angel now, watching us? And did it know how we loved the robins, and little birds who lived there with it?

Could the poor mother who had left her child here and gone far away to the distant west, — could she only know how little stranger girls loved her child, and watched

its grave, and would never step upon it, or disturb it, — and could she see the blue and white violets and roses which blossomed there, — would she not be happier?

The tale, as handed down to us from the past, was, that many years ago, when all this part of the country was a wilderness, and when houses were many miles apart, a family was travelling from Vermont to Ohio, and came by this road, which was then but a path through the wood. One of their children was taken very sick on the way, and they encamped at this place for a few days. The child died, and was buried on a slope, where there were but a few trees near it. When they arrived at the next house, they told the story of their misfortune and grief, and the mother was promised, that the grave of her child should be cared for, and never be disturbed, while they lived in the neighborhood; and that, should she come there years after, she should still be able to find the sacred spot. The emigrants pursued their long wanderings, and the kind farmer, true to his promise, went with his boys every year to the wood, and smoothed the grave, and kept it from injury. As the country became settled and the road improved, still the promise was kept; for though the good man was dead, and his family had left the country, still that grave had a claim upon the sympathy of all who dwelt in the vicinity. Each year, when the highways were improved even down to our time, fresh sods were placed upon it when needed, and the ground around it kept undisturbed.

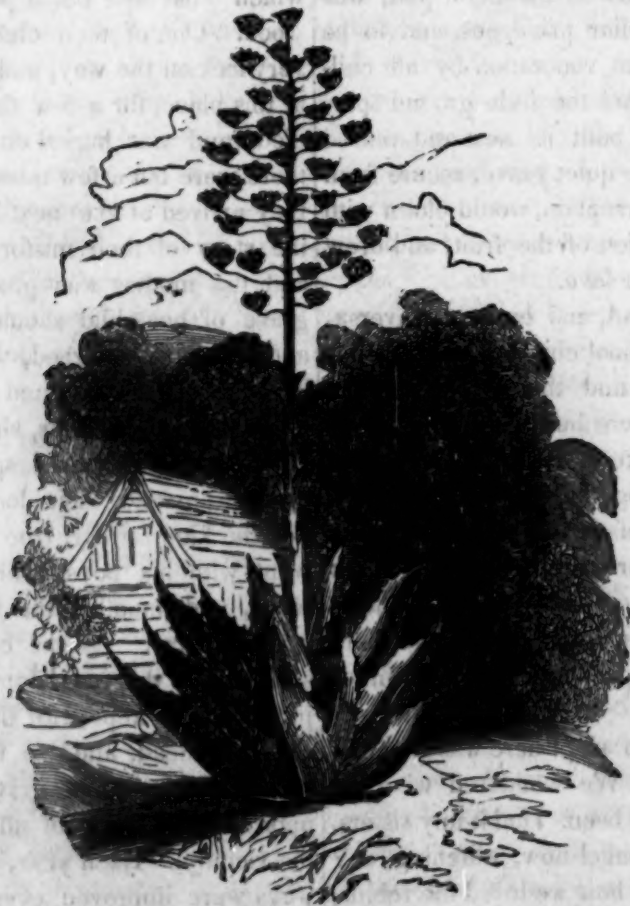
And now, though my childhood has long since passed, yet I doubt not that

the little grave is still green and beautiful, and the violets bloom with as sweet profusion as when in childhood I watched beside it. Should the happiness be allowed me again to visit the scenes of my early home, and again to wander over those once familiar paths, I trust to find that the robin and the sparrow still have there a secure retreat, and that the roses

still shower their fragrant blossoms around.

The loved companions, who with me were grouped around that sacred spot, have many of them lain down to rest, and are now gathered in the home of our Savior, who took little children in his arms and blessed them.

ANNIE ARMSTRONG.



Wonderful Trees, No. 2. — The Aloe.

HAVING, in our last number, given an account of the *baobab-tree*, we propose, in the present one, to give some description of the *aloe*; and in subsequent numbers, to add descriptions of curious and interesting trees in various parts of the world. Botanical writers enumerate twenty-

three species of the aloe. The greater part of them are mere objects of curiosity; but among them are species of much value. The most famous is that which grows in India. It rises in height from eight to ten feet. At the foot there is a large bundle of leaves, thick and indented, narrowing towards the point, and about four feet in length. The blossom is red, intermingled with yellow. The fruit is like a large pea, white and red. The juice of the leaves is held in high estimation as a drug, and is obtained in various ways. The leaves are sometimes cut off at their base, and placed in iron vessels to drain until they have discharged all their juice; in other places, they are cut into slices and boiled for ten minutes; after which, the water in which they have been boiled is evaporated. Occasionally, pressure is resorted to for the purpose of obtaining the greatest quantity of juice.

The medicinal qualities of this product are well known, being considered a sovereign cordial against fainting fits and other nervous disorders. The juice is also used as a varnish, to preserve wood from the attacks of destructive insects; and skins, and even living animals, are sometimes smeared with it for the same purpose. Another use to which it was applied in Eastern countries was that of embalming, to preserve dead bodies from putrefaction, and as a preservative to ships' bottoms against the attacks of marine worms. Among the Mahometans, and particularly in Egypt, the aloe is a kind of symbolic plant. It is dedicated to the offices of religion; and pilgrims, on their return from Mecca, sus-

pend it over their doors, to show that they have performed the holy journey.

Some of the larger kinds of aloes are of great importance to the inhabitants of the countries in which they grow. Beset as the leaves are with strong spines, they form an impenetrable fence. The negroes of the western coast of Africa make ropes, and weave nets of the fibrous parts of these leaves. The Hottentots hollow out the stems of one of the kinds into quivers for their arrows. In Jamaica, there is a species of aloe which supplies the inhabitants with bow-strings, fishing-lines, and material from which they are able to weave stockings and hammocks. An aloe which grows in Mexico is applied by the inhabitants to almost every purpose of life. It serves to make hedges for enclosures; its trunk supplies beams for the roofs of houses, and its leaves are used instead of tiles. From this plant they make their thread, needles, and various articles of clothing and cordage; whilst from its juices they manufacture wine, sugar, and vinegar. Some part of it they eat, and others they apply to medicinal purposes.

The wood itself is sometimes used as a perfume. In 1686, the Siamese ambassadors to the court of France brought a present of it from their sovereign, and were the first in Europe who communicated a true account of the tree. The trunk of a species which is produced in India is of three colors, and contains three sorts of wood. The heart, or finest part, is used to perfume dresses and apartments. It is very precious, and is considered more valuable than its weight in gold. It is supposed that it

was the wood of this tree that Moses cast into the waters of Marah, by which they were made sweet.

The Fairy Mignonne.

[Concluded from page 76.]

WILHELM was overcome with joy, for he well knew that no one could love more, if as much, as he did.

"What must I do, Madam fairy?" cried he. "What must I do?"

"In the first place, you must obey me in every thing, however odd and absurd my orders may appear."

"That I will, and willingly too," cried the impatient youth.

"Ah, very well; I am content with your promise."

"Which, dear Mignonne, be assured I will keep. Tell me what to do, and you shall judge for yourself."

"Well, then, you must wait for me here."

"Why! are you going to leave me already?"

"Yes. Before I determine any thing, I must consult the king of the genies; and I am now going to visit him."

"Is it very far?"

"O, yes! To the centre of the sun."

"Dear me! Should I live the life of man ten times over, I should never see you return."

"Silly boy! Do you think fairies travel as mortals do?"

"No, I think not; as we could never reach the sun, even if we spent a lifetime in endeavoring to do it. But there

are millions of miles between us and there. O, stay with me, I beg of you, my kind protectress."

"Impossible! I can do nothing without the permission of the genie king."

"Then all is finished. You will return to find Ioula married, and Wilhelm dead from grief."

"Compose yourself, my child. We beings of the mist are not obliged to fly with butterflies' wings, but we travel on roads of light. You have of course heard of this wonderful invention. No! Well, then, I will endeavor to explain it to you. Here, do you see these brilliant lines which cut the air like golden thread, and seem to unite in one ball of fire in your eye? Well, those are called *rails*. Upon these rails move little cars, which look to your mortal eyes like grains of dust. One of these, which draws the rest, is called the *locomotive*. It requires a wiser person than I am to explain to you its wonderful power; and I will frankly acknowledge that I myself have understood but little of it. I only know that its speed exceeds that of the thoughts of genies."

"O!" cried the astonished Wilhelm, "is there no danger in this manner of travelling?"

"Yes, a little; but the authorities place along the road, from time to time, guards, to see that no accident happens. But with us, as with you, the police occupy themselves more with proving the occurrence of accidents than of preventing them."

"No matter," said Wilhelm with enthusiasm; "it is a glorious invention."

"Ah," said Mignonne, shaking her

head, "there are various opinions as to that. It has given rise to intrigues, base acts, and shy dealings. And then, besides, many people have been ruined. The expenses were immense. It was necessary to excavate tunnels through certain planets, and to throw viaducts between others; to span the Milky Way, and to bridge the back of the Great Bear; and besides, think of the number of stations to establish! Then they were obliged to make a hole in the moon, in order to build an Exchange there. It is since this wonderful occurrence, that so many falling stars have been seen!"

"But," cried Mignonne, stopping suddenly, "here comes the express train."

"Where?" asked Wilhelm.

"There — that golden ray at our feet. Look!" The fairy held one of her earrings towards the sun, and the ray struck the diamond directly. A voice cried, "Remember your promise." And Mignonne was out of sight.

"So be it," cried Wilhelm. "We will fight." Why, he did not know; but the jealous Hermann had been tormenting him for an hour, and provoking him to a duel. He opened his mouth again to say, "Instantly," in answer to Hermann's peremptory "When?" when a voice cried in his ear, "Say in three days; for you have to go a journey."

"In three days," replied Wilhelm, obediently. The fairy had already returned.

"The dear child!" sneered Hermann. "He wishes time to reflect. Very well, in three days, at this hour, and on this same spot." And he went away with a very

martial air. Wilhelm remained alone with his fairy friend.

"Well, I have been expeditious. I returned by the train upon the last ray of the setting sun. I saw the king of the genies. No matter what he said. You must depart instantly. You must go into the kingdom of the Queen of Moles, under ground, and ask for the most brilliant jewel in her dominions."

"I will go," resolutely cried the young man, after a moment's hesitation. "I will go."

"Well, wait. I must give you a letter of introduction, as you do not speak the mole language. But as you are a sworn enemy to moles, by profession, beware of allowing yourself to be recognized. Moles are revengeful. Do not speak, for they remember your voice, and my letter will explain all. Here it is. Take it, and go without fear. You will not be obliged to bring the jewel. To take the letter is your only duty. You will need light, so I will provide you with one." And Mignonne placed a brilliant dew-drop upon Wilhelm's head. "Now you are equipped. Find one of those mole-hills you know so well, and place your left foot upon the hole; then, raising the letter over your head, trace a circle seven times round the hill, crying, 'In the name of the king of the genies.'"

"Good-by," sighed Wilhelm. "O!" cried he, from the depth of his heart, "I verily believe I shall soon love you as well as I do Ioula."

"You do well to say those things," said the gratified Mignonne; "for all women are coquettes, fairies as well as simple-mortals. A gallant speech always

gives us pleasure. Remain faithful to your mistress, as Mr. Crocus does to his."

"Who is Mr. Crocus?" asked Wilhelm timidly.

"An old genie, whom I wish to prejudice in your favor, by obtaining for him a portrait of his former lady-love—La Fornarina. It is to be taken from a brook in which she looked. The method is called *aquatype*." With these words, the fairy disappeared.

Wilhelm followed her instructions, and at the words, "In the name of the king of the genies!" he was several feet below the surface of the earth. Some hours after, he arrived at his place of destination. His letter served him as a passport, and the presentation of it procured him a guide through the labyrinths of the queen's palace. He traversed many superb galleries full of elegantly dressed moles, who bowed to him in the most respectful manner. Finally, he placed his foot upon the sill of an apartment more gorgeous than all the preceding. That might well be the case, for he was now in the throne room!

The queen was reclining under an awning of silver, and her royal husband was seated at her feet. Wilhelm remarked that they had but two eyes between them. But he soon recollected the saying, "In the kingdom of the blind, the one-eyed are kings." The queen took from the paws of her ambassador, Mignonne's missive, which she read with a smile, and then whispered to the grand treasurer, who immediately left the room.

The king held out his hand towards the letter which his queen still held; but the

latter put it in her pocket, with a look that said,—

"This is my affair; not yours, Sir King."

Some minutes passed, and then, all of a sudden, an intensely brilliant light filled the throne room, as if by magic. The grand treasurer had just returned, and behind him, four servant moles bore upon a silken cushion the jewel demanded by Mignonne. It was the brilliancy of these wonderful diamonds which had so illuminated the palace. There were seven of them, surrounded by a ring of gold; and they were so resplendent, that Wilhelm, dazzled and astonished, thought at first that the sun had fallen into the mole kingdom.

"Wonderful!" cried he, involuntarily.

Another cry was heard at the same moment. Wilhelm looked about for the cause. Alas! it was the minister of police, whose delicate ear knew that familiar voice. Wilhelm was recognized!

The queen sprang from her throne, and the king from his seat at her feet. A thousand cries replied to those of the minister. All menaced Wilhelm with their teeth, and their sharp nails protruded from their velvet cases.

What a transformation! One word had changed all these polite courtiers into a pack of hounds, ready to seize their prey. Wilhelm would not fly, until, seeing that the minister was turning his back upon him, he had revenged himself by instantly killing him by a powerful kick. He then hurried to the door of the palace.

Orders had without doubt been already given to prevent his escape; for a triple

row of infantry guarded every outlet. Wilhelm had, however, his poniard, of which he made such good use, that with two or three well-aimed blows, he cut a passage through the crowd, and fled from the palace. He had still the citizens and police officers to contend with, who, from their windows, sent down upon his head a perfect hail of sticks and stones. But he laid about him so bravely, and returned their compliments with such good will, that he began to feel comparatively safe. He had not, however, thought of all the provincials and moles of the environs, that had been summoned by telegraph to protect their queen. The roads were full, and at every step he crushed great numbers. He received plenty of bites and scratches, which, however, did not keep him from running at full speed.

His guide having now left him, and not knowing the road, he thought that perhaps he was only descending deeper into the bowels of the earth. His doubt was frightful. He felt the cold and velvety bodies of the moles climbing upon him, and it was in vain that he plied his weapon right and left, before and behind. The creatures clung to him with more pertinacity than ever.

Thus things continued for some time, until one mole, bolder than the rest, climbed on to Wilhelm's head, and with one tap of his paw, annihilated his only guide, the brilliant dewdrop. Wilhelm could now distinguish nothing but myriads of sparkling eyes; but the moles could see all the better. He still continued his frantic course; but his strength was rapidly failing. He had only the power

to clasp his hands tightly round his neck, to prevent the detestable creatures from mounting higher.

Suddenly, he felt something wet fall upon his head. He opened his eyes, as if for the last time, crying, "All is over with me." At that moment, a refreshing rain from heaven fell upon him, and he was raised through the earth as if by a miracle.

"Hurrah!" cried a welcome little voice. "Hurrah, my boy! you are a brave one!"

Great was Wilhelm's joy to see the fairy Mignonne, seated under a mushroom, which served as an umbrella.

"Ah," cried Wilhelm, "the precious jewel! By my imprudence, I have lost it."

"Look to your left," said Mignonne.

The earth at the place indicated was rising like boiling milk. Wilhelm ran, and plunging his hands into the moving earth, drew out the magnificent ring. Never was uttered a more grateful or joyous cry than issued from Wilhelm's lips.

"You see," said Mignonne, "that, with courage and perseverance, one is sure to succeed. But pray let me arrange your toilet a little. You are covered with blood, and your clothes are much soiled." So saying, she touched Wilhelm with her magic wand, and he saw, with wonder, that he was as neat and well dressed as before his journey to the mole kingdom.

"Now what must I do with this precious jewel?" asked Wilhelm. "It is for Ioula—is it not?"

"No. Do not be astonished at what I

say; but you must sell it to Hermann!"

"To Hermann! What, have I undergone so much fatigue and suffering to seek for a jewel for Hermann?"

"Ah, ha! You are becoming ambitious and jealous! It must, however, be done, and I shall now leave you. Remember your promise, and obey me in all things."

"I will do my best," sighed Wilhelm, but I regret that I must so soon part with the jewel; and still more that you must leave me."

"Child!" laughed Mignonne, "do not be disturbed. Hark! I hear Hermann. Adieu! Do not be vexed at my leaving you, for I go to watch over your interests."

"Wilhelm," said Hermann, approaching, and eyeing the ring the former held admiringly in his hand, "I am certain to kill you; but I will give you your life in exchange for those brilliant gems."

"They are worth more than my life," cried Wilhelm.

"It's enough for them," growled Hermann. "However, I will be generous, and give you, in addition, a quarter of the field my father left me." Wilhelm shook his head.

"Well, for the last time, I offer you half." "No!" said Wilhelm. While speaking, the excited Hermann rolled his eyes, and turned up his sleeves, in preparation for the combat.

"No! again and forever!" cried Wilhelm, without moving an inch.

Then the formidable fist of his adversary rose, ready to fall upon his head.

"Stop there!" cried a cracked little voice at Hermann's side. It proceeded

from a little man who had come there nobody knew how.

"Are you not ashamed?" said the old man, wiping his face on the back of his trembling hand. "The jewel is worth fifty times all you can offer. Look at these splendid diamonds." And the old man took the ring, and passed it rapidly before Hermann's dazzled eyes. "Come," cried he, "three quarters of my field."

Wilhelm refused. "The whole then," cried the buyer, who was beside himself. This offer was accepted. Wilhelm now heard a little voice murmuring in his ear, and he held the stone to his rival, who sprung towards it like a famished tiger.

Hermann ran rapidly by Ioula's cottage, without paying the least attention to her, as she stood at the door, calling him. He was so absorbed with his purchase, that he had no time to bestow upon any thing else. That evening, Ioula watched for him in the rain, but he came not; and as she looked round her little room on retiring to rest, her eyes fell sadly upon the tulip, whose slender stem already bore leaves.

Meantime, the little old man said to Wilhelm, —

"Well, my son; you have just made a most miserable bargain."

"No matter," sighed Wilhelm; "she wished it."

"Thanks," cried the old man. At this well-known voice, the fairy Mignonne stood confessed.

"O," said Wilhelm, "look at this rocky, uncultivated field. Why, there is not grass enough, in the whole length of it, for one rabbit. What shall I do with it?" said he, in a sad voice.

"Why," laughed Mignonne, "only do as all other laborers do. That is to say, take away the stones, till the land, manure it, then sow seed, and pray God that the harvest may be good."

"The only thing I can do is to pray," sighed Wilhelm, "as I have neither the horse to work, nor the seed to sow. Where then are the oxen, and where the plough? No! no! fairy of my heart; it is impossible."

"Come, come," cried Mignonne, impatiently, "you despair unnecessarily. A horse—a plough! Pooh! Reach me a branch of hawthorn. There—let me touch it with my wand. One, two, three—there, you have horse and plough. Now touch that stone with the branch."

Wilhelm followed her command, and the stone instantly disappeared.

"O, thanks! thanks," cried the wonder-struck young man. "To-morrow I shall begin my work."

"You must begin to-night," replied his protectress. "And here comes your faithful dewdrop, to enable you to see what you are about. Work steadily. Adieu!"

"Do you leave me so soon?"

"Yes. But I will return to-morrow. I am going to Ioula's chamber, to have a conversation with Petiote, and to give the genie Grognon the aquatype of his dear Fornarina. Till to-morrow, good-by."

"Good-by, madame," respectfully replied Wilhelm; and to work he went.

The stones immediately disappeared when touched by his wand. He neither saw them fly away, nor sink into the earth. They left no more trace behind them than does smoke. Wilhelm

worked all that night and the next day, without ceasing; even while he ate, he worked with one hand, and held his food with the other. At evening, when he seated himself for the first time, his herculean task was accomplished.

"Bravo!" sang the welcome voice of Mignonne in his ear. "You must be very tired, poor boy; but nevertheless, you must begin your work again, instantly."

"How so?" murmured Wilhelm, half frightened at the thought.

"Now that there are no more stones, you must till the ground. Give me your branch. One, two, three! There, take your oxen and plough, and set to work. You have only to drag it gently over the surface, and it will plough and manure the ground at the same time. The branch will retain this power for twenty-four hours only. So begin, Wilhelm, my brave boy." Upon this, placing his magic branch upon the ground, Wilhelm started off, leaving the furrow behind him prepared and levelled for sowing.

That evening, he ceased from his labors upon the same spot as on the night before, worn out with toil, aching as if every limb were broken. But the field was no longer recognizable; it seemed a sea of brown and motionless waves.

"Bravo!" again said Mignonne. "Bravo, Wilhelm! What you have just done is more the result of labor and application than magic. My wand would be useless in the hands of one who had not the courage to work day and night, as you do. But do not despair, for you must begin again. Get up and sow your field. One more effort, and the end is

attained. Twenty-four hours more, and the day is yours. Think of *loulette*."

"Where is the grain?" sighed Wilhelm, aiding himself to rise with his two stiffened hands. "In your hat," cried Mignonne, joyfully. "One, two, three! I have given it the power of increasing for a day and night. To work, my friend! to work!"

After painful efforts, poor Wilhelm raised his limbs from the earth, and dragged himself along with great difficulty, encouraging his toilsome work by murmuring, "*loulette*." He scattered the seed, stumbling, and half distracted, over the field, till, at last, he fell fainting on the ground, and his last cry was, "*Ioula! Ioula!*"

He thought himself dying; but it was merely sleep that had overcome him. He remained in profound slumber for many long hours; but when he awoke, O, wonder of wonders! he found himself in the village church, with *Ioula's* hand in his! He was not dreaming, for Mignonne, *Petiotte*, and *Grognon*, as well as all the villagers, were present. *Petiotte* had been told by Mignonne of *Hermann's* behavior to Wilhelm, and of his gross selfishness, and wondering at her former fondness for *Hermann*, she left the tulip forever. *Grognon* hugged his portrait of *Fornarina*, and looked the picture of happiness. The three were laughing at the moon-struck air of the bridegroom.

"Put faith in your happiness. *Ioula* loves you; and here comes *Hermann*, poorer than ever," cried Mignonne, in Wilhelm's ear. And sure enough, there he was at the church door, dressed in

rags. He had gambled away his diamonds, and he had not now even his stony field left.

"Labor continually, and love forever," sighed Mignonne, sadly, in Wilhelm's ear. "I must now leave you, my children. Adieu, dear friends." And the fairy Mignonne disappeared forever, never to return.

Wilhelm was ever afterwards so perfectly happy with his adored *Ioula*, that he often wished days were years. He frequently repeated his story to his children, and always ended by saying, "Patience and perseverance will remove mountains!"

Wonders of Chemistry.

A QUAFORTIS and the air we breathe are made of the same materials. Linen and sugar, and the spirits of wine, are so much alike in their chemical composition, that an old shirt can be converted into its own weight in sugar, and the sugar into spirits of wine. Wine is made of two substances, one of which is the cause of almost all combinations in burning, and the other will burn with more rapidity than any thing in nature. The famous Peruvian bark, so much used to strengthen the stomach, and the poisonous principle of opium, are found to consist of the same materials.

A **LINGUIST.**—"I say, Bob, you've been to Canton, haven't you?" "Yes." "Well, can you speak China?" "Y-e-s, a little; that is, I speak *broken china*."

Cat and Kittens.

AUNT MARY'S cat three snowy kittens had, —
Playful, and fat, and gay; and she would
sport,

And let them climb upon her back, and spread
Her paws to fondle them; and when she saw
Her mistress come that way, would proudly
show

Her darlings, purring with intense delight. —
But one was missing; and Grimalkin ran
Distracted, searching, with a mother's haste,
Parlor and garret, sofa, box, and bed,
Calling her baby with a mournful cry,
And questioning each creature that she met,
In her cat language, eloquently shrill.
And then she left the house. — Two hours
passed by,

When, dragging her lost treasure by the neck,
She joyous laid it with its sister train,
Who mewed their welcome, and with raptured
zeal

Washed and rewashed its velvet face and
paws. —

It had been trusted to a lady's care,
By my aunt Mary, out of pure good will
To Pussy, fearing she might be fatigued
By too much care and nursing. But she
sought

From house to house, among the neighbors all,
Until she found it, and restored again
To her heart's jewels.

One full month she fed
And nurtured it. Then in her mouth she
took

The same young kitten, and conveyed it back
To the same house, and laid it in the lap
Of the same good old lady, as she sat
Knitting upon the sofa. Much surprised,
She raised her spectacles to view the cat,
Who, with a most insinuating tone,
Fawning and rubbing round her slippered foot,
Bespoke her favoring notice.

This is true —
Aunt Mary told me so. — Did Pussy think
Her child too young for service? And when
grown
To greater vigor, did she mean to show

Full approbation of her mistress' choice,
By passing many a nearer house to find
The lady that its first indentures held? —
This looks like *reason*, and they say that
brutes

Are only led by *instinct*. Yet 'tis hard,
Often, to draw the line where one begins,
And where the other ceases.

But I know
That kindness to domestic animals
Improves their nature; and 'tis very wrong
To take away their comforts, and be cross
And cruel to them. The kind-hearted child
Who makes them humble friends, will surely
find

A pleasure in such goodness, and obey
The Book of Wisdom, in its law of love.

L. H. S.

A Favored Tenant.

THE lady of a Yorkshire baronet solicit-
ed her lord for a dairy farm, with
which to employ and amuse her lei-
sure hours. Her request was granted,
and being an intelligent and industrious
farmer, her ladyship throve mightily,
realizing a handsome profit by her eggs,
her butter, and her poultry. "I am sure,
Sir —," said she one day to her indul-
gent spouse, "I don't know why tenants
grumble as they do; I find farming very
profitable." "Yes, my dear," he replied,
taking her playfully by the ear; "but
you pay me no rent." "Ah!" rejoined
Lady —, after a pause, "I'd forgot
the rent."

BENEFICENCE. — Mark Antony, when
depressed and at the ebb of fortune, cried
out, "I have lost all, except what I have
given away."



The President of the United States.

As the president has been travelling about, and many thousands of people have seen him, we must give a sketch of his life.

ZACHARY TAYLOR was born in Orange county, Virginia, November 24, 1784. The next year, his father removed to a place five miles from Louisville, in Kentucky; and here Zachary passed his childhood. There were no schools in this quarter, and he had no regular education; but he made up for this in after years.

Young Taylor was brought up on the farm, and acquired that love of country life and agricultural pursuits which now forms part of his character. But living in a wild region, where there were plenty of bears, bisons, and Indians, he naturally became fond of daring enterprise; and thus his attention was turned to the profession of arms. Accordingly, in 1808, he joined the army, receiving a commission as lieutenant. He was first stationed at New Orleans; but in 1811, he was in the famous battle of Tippecanoe, under General Harrison. His courage and good conduct on this occasion gained him great credit, and he was soon after made a captain.

From this point, he rose by successive stages to be a major-general in the United States army. On various occasions, he displayed superior talents, and was at last regarded as one of the best officers in the army. In March, 1845, he was sent into Texas, and soon after, the war with Mexico began. We need not tell the story of this, for it is fresh in the memory of

our readers. General Taylor performed the most remarkable military achievements, and is now regarded as one of the ablest generals of the age.

This is saying a great deal; but all my young readers will take more pleasure in knowing that he is a kind-hearted, good old man, than that he is a famous soldier. It is certainly a great thing, when our country is at war, to have a leader that can defend its honor. It is a great thing, when our friends and brothers must go to battle, to have a commander in whom they may place entire confidence. But I, Robert Merry, with my wooden leg, and my young friends, Susan, Jane, Lucy, John, Thomas, Harry, and the rest, take far more delight in reading about Old Zack's kindness to the poor wounded soldiers, than about his fighting. Peace is better than war, and every body will be glad to know that the president is of this opinion. He loves a great deal better to be upon his farm, raising corn and cotton, than to be in Mexico slaughtering the people. It is very well to have a president who can defend the country in war, if war must come, but who still prefers the blessings of peace.

General Taylor became president of the United States on the 4th of March last. He set out in August to make a tour through the Northern States. Wherever he went, the people crowded to see him, and I believe every body was pleased with his simple appearance and amiable manners. The boys and girls were especially delighted, and General Taylor seemed very fond of them. On one occasion, as he was riding along in the crowd, being in a carriage with other

persons, the boys called out, "Stand up, Old Zack, so that we can see which is you!" The president stood up, accordingly, and the young fellows gave him three hearty cheers. I am sorry to say that he was taken sick, and obliged to return. But it is probable that he will take some other opportunity to go and shake hands with the people of the Northern and Eastern States. The president lives in the fine building at Washington called the *White House*. If any of our young friends ever go there, they may be sure of a kind reception. They will find the general to be a plain old gentleman, as simple and kind in his manners, as if he were a country farmer. Though he be a great man, and a ruler over twenty millions of people, he shows no pride or haughtiness. There is nothing about him, even though he did beat Santa Anna and his twenty thousand Mexicans, to excite fear. You can sit down and talk with him with just as much ease of mind as you could with your old friends and humble servants, PETER PARLEY and ROBERT MERRY.

Anecdote of Handel.

THIS celebrated composer, though of a very robust and uncouth external appearance, yet had such a remarkable irritability of nerves, that he could not bear to hear the tuning of instruments; and therefore this was always done before Handel arrived. A musical wag, who knew how to extract some mirth from his irascibility of temper, stole into the orchestra on a night

when the late prince of Wales was to be present at the performance of a new oratorio, and untuned all the instruments, some half a note, others a whole note, lower than the organ. As soon as the prince arrived, Handel gave the signal of beginning *con spirito*; but such was the horrible discord, that the enraged musician started up from his seat, and having overturned a double bass which stood in his way, he seized a kettle-drum, which he threw with such violence at the head of the leader of the band, that he lost his full-bottomed wig by the effort. Without waiting to replace it, he advanced bareheaded to the front of the orchestra, breathing vengeance, but so much choked with passion that utterance was denied him. In this ridiculous attitude he stood staring and stamping for some minutes, amidst a convulsion of laughter; nor could he be prevailed on to resume his seat, till the prince went personally to appease his wrath, which he with great difficulty accomplished.

Power of Music.

A RECENT traveller in Turkey describes the Bulgarian shepherds as guiding their flocks by means of a rude sort of double flageolet, the notes of which are immediately understood and obeyed by the innocent animals.

PRIDE. — Of all human passions, pride most seldom obtains its end; for, aiming at honor and reputation, it reaps contempt and derision.



The Hoopoe.

THIS bird is common in Europe and Asia, but is not found in America. It is at the same time one of the most beautiful and one of the most filthy creatures in the world—a proof that things lovely to the eye are sometimes very unlovely in their character. It is a fact that some very handsome boys and girls are given to very naughty ways. I know a little girl—I shall not tell her name—who has fine black eyes, very red cheeks, and dark curly hair; yet, alas! she tells fibs! Isn't that bad—very bad indeed?

And I know a little boy, who is a very handsome boy, and he is very finely dressed, and he has a pretty mouth and white teeth; but with that very mouth, he says many very naughty words. Now, if either this little girl or this little boy should ever see this story of the hoopoe,

I pray them to remember what I say—that a very beautiful thing to the eye may be very disagreeable in its ways.

The hoopoe is about twelve inches long, and weighs twelve ounces. It has a long bill, curved downwards. The neck is a reddish brown; the belly white; the back, and wings, and tail, are crossed with black and white. On the top of its head, it has a crest of tall feathers, which it can put up and down at pleasure.

Altogether this bird might pass as a beau or dandy, among its feathered neighbors. But, in spite of its fine dress, it prowls about heaps of filth and manure, and feeds upon maggots and other insects! It loves to poke over putrid carcasses, and chooses for its abode the most offensive situations. So low are its habits, that the people, in many places, call it the *dung-bird*.

Billy Bump's Voyage to California.

[Continued from p. 86.]

Letter from William Bump to his Mother at Sundown.

Brig Fire-Fly, Aug. —, 1848.

MY DEAR MOTHER: I have now been two months at sea, and for the first time sit down to write. I have intended to keep a kind of journal, putting down, day by day, every thing that I saw which seemed interesting. But up to this time, I have failed to put my plan in execution. For the first ten days I was seasick, and quite helpless. O, what a shocking feeling it is! I really wished myself overboard. And one thing is very odd — every body seemed to think it funny. The captain and mate laughed at me, though my head felt as if it would burst, and my stomach seemed as if there were live frogs in it, all trying to jump out of my mouth at once. Bah! it makes me cringe to think of it!

But I am better now, and like sea-life very well. At first, I could not walk about; or, if I did, I tottered from one side to the other, and often got a severe bang. It made me think of a verse in your old Psalm-Book —

“What strange affrights young sailors feel,
And like a staggering drunkard reel!”

When I came on board the *Fire-Fly*, she looked so big, I thought she must be quite steady and safe; but after we got out to sea, and the wind began to blow, she tumbled, and walloped, and kicked, and jerked, and pitched, and rolled, and flirted, and hopped, and skipped, and jumped, like mad. It was the oddest

thing I ever met with; for she seemed to do all these things at once. She went up, and down, and sideways, and backwards, and forwards, all in the same breath; and such was my state of body and mind, that I felt every twist and turn of the ship in my head and bowels.

However, it is all over now. I'm very hearty, and eat raw pork with a good appetite. We have no milk or cream, and in place of them, use butter in our coffee and tea. I like the brig very much. She is a fine sailer, and it is curious and wonderful to see her glide along, as if she were alive, and knew exactly what to do. The sea in a storm is a strange, wild thing — beautiful, yet terrible. It seems to me like God in anger. Think of the sky filled with fleecy clouds — flying by like demons; the sea, black as ink, rolling in heavy billows, their tops white and frothy, and spinning into the air in wreathy spray. Think of all this, while a hollow roar fills your ears, as if all earth and ocean were in some dreadful agony — and you have a faint idea of a storm at sea. And think of yourself in a vessel that now seems a feather, tossed hither and thither by the frantic waves: think of yourself apart from all human help — the sea, the sea only around you — and between you and its fathomless depths but a single plank! It is, indeed, fearful; and nothing but the idea that a kind Father above watches over his children, even upon the lonely deep, can give peace to the mind, at such a time and under such circumstances.

Nothing very remarkable has happened to us. We have met two or three vessels, and spoke one of them. She was

coming from China, and had been four months at sea. As we passed near the West Indies, we saw one of the islands at a distance. I frequently see flocks of flying fish skimming over the water; and have noticed many strange and curious birds. We staid two days at Rio Janeiro, to get water and take in provisions. This is the capital of Brazil, and is larger than Boston; but it is a very different place. A portion of it is well built, and some of the public buildings are handsome, but many of the streets are poor, mean, and filthy. More than two thirds of the inhabitants are negroes and mulattoes. Merchants from various countries — France, Germany, England, Spain, Portugal, Holland, the United States, &c. — are to be seen in the market places. I often saw vultures, as big as turkeys, walking in the streets, or sitting on the roofs and chimneys of the houses. They seemed quite as much at home as the people. Nobody disturbed them, unless they came too close; for they pick up the filth, and save the lazy inhabitants a great deal of trouble. Yet they are horrid looking things, and smell worse than any thing I like to mention. They are great gluttons, and often eat so much that they cannot fly. One of our sailors thought he would have a bit of fun: so he caught one. Well, he got well paid for it; for the creature vomited all his abominable breakfast right into the fellow's lap. How he did scamper! and how the other sailors laughed at him! He had a strong odor about him for a week, and now he goes by the name of *Eau de Cologne!*

We are now near Cape Horn. Though

it is August and midsummer with you, it is winter here. The sky is constantly filled with clouds, and light snows frequently fall upon us. The air is dim with the frosty vapor. At the same time, the wind is heavy, and the sea is terribly rough. The captain says this is one of the stormiest places in the world.

September —, 1848.

I am happy to say, that we have got safely round the cape. It was tedious business. The captain and crew were worn out with hard work, care, and watching. We were about a month in passing this point of our voyage. We have seen no land for five weeks, and though we have been almost constantly beset by dark, cloudy weather, the captain seems to know exactly where we are. What a wonderful thing it is, that, without a path to guide us, we are able, by the help of a compass and a few figures, to traverse the mighty waste of waters — a desert without a rock, or tree, or landmark to point the way!

If I could see you, dear mother, I should tell you of many things — how, one terrible night, we lost our mainsail, and had our rudder carried away; how, one of the hands was washed overboard, and saved himself by holding on to a rope; how an albatross — a bird twice as big as a goose — fell upon our deck during a storm; and how strange and beautiful the stars are, in this far-off region — during fair weather. But these, amid many other things, I shall leave till I meet you — which I hope to do — though, when I remember that I am ten thousand miles from you, my heart sinks and I feel

as though such a happiness was impossible.

* * * * *

We are still ploughing the deep, and making our way to the north. We stopped ten days at Valparaiso, which is a considerable town on the western coast of South America. I there saw several Americans, and among them a boy from Boston, named John Sikes, who had been to the same school with me. He is clerk in a store here. I never liked him in Boston, nor do I think he liked me; but the moment we met, we rushed into each other's arms, as if we had been brothers. I was never so glad to see any body in my life.

A few days ago, we passed near the Island of Juan Fernandez, which is the spot in which Robinson Crusoe was supposed to have lived. What a pity it is that the story of Robinson Crusoe is only a fancy tale! It really made me feel sad, when I was first told no such person ever lived. I supposed Robinson Crusoe to be as much a real character as Peter Parley or Robert Merry. And by the way,—speaking of these two celebrated personages,—were it not that I have read their books and seen their pictures, I should almost think that they were only imaginary characters. I have, in Boston, seen Daniel Webster, who makes such famous speeches; and Mr. Longfellow, who writes such beautiful poetry; and Mr. Fields, who makes such lots of nice books; and Mr. Kimball, who keeps the Museum; and Mr. Simmons, of Oak Hall; and Mrs. Nichols, who makes the best ice creams in the world;—but I am not exactly sure that I ever saw either Peter Parley or

Robert Merry. Is it not strange that every body seems to know these two persons, and yet I never got a fair sight at either of them, nor found any body who had? What a pity it would be, if these like Robinson Crusoe, should, after all, turn out to be mere beings of the imagination! Yet this cannot be; for I have actually got some of their books!

Panama, October —, 1848.

I am now writing from the town of Panama, on the western shore of the Isthmus of Darien. It is situated on a fine bay, and is as large as Salem or Providence. Steamboats ply between this place and Valparaiso. I found here several Americans, and some whom I had seen. I take leave of the brig *Fire-Fly* here, as she is bound to San Francisco, while I am going to San Gabriel. I expect to sail for that place in two days, in the schooner *Beato*. She is a Chilean vessel, and all on board speak Spanish. I expect a horrid dull time. However, I keep of good heart. I had a letter to Mr. Rice, a merchant here, who has been very kind to me. He has often heard of Señor Naldi, but not of late years. He is going to give me letters to a Spanish house at San Gabriel, which, he says, will aid me very much. I shall send this letter by an American, who is going to New York, across the isthmus. It will go to aunt, at Boston, and will be sent from there to you, at Sundown.

And now, dear mother, give my kindest love to father, and every body, and believe me truly yours,

WILLIAM BUMP.

Letter from Lucy Bump to her Aunt.

Boston, March, 1849.

MY DEAR AUNT: In December last, we sent a letter to you, from William, giving an account of his voyage as far as Panama; and since that time, we have had no letter from him; yet I must not conceal from you that we have had tidings of him which give us great anxiety. He sailed in a small schooner named the Beato, for Panama, in October. She was bound for San Gabriel, with twenty passengers. We learn by the papers, that the vessel had a long passage, and got short of water. Three of the passengers, one of whom was William, went ashore in a boat to get some; but the country was uninhabited, and the boat was upset just as she came to land. The vessel had no other boat, and as the weather was rough, she could not take the men in again. Accordingly, she went on her voyage, leaving them there. She arrived at San Gabriel, and after three weeks, nothing had been heard of them.

Of course we hope for the best. We learn that William and his companions were left at the coast, four hundred miles from San Gabriel, without a cent of money, and with no other clothes than those they had on. The coast, for the whole distance, is nearly a wilderness, and in some parts it is mountainous. Our hope is, that the poor fellows may be taken up by some vessel. If not, we trust to William's courage, energy, and talent, for deliverance. My mother is greatly depressed, but I have a hope, a faith, I may say a confidence, that William will be saved. It is too dreadful to think of his perishing in the wilderness,

away from home and friends. It seems impossible, that one so bright, so full of thought, and feeling, and talent, should be cut down in the very morning of life. But this suspense is dreadful. I think of poor William at every hour of the day and the night. O! may Heaven watch over him. Ah! why did we permit him to go! It seems to me like madness even—like cruel, unfeeling selfishness—to permit him to undertake such an enterprise, just for our benefit. But I must not write thus. Your own sorrow will be sufficient, without mine. I shall write soon again; and in the mean time, our prayers for the safety of William will not cease. From your affectionate niece,

LUCY BUMP.

A Scene in Boston.

A HALF score or more of Irish women have lately taken stands at the Park Street corner of the mall, where with a few oranges and other fruit placed upon some temporary table or box, they remain from morning until night, perhaps clearing, by their small sales, from one to two shillings per day. They are mostly old women, who can do nothing else for a living, and are patronized more from charity than for the tempting appearance of their goods.

One day last week, one of these old women became quite ill from exposure to the sun, and probably from want of proper nourishment, and was forced to leave her stand, and sent herself against the iron railings of the Common, in the shade. A little, bright-eyed girl, of twelve or thirteen summers, saw her limp

to the spot, and also observed the anxious eye of the old woman directed towards her little store of oranges, nuts, and candy. "Never mind those, ma'am," she said; "I'll go and sit there till you are better, and sell for you."

The little miss, dressed with much taste and richness, with an air that indicated most unmistakably the class to which she belonged, sat down upon the rough box behind the Irish woman's stand, assuming all the importance of a young salesman. She had never sold any thing before in her life; but people began to stop and wonder what it meant, to see the fair and beautiful child in that singular situation.

The story was soon told by the bystanders, who had only to point to the poor woman. In a moment, every one

was seized with a very extraordinary desire for an orange, a handful of nuts, or some candy, and our little beauty could hardly serve them fast enough. Many, utterly refusing any change, gave her a ninepence, a dime, or a sixpence for a penny's worth of nuts or candy. It was all accomplished very quickly, though the little girl was somewhat disconcerted, and had to be encouraged by a whisper, now and then, from one who need not be named, for she was not accustomed to a crowd.

The table was soon swept, and we saw her pass her tiny hands full of silver to the poor woman, who thus realized treble the value of her small stock, and called on half the saints in the calendar to bless the kind-hearted child.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

THE following letter contains correct answers to several puzzles in our August number.

The City of Spindles, Aug. 13, 1849.

MY DEAR MR. MERRY:

I have had your Museum but a short time, but I take the liberty to send you some of the answers to the puzzles in the August number.

I have discovered that "Dinner" constitutes a great event in every day of a person's life. I hope that "Billy Bump in Boston" will not be concluded so long as his letters are so interesting.

America will always bestow "Millions for defence, but not a cent for tribute."

The puzzle containing fourteen letters is incomplete; and as I never read any books concerning the lives of freebooters, I am unable to supply the first letters of the villain's name. I think, however, the true answer is, "Gibbs the Pirate."

The "United States of America" is a large country, stretching from ocean to ocean.

I am your sincere friend,

J. W.

Jamaica Plain, August 10, 1849.

MR. EDITOR:

I send you a riddle, which if you think proper to insert, you will give me great pleasure.

A man once launched a vessel large,
And live stock too he took in charge;
He did not barter, buy, nor sell;
Whichever wind blew pleased as well;
He sailed at random, was to no port bound;
His only wish was soon to run aground.

From your friend and subscriber,

THOMAS G—R.

Mich. University, July 17, 1849.

DEAR FRIEND PETER PARLEY:

I suppose that you will allow one of your old patrons and subscribers to call you by this

title. My brother, in the far west, is going to become a subscriber to your Museum; and as I suppose you sympathize with the pleasures of your readers, I write to tell you of mine. He has heard about your travels in France and other parts of Europe, and is very anxious to learn the particulars of your tour, which he thinks must be very interesting. He has read your very interesting accounts of the adventures of Dick Boldhero and Dirk Heldriver, in some of the old volumes of the Museum, and these have created a desire for more of the same kind.

Though I am now far away from home, among strangers, and seldom have an opportunity of seeing the Museum, yet as long as I live, I shall remember with pleasure and profit the long winter evenings which I have spent in perusing that best of periodicals; and my desire is, that it may be found in every family in our land. For how can vice and misery grow up with the rising generation when their mind is thus preoccupied with what is calculated to render them virtuous and useful members of society?

I remain, as ever, your faithful friend,

M. LA RUE H—N.

Milford, August 10, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

Dear Sir, —

I have taken your interesting Museum for a long time, and like it more and more. It is indeed a museum of rare and curious collections. There is something in each number to amuse and instruct its readers; and while some are gratified by songs, stories, and puzzles, others can find useful facts for their instruction and improvement. I like Billy Bump's letters very much, and would inquire whether he will not write again before he leaves Boston. I do not see any thing to laugh at in his "Address to the Moon," and think he must have improved very much to be able to write poetry. In the last number you gave us specimens of secret writing. Myself and sister have found out how to write all the kinds there mentioned, excepting the

one with two distinct interpretations. If it would not be too much trouble, please insert this letter and the following puzzle in the next number.

Your sincere friend and well-wisher,

SUSAN L. K—.

I am composed of twenty-one letters.

My 1, 13, 3, 10, is a division of the earth.

My 15, 7, 17, 18, is the name of a tree.

My 20, 4, 18, 11, is a city in Europe.

My 8, 9, 6, 1, means to ask questions.

My 18, 21, 20, 19, is a girl's name.

My 14, 16, 12, is liked in summer.

My 5, 2, 7, 20, is the name of an animal.

My whole was the name of a queen of the East.

DEAR MR. MERRY:

I send you another puzzle, which I venture to say will not be so easily guessed as my last — to which the answer was "Billy Bump in Boston." It is as follows: —

I am composed of nine letters.

My 2, 1, 7, is a person whose wife is spoken of in Scripture.

My 5, 1, 3, is a distinguishing utensil among Irish laborers.

My 1, 6, 2, is what is sometimes made to rhyme with another name for *island*.

My 5, 6, 7, is what Goliath was.

My 4, 5, 9, is what little children should never ask their mothers, when told to do any thing.

My whole is about as distinguished as his master.

Sag Harbor, Aug. 9, 1849.

DEAR MR. MERRY:

I have not written to you before; but seeing you have so many correspondents, I thought I should like to be one of the number. I am much interested in your Museum, and especially in the enigmas, all of which I find out in a very short time; being almost too easy. But here is one a little harder for your correspondents to find out, and send in an answer if they will.

If Mr. Merry will please insert this, he will oblige a new correspondent.

F. S. H.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of thirty-three letters.

My 15, 4, 26, 30, 11, 6, is an ocean.

My 16, 32, 15, 18, 17, is an eastern sea.

My 31, 11, 3, 13, 19, is a county of North Carolina.

My 19, 30, 24, 12, is a gulf in Asia.

My 20, 21, 3, 17, 14, 15, 5, is a lake in North America.

My 1, 2, 25, 9, 19, is a river in South America.

My 27, 28, 29, 22, 11, is a group of islands in the Pacific Ocean.

My 10, 23, 25, 30, 6, is a town in New York.

My 8, 7, 25, 33, 15, 7, is a county in North Carolina.

My whole was an order of General Washington.

Oswego, July 31, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

Nearly all our family have been engaged this evening in trying to find out S. P. L.'s puzzle. At last, one of my brothers said, "Why, it is something in Merry's Museum!" I caught at the idea at once, and exclaimed, "Billy Bump in Boston." And so it proved to be. I wonder what sort of stuff the composer thinks we are made of, if we cannot work out *any thing* that we *will*! He must have rather a poor opinion of your subscribers. I can tell him, he don't know how sharp they are. But as he thinks his puzzle so rare, I thought I would be one of the "cute" ones, and show him that the people out this way are a pretty sharp set. But it is so late, that I must bid you good night, and close my letter. I hope you will insert it, and oblige your black-eyed

KATE.

Washington City, August 28, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

I wrote a letter to you, some time ago; but as you had so many on hand, mine, along with

many others, was not published. But I thought that I would try again, and see if I could meet with better luck this time. I have been a subscriber to your "Museum" for a long time, and have a complete set from the beginning, except the December number of 1848 and the February number of 1849. I like it very much, and consider its arrival as a great event of the month. It seems to me to be carried on even with more spirit than formerly. I like the July number mostly on account of the tale called the "Caravan," for that was much longer than most of them. I like bold and adventurous tales, shipwrecks, tales of the East, Indian tales, and tales of the revolution, and others continued from number to number, with a good deal in each number.

I suppose that you have visited this city. It will be much improved when the Smithsonian Institute and Washington Monument are finished. They are putting two marble wings to the Patent Office, the front of which is made of free stone. They are clearing the canal now, which passes through this city. They first make two dams across the canal, and then pump the water out between them with a pump which works by steam, and then take the dirt out in carts and wheelbarrows. The Long Bridge, which is about a mile wide, crosses the river here. It is solid almost all the way across, and is causing the river to fill up. During the freshet, the water was three or four feet higher above the bridge than below it. If it would be agreeable to the other subscribers, and not inconvenient to you, I should like you to pay some attention to the hints about tales, in another part of this letter.

Here is a conundrum which you may insert if you think it worthy of a place in your Museum.

What man, in modern times, had the most grandchildren?

Ans. General Washington; because he was the father of his country.

Your subscriber and reader,

S. S. F.

Pittsburg, September —, 1849.

MR. MERRY :

We have had a great time here, in this Birmingham of America. The president of the United States has been at Pittsburg. Never did you see such a state of excitement. The military were out with their flags and their music; and all the people of the town, and many from the vicinity, were in the streets.

I was very near when the president passed, and I saw him smile, and heard him speak to the people. He looked very much like my uncle Sam Smith, who is a farmer up the Monongahela. Every body liked him; especially the boys. They called him Old Zack, and went close to him, and he spoke to them just as kind as if he was a common man. In the midst of the procession, a workman rushed up to the president, and offered him his hand. "There," says the man, "I must have a shake of your fist. My hand is rather brown and hard; but it's a true man's, nevertheless."

Well, now that was rather bold, wasn't it? But General Taylor took it in good part, and said to the man, while he shook his hand, "It's the brown, hard hands that make the earth blossom." This pleased the people very much, and such a hurrah as rung in the air, you never heard before.

Perhaps the president will go to Boston; and if you are not too lame, with your wooden leg, you must go and see him. You will know him at once, for he looks like the portraits of him. When he was here, a farmer was introduced to him, and after looking at him, he said, "Well, Gineral, arter all, you are not so ugly as I thought you was by the picters of you. You're quite a good looking man, though you don't look a bit like a gineral."

I suppose the president will know you, at first sight, by your wooden leg. I should like to be there, and see what you say to each other. I suppose you will ask him about the Mexicans and the battle of Buena Vista; and he no doubt will ask you about the Museum and Billy Bump. If he inquires any thing about the puzzle I sent you, don't say who wrote it, for the world.

I have written a long letter, but I have only said half what I wish to. The rest I shall write another time.

I am your true friend,

SAMUEL S. SMITH.

Boston, September 10, 1849.

MY DEAR MR. MERRY :

My mother has consented to let me write to you; but as I am very timid, I only send some lines I have found in a book, for I dare not send any composition of my own.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

The hours here danced their joyous round,
Adorned in flowers of May;
Till each in turn, with mercy crowned,
Has come and passed away.

The constant sun has run his race
Athwart the boundless deep,
And ne'er amid the trackless space
Has failed his path to keep.

The earth has drunk the morning dew,
And fed her flowery train;
And flowers have spread their charms to view,
And decked the earth again.

Birds, beasts, and trees, unmoved by choice,
Have each improved the day,
Obedient still to nature's voice : —
But whose did I obey?

If you insert these verses, perhaps I shall venture to write you again.

I am your friend and subscriber,

SUSAN L——.

Michigan, July 20, 1849.

MR. MERRY :

Do you think your little readers will like to hear again something from the Californian emigrants? We last evening received a letter from one of them, and as it contained much that interested us, we send you a portion of it. On the 16th of May, just two months ago, that same band of adventurers, which I told you of, were camped twenty miles from the forks of the Platte River, four hundred

miles west from Independence. They had met with no misfortune, but various reports had reached their friends, of sickness and distress, and horrid murders by the Indians, all which had caused many hearts to ache, and many tears to flow; but I am glad to tell you that the reports were not true.

They had no trouble nor sickness, but suffered some hardships, as you might suppose. They often met people returning to the states, so that they sent back letters by them. On the 11th of May, just before reaching the bluffs, or high banks of the Platte River, they met a war party of three hundred Sioux and Cheyenne Indians, on an expedition against the Pawnees. These bands of Indians are always at war. They live on the opposite sides of the river, and they fight on every opportunity; and when they overtake or meet with any whites, they attack them, if they dare.

Well, these Indians formed in a line across the road, and sent out some of their number to talk. This done, they all filed off, and allowed them to pass quietly. Seeing that the emigrants were well armed, strong and determined-looking men, they thought it best not to attack them. At night, they came to the camp, with moccasins and presents, looking about at the same time for a chance to do some mischief. The next day, they again appeared with several Pawnee scalps; having discovered and attacked a party of that tribe, soon after leaving the camp of the Americans.

They had taken a Pawnee boy prisoner, whom they intended to torture on their arrival home; but a detachment of dragoons from Fort Kearney, one mile distant, succeeded in rescuing the boy from them, and restoring him to his tribe. Much good is often done by the American officers and soldiers stationed in these far-off forts, in keeping peace and restoring harmony between different Indian tribes. The boy's father, mother, and sister had been slain two days before by the fierce and angry Sioux. The party met many of the Mormons, who were returning to the states on business. Some of them had been

to the mines, and were able to work but a part of the time, on account of sickness; but when they did work, they sometimes found one hundred dollars a day. But would that pay for sickness? I dare say all the boys and girls who read this, would feel that it would not pay them for their fathers' pain. But sickness comes in all kinds of work, whether it be with the head or with the hands. The sight of the bright specimens of rough gold, encouraged, without doubt, those who had gone so far on their way in search of it.

It has given them new energy. They have seen no buffalo, as yet, and no game; and a few days ago, they dined, for the first time since they left Independence, on fresh beef; but they enjoy a fine climate and fine health, and have good spirits. They watch their ponies and horses pretty closely, or the treacherous Indians are sure to steal them. They contrive often to get up what is called a *stampede* among them. When the cattle are turned out for the night, they manage to lie down on the grass, and crawl about like animals from one fastening to another, till several are loosened; then they whoop till all are frightened, and run off.

SAMMY SASSAFRAS.

We have many letters besides these, viz.: From Wm. B., of White Creek; Marianne S—, of North Bridgewater; Francis —, of Bloomfield; H. N. K., of Bridgewater; Sarah C—y F., of Fitchburg; Caroline M. S., of Fitchburg; W. E. R. N., of Salem; Louisa, of Piermont; L. D., of Woburn; Edgar C—, of Albany; Henry and Sophia B., of New York; A. W. H., of Thibodare; Alice, of Bridgeport; Marcillus, of —; Edward F., of Oswego; T. W. Hooper, of Hanover; S. H. S., of Argyle; Kate —, of Oswego; Isaac N. W., Jr., of Springfield, Ohio.



The Black Beast, again.

MR. MERRY: In the September number of your magazine, you told a story of a lady and a terrible creature, with long ears, wide mouth, and forked tongue. It was a good story, and made a strong impression upon my mind. The next night after I read it, I had a dream, which I take the liberty to send you.

I fancied that I saw the lady in your picture, walking along, in great state; and at a little distance behind her was the terrible black beast. Pretty soon I saw a young man going along, also; and as I gazed through the darkness, I could perceive that a black beast was following him, too. I kept my eyes upon them for a long time, and at last I saw the youth turn round and fall upon his knees, as if to address the beast. I drew near, and heard their dialogue, which ran as follows:—

Beast. I perceived that you desired my presence, and here I am.

Youth. And who are you?

B. Mammon—the God of Riches.

Y. This is strange: I was indeed wishing for riches.

B. Your heart was in fact devoted to me; your soul was kneeling at my shrine. I perceived this, and as you are my worshipper, I am come to do your bidding.

Y. And what can you do?

B. I am the Genius of Gold—the emperor of mines and caverns: the regions of the pearl, the diamond, the sapphire, and ruby, are mine. Command any of these treasures, and you shall be obeyed.

Y. Well, let me be rich as Cræsus.

B. Certainly; but one thing you must first do.

Y. And what is that?

B. You must kneel down and do me reverence.

Y. I am ready: see, I kneel!

B. And you must swear one thing—which is, that you will prefer me to all other gods.

Y. That is a hard condition.

B. It is indispensable: no one can be rich, but by making me his idol. Whoever becomes mine, must love me, and only me.

Y. May I not love fame?

B. Only that which you can buy with cash.

Y. May I not love honor, truth, charity, glory?

B. No; for these would persuade you too often to part with my gifts. Thus you would be seduced from your exclusive worship of me.

Y. Nay, if I love you best, this should satisfy you.

B. I can have no half-way worshippers. I must be your god, or nothing. If I give you gems, jewelry, pearls, gold, silver, you must be content with them. Love, friendship, fame, glory, cannot dwell in the same heart with them. These princely gifts will not accept a divided empire: where they reign, they reign alone.

Y. It is a severe dilemma in which you place me. My choice lies between riches on the one hand, and love, fame, reverence, virtue, on the other.

B. Yes.

Y. And why are they incompatible?

B. Because it is so decreed. Riches will only abide with those who worship them and me, their master.

Y. And is this worship of you all I must promise?

B. Yes. You must worship me, which of course implies that you serve me.

Y. And what does serving you mean?

B. The wealth I give you, you must increase. If you marry, it must be to add to your fortune. If you use your money, it must be chiefly to see it well invested, so as to produce a sure and ample increase. You must take care to keep your property together, and so bequeath it as to send it down to your posterity, increased and increasing. You must never give away more than is just sufficient to stand creditably in society. You must not consider the wealth I give you as your own: it is mine, and you are only my steward, to take care of it, increase it, and hand it over to me or my servants.

Y. Then it seems that you propose to make me your slave.

B. No doubt.

Y. In giving me gold, and silver, and precious stones, then, you do not consult my happiness.

B. Not at all. I employ you as my steward. I pay you for your service, by letting you eat and drink, and have clothes and shelter. These are your wages. You, in return, give up every other affection, and devote yourself to me. You turn your back on love, duty, religion, hope, and heaven. You increase the riches I have lent to you, and in a short time, as you must die, you hand them over, thus improved, to me and mine.

Y. And for all this service, giving up soul and body to you, — as I understand it, — I am only to get what I eat, drink, and wear.

B. Exactly so.

Y. Well, Mr. Beast, this is a very dirty proposal of yours, and as black as you are yourself!

B. There is no disputing about tastes.

Y. No: every one must indulge his own. I should like wealth, but I will not sell my soul for it. I should like riches, but I will not be their slave.

As the young man said this, he turned contemptuously away from the beast, who grinned terribly, flourished his tail, and disappeared.

PETER PARLEY.



Wonderful Trees, No. 3. — The India Rubber Tree.

THE India rubber tree (*ficus elastica*) affords a product of such various and still multiplying use, that to be cut off from this article of commerce would be a serious loss to the accommodations of civilized life. The tree is a native of India and South America; and it was not till the year 1736, that its extraordinary qualities were made known in Europe.

The product known as *India rubber*, or *caoutchouc*, is obtained by making incisions through the bark of the tree, chiefly in wet weather. From the wounds thus

made, the juice flows abundantly. It is of a milky-white color, and is conducted by a tube into a vessel placed to receive it. It is usually brought to Europe in the form of pear-shaped bottles, which are made by spreading the juice over moulds of clay: these are then dried by exposure to the sun, and to smoke of burning fuel. The mould is then broken and removed, leaving the caoutchouc in the form of a hollow ball or bottle. After one operation, the tree requires a fortnight's rest, after which it may be again repeated.

India rubber is remarkable for the flexibility and elasticity which it acquires on attaining a solid state, and also for the numerous useful purposes to which it is capable of being applied. It was for a long time used only to remove pencil marks from paper; and hence its name. From its elasticity, it is also called *gum elastic*. This power of stretching to a great extent and of recovering its original dimensions, is its most wonderful quality. Pieces of it may be stretched, after being soaked in warm water, to seven or eight times their original length. A bottle has been expanded till it was six feet in diameter. By the natives of the country where it is produced, it is sometimes formed into boots, which are impenetrable by water, and which, when smoked, have the appearance of leather. Flambeaux are likewise made of it, which give a very brilliant light; and it is said that a torch an inch and a half in diameter and two feet long, will burn twelve hours. The insides of baskets are smeared with it, thus providing a tough and tight lining.

But the uses to which this product has been applied in Europe and the United States are far more varied and astonishing. Shoes have been made of it for many years. Water-proof coats, impermeable pantaloons, impenetrable overalls, life-preservers, beds and cushions for invalids, surgical instruments of various kinds, many species of elastic fabrics, tents for hunting or travelling, bottles, garters, whips, suspenders, hats and caps, are all made of this substance, and are late adaptations of it to the purposes of life. Bank notes have been printed on it; and a wicked wag once said that an

India rubber currency would be the best in the world, if it had virtue to rub out public debts. Pontoon boats for the United States' army have been made of it, which, though portable, are capable of supporting fifty men. India rubber is the companion, in one form or another, of all ages, from infancy to manhood. Babies suck and bite India rubber rings, and bury the points of their teeth in cows and horses of the same material. When these babies have become boys, they play with India rubber balls, or make miniature ferry-boats, in which the motive power is obtained from the well-known elastic nature of the substance. When still older, they supply themselves with a water-proof suit, dress themselves from head to foot in caoutchouc, and with a tent and boat of the same article, are off for the golden shores of California.

If we are to trust a New York caricature, India rubber might also be made a means of getting to the promised land on our western coast. The picture represents the continent of America: at New York and at San Francisco, two stakes are driven into the ground, and a stout India rubber rope is stretched from one to the other. Upon this rope are seated, astride, the sanguine individuals who have persuaded themselves to take passage by this route. One is a rather thick-set person, very much like Louis Philippe, who has nudged the passengers on each side of him till he has obtained sufficient space to turn round in. This fearless individual means to sleep on the way. Another is an old lady with her dog, who eye with some dismay the preparations of the executioner, who, with axe in hand, is on

the point of cutting the rope asunder. We are left in doubt as to the fate of these hardy adventurers. The inventor of this express line has relied upon the contractile power of the India rubber to land his passengers, by a single jerk, safely on the Sacramento. We should, for our own part, be fearful of being carried far beyond our place of destination; of being soused into the middle of the Pacific Ocean, or forced to become a Robinson Crusoe on some uninhabitable island. Winter is coming on, and we prefer staying at home, to taking our chance of any such hair-breadth escapes by sea and land. In the mean time, we wish the adventurous pioneers, who went by the India rubber line, health and prosperity, and a return home by some less instantaneous mode of conveyance.

Dialogue between Lucy and her Mother.

ONE day, a lady and her daughter called upon Lucy's mother, and sat with her an hour or more, conversing on various subjects. Lucy's age was not such as to make it proper for her to take part in the conversation: she sat sometimes listening to what passed, and sometimes making silent observations on the dress or manners of her mother's visitors. When they took leave, she began the following conversation:—

Lucy. What a good thing it is that people cannot see one's thoughts!

Mother. It would be inconvenient, sometimes, if they could.

Lucy. O, worse than inconvenient!

To-day, for instance, I would not have had Mrs. and Miss G. know what I was thinking of for all the world.

Mother. Indeed! Pray may I know what it might be?

Lucy. O, yes, mamma, you may; it was no real harm. I was only thinking what an odd, fat, disagreeable kind of looking woman Mrs. G. was; and what a tiresome way she had of telling long stories; and that Miss G. was the vainest girl I ever saw. I could see, all the time, she was thinking of nothing but her beauty, and her —

Mother. Come, come, no more of this. I have heard quite enough.

Lucy. Well, mamma, but only do suppose they could have known what I was thinking of.

Mother. Well, and what then, do you suppose?

Lucy. Why, in the first place, I dare say they would have thought me an impertinent, disagreeable little thing.

Mother. I dare say they would.

Lucy. So what a good thing it is that people cannot see one's thoughts! is it not?

Mother. I rather think it does not make so much difference as you imagine.

Lucy. Dear me! I think it must make a great deal of difference.

Mother. Did you not say, just now, that Miss G. was a vain girl, and that she thought a great deal of her beauty?

Lucy. Yes, and so she does, I am certain.

Mother. Pray, my dear, who told you so?

Lucy. Nobody. I found it out myself.

Mother. But how did you find it out, Lucy?

Lucy. Why, mamma, I could see it, as plain as could be.

Mother. So then, if you could have looked into her heart, and seen her think to herself, "What a beauty I am! I hope they admire me,"—it would have made no alteration in your opinion of her.

Lucy, (laughing.) No, mamma; it would only have confirmed me in what I thought before.

Mother. Then what advantage was it to her that you could not see her thoughts?

Lucy, (hesitating.) Not much to her, certainly, just then, at least; not to such a vain-looking girl as she is.

Mother. What do you suppose gives her that vain look?

Lucy. Being so pretty, I suppose.

Mother. Nay, think again. I have seen many faces as pretty as hers, that did not look at all vain.

Lucy. True, so have I: then it must be from thinking so much about her beauty.

Mother. Right; if Miss G. has a vain expression in her countenance, (which, for argument's sake, we suppose,) or whoever has such an expression, this must be the cause. Now we are come to the conclusion I expected, and I have proved my point.

Lucy. What point, mamma?

Mother. That you greatly overrate the advantage, or mistake the nature of it, of our thoughts being concealed from our fellow-creatures; since it appears that the thoughts—at least our *habits* of

thought—so greatly influence the conduct, manners, and appearance, that our secret weaknesses are as effectually betrayed, to all discerning eyes, as if our inmost feelings were actually visible.

Lucy. But surely there are some people so deep and artful, that nobody can possibly guess what passes in their minds. Not that I should wish to be such a one.

Mother. They may, and do, indeed, often succeed in deceiving others in particular instances; but they cannot conceal their true character. Every one knows that they are deep and artful, and therefore their grand purpose is defeated: they are neither esteemed nor trusted.

Lucy. Well, but still, mamma, to-day, for instance, do you really suppose that Mrs. and Miss G. had any idea of the opinion I formed of them?

Mother. Indeed, my dear, I dare say Mrs. and Miss G. did not take the trouble to think about you or your opinions. But supposing they had chanced to observe you, I think, most likely, they would have formed an unfavorable idea.

Lucy. Why so, mamma?

Mother. Let us suppose that any other young girl of your own age had been present, and that while you were making your ill-natured observations on these ladies, your companion had been listening with sympathy and kindness to the accounts Mrs. G. was giving of her troubles and complaints, and wishing she could relieve or assist her. Do you not imagine that, in this case, the tone of her voice, the expression of her countenance, would have been more gentle, and kind, and agreeable than yours?

Lucy. I dare say they would have liked her the best.

Mother. Doubtless. But suppose, instead of this being a single instance, as I would hope it is, — suppose you were in the habit of making such impertinent observations, and of forming such uncharitable opinions of every body that came in your way ?

Lucy. Then I should get a sharp, satirical look, and every body would dislike me.

Mother. Yes, as certainly as if you thought aloud.

Lucy. Only that would be rather worse.

Mother. In some respects it would be rather better ; there would, at least, be something honest in it, instead of that hateful and unsuccessful duplicity, which, while all uncharitableness is indulged within, renders the exterior all friendship and cordiality. And that is but a poor, mean, ungenerous kind of satisfaction at best, Lucy, which arises from the hope that others do not know how vain, how selfish, how censorious we are.

Lucy. Yes, I know that ; but yet —

Mother. But yet, you mean to say, I suppose, that you cannot exactly think as I do about it ; and the reason is, that you have not thought sufficiently upon the subject, nor observed enough of yourself and of others, to enter fully into my ideas. But when you are capable of making more accurate observations on what passes in your own mind, you will find, that our estimation of those around us is not so well formed upon their outward actions, nor their common conversation, as upon those slight, involuntary

turns of countenance and expression, which escape them unawares, which betray their inmost thoughts, and lay their hearts open to view ; and by which, in fact, we decide upon their character, and regulate the measure of our esteem.

Lucy. Then what is one to do, mother ?

Mother. Nothing can be plainer. There is but one way for us, Lucy, if we desire the esteem of others. Let our thoughts be always *fit to be seen* ; let them be such as to impart to our countenance, our manners, our conduct, that which is generous, candid, honest, and amiable.

Lucy. But that would be very difficult.

Mother. Not if it be attempted in the right way. It would be difficult, and, indeed, quite impossible, to restrain all foolish and evil thoughts with a direct view to be admired or approved by our fellow-creatures ; but if we resolve to do so in the fear of God, from a recollection that he “searches and knows us, and understands our thoughts afar off,” we shall find assistance and motive ; and success will certainly follow. If, like David, we hate “vain thoughts,” because God hates them, we shall not suffer them to “lodge within us ;” but we shall desire, as the apostle did, “to bring every thought into subjection to the obedience of Christ.” Thus, you see, the argument terminates where most of our discussions do ; for whatever there is amiss in us, there is but one remedy.

Let us entreat God to change our evil hearts ; to make them pure and holy ; to cleanse them from vanity, selfishness, and

uncharitableness; and then all subordinate good consequences will follow. We shall enjoy the esteem and good will of our fellow-creatures, while insuring that which is of infinitely greater consequence—the approbation of our own conscience, and of Him “whose favor is better than life.”



The Opossum caught.

The Opossum.

THE opossum is found exclusively in America, and is familiarly known in the milder parts of the United States.

It is about the size of a cat; but its legs are short, and its body is broad and flat. The females are remarkable for having an abdominal pouch, into which the young ones retreat in time of danger.

Their rate of motion on the ground is very slow; but in trees, where they spend the greater part of their time, they control their movements with much ease, and climb and hold on with great address. Their hind feet have the fifth toe long, which is used in much the same way as our thumb.

The opossum is a very peculiar looking animal, and is the first of this singular order which became known to naturalists. It has been said of them that they have a gape like a pike, the ears of a bat, the feet of an ape, and the tail of a serpent. They have altogether a most repulsive appearance, and give out an offensive odor when molested.

The usual haunts of the opossum are thick forests, and their dens are generally in hollows of decayed trees, where they pass the day in sleep; they sally forth mostly after nightfall, to seek their food. They are occasionally seen out during daylight, especially when they have

young ones that are too large to be carried in the pouch. The female then presents a most ludicrous appearance, as she toils along with twelve or more cubs on her back, about the size of rats, each with his tail twisted round that of his mother, and clinging to her with his paws and teeth. If attacked when in this situation, she will bite with much keenness and severity.

The hunting of this animal is the favorite sport in some of the Middle States. After the autumnal frosts have set in, the opossums leave their dens in search of their favorite fruit,—the persimmon,—which is then in perfection, and parties of the country people go out in the moonlight evenings, attended by dogs trained for the purpose. As soon as these sagacious animals discover the object of their search, they announce it by baying, and the hunters, ascending the tree, shake the limb to which the poor, frightened opossum is clinging, in hopes of hiding itself from its pursuers. It is, however, soon obliged to relax its hold, and falls to the ground. Here, however, it does not lose its presence of mind, but, rolling itself into a ball, counterfeits death. If the dogs are for a moment at fault, it uncoils itself, and attempts to steal away, and repeats the artifice of rolling itself into a ball again at the slightest sound.

But, alas! poor, silly animal; your trickery is too well understood. You cannot "*play 'possum*" to any great advantage, especially when you have Yankees to compete with. Should there, however, be any quantity of grass or underwood beneath the tree from which the animal falls, there is some chance that the wily

creature may yet escape, as it is difficult to distinguish it in the moonlight, or in the shadow of the tree; if, therefore, the hunter has not carefully observed the spot where it fell, his labor is often in vain. This circumstance is, however, generally attended to, and the opossum derives but little benefit from its instinctive artifice.

If taken young, the opossum may be tamed, and becomes very fond of human society. It then relinquishes its nocturnal habits, and grows troublesome from its familiarity. It follows the inmates of the house with great assiduity, complaining, with a whining noise, when left alone. The flavor of its flesh is compared to that of a roast pig.

Beasts, Birds, and Fishes.

THE Dog will come when he is called;
The Cat will walk away;
The Monkey's cheek is very bald;
The Goat is fond of play;
The Parrot is a prate-a-pace,
Yet knows not what he says;
The noble Horse will win the race,
Or draw you in a chaise.

The Pig is not a feeder nice;
The Squirrel loves a nut;
The Wolf will eat you in a trice;
The Buzzard's eyes are shut;
The Lark sings high up in the air,
The Linnet on the tree;
The Swan he has a bosom fair,
And who so proud as he?

O, yes; the Peacock is more proud,
Because his tail has eyes;
The Lion roars so very loud,
He fills you with surprise.

The Raven's coat is shining black,
Or rather raven gray ;
The Camel's bunch is on his back ;
The Owl abhors the day.

The Sparrow steals the cherry ripe ;
The Elephant is wise ;
The Blackbird charms you with his pipe,
The false Hyena cries ;
The Hen guards well her little chicks ;
The useful Cow is meek ;
The Beaver builds wrth mud and sticks ;
The Lapwing loves to squeak.

The little Wren is very small ;
The Humming Bird is less ;
The Lady-Bird is least of all,
And beautiful in dress.
The Pelican she loves her young ;
The Stork his father loves ;
The Woodcock's bill is very long,
And innocent are Doves.

The spotted Tiger's fond of blood ;
The Pigeon feeds on peas ;
The Duck will gobble in the mud ;
The Mice will eat your cheese ;
A Lobster's black ; when boiled, he's red ;
The harmless Lamb must bleed ;
The Codfish has a clumsy head ;
The Goose on grass will feed.

The lady, in her gown of silk,
The little Worm may thank ;
The sick man drinks the Ass's milk ;
The Weasel's long and lank ;
The Buck gives us a venison dish,
When hunted for the spoil ;
The Shark eats up the little fish ;
The Whale he gives us oil.

The Glowworm shines the darkest night,
The candle in its tail ;
The Turtle is the cit's delight ;
It wears a coat of mail.
In Germany they hunt the Boar ;
The Bee brings honey home ;
The Ant lays up a winter store ;
The Bear loves honey-comb.

The Eagle has a crooked beak ;
The Plaice has orange spots ;
The Starling, if he's taught, will speak ;
The Ostrich walks and trots.
The child that does not these things know,
May yet be thought a dunce ;
But I will up in knowledge grow,
As youth can come but once.

Jane Taylor.

The Wild Cat.

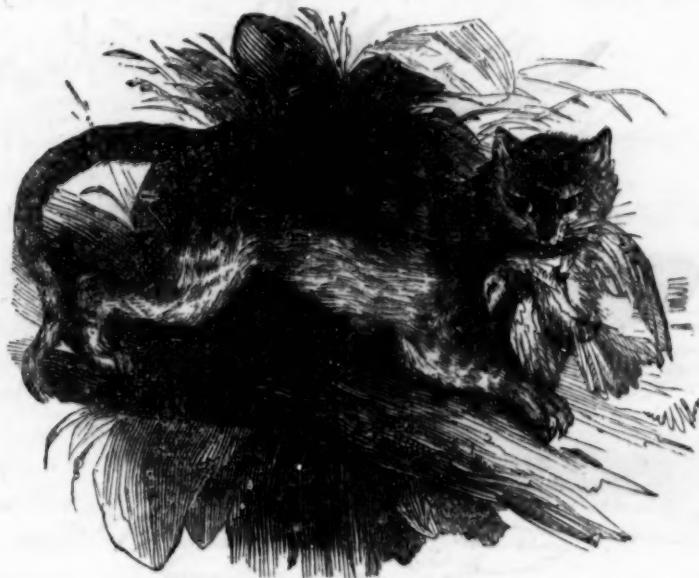
IN England, the wild or wood cat is the fiercest and most destructive of predatory animals, and may not improperly be denominated the *British tiger*. At its full growth, it stands a foot and a half in height, measures nearly two feet round the body, and, including the tail, which is half a yard long, it is about four feet in length. A larger head, more vividly sparkling eyes, and a more agile and daring demeanor distinguish it from the domestic species. Its color is of a yellowish brown; the head, back, sides, and tail, being marked transversely with bars of deep brown and black.

Wild cats are solitary animals. It is therefore dangerous to wound them, as they will turn furiously on their assailant, and they have strength enough to render themselves formidable. In spite, however, of their strength and agility, they are often vanquished by a much smaller enemy. That enemy is the pine marten. The combat between the two animals is well described by the author of the *British Naturalist*.

"The onset," says he, "is one of some skill on both sides. The aim of the cat is to pounce with her paws upon the head of the marten, in such a way that the

claws may destroy or wound its eyes, while her teeth are imbedded in its neck; and, if she can accomplish that, the fate of the marten is decided. That, however, if done at all, must be done in a moment, and if it be lost, there is no repairing the

mistake. If, however, the spring of the cat takes proper effect, there is a struggle, but not of long duration; and it is the same with the opposite result, if the cat miss and the marten fasten, during the short space of exhaustion after the spring.



The Wild Cat of England.

Should both miss, the contest is renewed, and seldom, in the observed cases, (which are not indeed very numerous,) given up till one of them be killed. In a protracted contest, the marten is always the victor, as the cat is first exhausted by the greater weight of her body, and the violence of her leaps. One of these combats was witnessed in 1805, in a secluded dell in Argyleshire. The contest there lasted for more than half an hour, and both combatants were too intent on each other's destruction to shun or fear observation. At last, however, the marten succeeded in falling upon the right side of the cat's neck, and in jerking his long body over her, so as to be out of the reach of her claws;

when, after a good deal of squeaking and struggling, by which the enemy could not be shaken off, the martial achievements of puss were ended in the field of glory."

This animal is much larger in cold climates, and its fur is there held in high estimation.

In Britain, it was formerly very plentiful, and was a beast of chase, as we learn from Richard II.'s charter to the Abbot of Peterborough, giving him permission to hunt the hare, fox, and wild cat. The fur in those days does not seem to have been thought of much value, for it is ordained in Archbishop Corboyl's Canons, A. D. 1127, that no abbess or nun should use more costly

apparel than such as is made of lamb's or cat's skins.

The wild cat is now rarely found in the south of England, and even in Cum-

berland and Westmoreland, its numbers are very much reduced. In the north of Scotland and Ireland, it is, however, still abundant.



The Asp.

THE asp is a species of noxious serpent, celebrated as the instrument of death which Cleopatra is said to have selected to terminate her existence. This serpent is often mentioned by the Greek and Roman writers; and from the discrepancies which are observable in the account given by different authors, it seems probable that there were two or three different species known to the ancients. It is, however, evident, from various circumstances, that the most common and celebrated is the species to which the Arabs give the name of *El Haje*, or *Haje Nascher*.

This animal measures from three to

five feet in length: it is of a dark green color, marked obliquely with bands of brown; the scales of the neck, back, and upper surface of the tail, are slightly raised, and the tail is about one fourth part the length of the whole body. He has the power of swelling out his neck when irritated, and raises himself upright on his tail, to dart by a single bound upon his enemies.

The poison of the asp is of the most deadly nature. Pliny gives the following account of this celebrated serpent: "The neck of the asp is capable of distention, and the only remedy against its bite, is the immediate amputation of the wounded

part. This animal, otherwise so much to be dreaded, has a sentiment, or rather a kind of affection, truly wonderful. It never lives alone, the male and female being constantly found together; and if one happens to be killed, the other seeks, with the utmost fury, to avenge its death. It knows and selects the destroyer from among crowds; it follows him to great distances, surmounts every obstacle, and can only be deprived of its revenge by the most speedy flight, or the intervention of some rapid river.

It is difficult to say whether Nature, in forming this reptile, has been more prodigal of evils than remedies. For instance, she has bestowed upon it so indifferent a vision, (its eyes being placed on the side of the head, thus preventing it from seeing straight before it,) that it is frequently trodden under foot before it is aware of its danger. Thus its venomous power is rendered much less dreadful.

Forskoel, a Swedish naturalist, who has written on the animals of Egypt, informs us that the jugglers of Grand Cairo have the art of taming the haje, and teaching it to dance for the amusement of the populace, taking care, however, to deprive it of its poisonous fangs, though even then they avoid its bite when irritated.

The habit which this serpent has of erecting itself when approached, made the ancient Egyptians imagine that it guarded the places which it inhabited. They made it the emblem of the divinity whom they supposed to protect the world; and accordingly they have represented it on their temples, sculptured on each side of a globe.

The Pleasures of Taste: A Dialogue.

FATHER. Come, girls, are you ready for a walk?

Mary. Quite ready, papa.

Martha. Ready in two minutes, sir.

Father. Which way will you go this evening?

Martha. To the parade, if you please, papa.

Mary. To the beach, papa. We shall be in time to see the sun set.

Martha. I don't like the beach; nobody walks on the beach.

Father. Then we shall have it all to ourselves.

Martha. To ourselves, indeed! Mary always proposes those stupid walks, where there is nothing to be seen.

Mary. O Martha! Nothing to be seen!

Martha. Nothing in the world but the sea.

Father. That is what we are come on purpose to look at.

Martha. Yes, very true; but there is just as good a sea view on the parade, and every body walks on the parade.

Father. Come, then, away to the parade, if you will; and to please you both, we will return by the beach, and enjoy the scene to ourselves.

Mary. Yes, thank you, dear papa; so we will, (*sings*.)

“And listen to the tuneless cry
Of Fishing-gull and Golden-eye.”

Father. A delightful evening!

Martha. Yes, very pleasant; and what crowds of company!

Mary. I think I never saw the sea so calm.

Martha. Pray, look at those ladies, *Mary.* Did you ever see such frightful pelisses!

Mary. How bright that white sail looks, in the distance, with the sun upon it.

Martha. But the fringe is pretty.

Father. And the sea birds; see how they sparkle in the sunshine.

Mary. Yes:

—— “The silver-winged sea-fowl on high,
Like meteors, bespangle the sky,
Or dive in the gulf, or triumphantly ride
Like foam on the surges, the swans of the
tide.”

Martha. Genteel girls! are they not? those that just passed us. I wonder who they are! I wish our spencers had been of that color: it was just the kind I wished for, only mamma would have these.

Mary. O, let us turn! The sun will be down presently; we shall lose it if we walk to the end of the parade.

Father. A fine sunset, indeed!

Mary. What a beautiful reflection on the water! like a column of fire.

Martha. As if the sun did not set every night in the year! It looks so strange to be standing still, like nobody else! does it not?

Father. Nay, we will not regard that.

Mary. How large and red! There, now it just begins to touch the sea. How beautiful! how grand! is it not, father?

Father. Truly it is; and if we were not so much accustomed to the spectacle, it would strike us far more. It is no wonder that the generality of mankind,

who rarely divert their attention from the common interests, occupations, and vanities of life, to contemplate the wonders and beauties of nature, regard them with perfect indifference. They think, as *Martha* says, that the sun sets every night in the year, and they wonder what there can be to admire in it. But a cultivated taste counteracts, in a great degree, this effect of habit, which otherwise renders the most sublime objects unafecting to us. It enables us to see things as they are: to the eye of taste, nature is ever fresh and new, and those objects which it has contemplated a thousand times, still interest and delight it. Thus a source of unfailing and refined pleasure is opened to us; and its chief value consists in this,—that it enables us to derive enjoyment from things that are to be seen every day and every night, and that constantly surround us.

Mary. There goes the sun!—the last, last speck: now it is quite gone.

Father. Gone to enlighten the other hemisphere. It is now dawning on the great Pacific, calling the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands to their daily labor, and leaving us to darkness and repose

Mary. And while we are sleeping so quietly in our beds, at what an amazing pace this globe of ours must be spinning about, to bring us round to face the sun again to-morrow morning!

Father. Yes, there is One “who never slumbers nor sleeps; the darkness and the light are both alike to him.” He it is who holds the planets in their courses, and maintains the vast machinery in perfect order and harmony. He looks down with pure benevolence upon our sleeping

and waking world, and "causes his sun to shine on the just and on the unjust," upon pagan and Christian lands. "His tender mercies are over all his works."

Martha. Papa, shall we take another turn?

Father. With all my heart. Tell me, my dear girl, is there not something more interesting in the scene we have beheld, than in this moving medley of ribbons and feathers?

Martha. O, certainly, papa, more interesting; but surely it is pleasant and cheerful — amusing, at least — to look about one a little, like other people.

Father. All very well in its way, my dear; but a little of it, I confess, satisfies me. Besides, I should be very sorry to be so dependent upon circumstances for my amusements, as to be pleased only with these gay scenes.

Martha. How so, papa? There is always something gay to be seen, if one chooses.

Father. Not always. Suppose, now, I were to send you to your uncle's farm house, where there is nothing to behold but fields and trees and green lanes by day, and nothing but stars overhead by night.

Martha. I believe, indeed, I should be very soon tired of it.

Father. Then, you see, your happiness depends upon circumstances; and you are not so independent as one who could be pleased and happy any where.

Martha. O, but I would never go to a place where I could not be happy.

Father. Now you talk like a silly child. We are not always, we are scarcely ever, entirely at our own dis-

posal; and it may happen that you will have to spend, not a few weeks only, but years — your whole life, perhaps — in such a situation.

Martha. O, shocking! I hope not, I'm sure.

Father. Nay, that is an idle wish. Hope rather for a mind capable of being satisfied with those natural, simple pleasures which Providence every where places within our reach, and then you are more independent than a queen. Our rural poet well sings, —

"I would not, for a world of gold,
That nature's lovely face should tire;"

for truly, an eye to see and a heart to feel its beauties, are of more importance to happiness than a great estate.

Martha. The country is very beautiful, certainly, in some parts; and I should like, of all things, to live in a fine park, with lawns, and trees, and deer, and all that kind of things.

Father. I dare say you would. But suppose, instead of being mistress of this fine park, you were only a tenant's daughter, living in an humble dwelling on its outskirts.

Martha. I should not like that at all.

Father. No? Why, you could walk in the park, and look at the lawns, and the trees, and the deer, as well as the lady herself.

Martha. Yes; just look at them.

Father. Well, the mistress herself could do no more. And let us suppose — a very possible case — that this lady has no true taste for the scenes which surround her; that she values them chiefly as articles of splendor and show, and

prefers a saloon, crowded with company, to a walk in her peaceful lawns and groves; while the tenant's daughter is gifted with taste and sentiment to enjoy these natural beauties; then, I maintain, that her humble neighbor is the happier, the more independent, the more truly elevated, of the two.

Martha. La, papa!

Father. Yes; and I believe it not unfrequently happens, that the great unintentionally, indeed, thus provide pleasures for others, of which they themselves never knew the true enjoyment. So true is it that "man's life consists not in the abundance of the things which he possesses," but in what he is himself. They who depend on artificial pleasures for their happiness, are miserable, if "riches take wings and fly away," so as to prevent them the means of gratification. But the fields, the trees, the blue sky, the starry heavens, are always the same, and of these pleasures none of the vicissitudes of life can deprive us.

By this time, the father and his daughters had reached the lovely beach; the moon had just risen over the eastern cliffs; the planet Venus, that beautiful evening star, which made such a brilliant appearance during the last winter, was now beginning to glow in the west; a star or two faintly glimmered overhead; the sea was perfectly calm, and the gentle, regular fall of the wave on the pebbly shore seemed not to interrupt the solemn stillness. Mary and her father enjoyed the scene; they now walked silently, for to those who can feel them, such scenes dispose less to conversation than reflection.

There is this grand difference between natural, rational pleasures, and those that are artificial,—and it is one by which they may be easily distinguished,—that from the former, the transition to religious thoughts and enjoyments is easy and agreeable. Whether we contemplate nature with the eye of taste, or investigate it with that of philosophy, our thoughts are readily led upwards to the great Author of all, "all whose works praise him;" and it is at such times, with peculiar appropriateness, that the Christian can say,—

"This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Friend."

But from trifling thoughts and dissipating amusements, the transition is violent and difficult indeed, and is, in fact, very rarely attempted.

So it proved in the present instance. When they returned from their walk, Mary retired to her closet, with a mind serious, and disposed for its sacred duties, while Martha remained before her glass, ruminating on the pattern of a new spencer, which had attracted her attention on the parade.—JANE TAYLOR.

"THE consent of all men," says Seneca, "is of very great weight with us: it is a mark that a thing is true, when it appears so to all the world. Thus we conclude there is a divinity, because all men believe it; there being no nation, how corrupt soever they be, which denies it."

Is there a word in English which contains all the vowels? — *Unquestionably.*



Soap Bubbles.

BLOWING soap bubbles is one of the very best ways that we know of entertaining children on a rainy day. It is a quiet, clean amusement, and, more than all, costs nothing. We knew of a lady who had a very careless son, by the name of John: this boy had a horror of cold water, and never liked to wash his hands; so that, whenever his mother had company to tea, she gave him a piece of soap, a bowl, and a pipe, and set him to blowing bubbles. At the expiration of half an hour, his hands were wiped and dried, and every body thought him a very neat boy, and admired the cleanliness of his appearance.

It is a game not at all difficult to play at. In almost every house there's a pipe or a stump of one to be found; or, if not, the grocers sell them at a cent apiece.

Then we think we may presume, that in every family that takes Merry's Museum, there is at least one cake of soap: it makes no difference whether it is Windsor, Brown, Castile, Almond, or Bar. We are not sure that bar is not even the best, it makes such a stout, healthy, ponderous bubble. Then it's not like other games. It may be played all alone, when one has no companions to talk to or romp with. To play blind-man's-buff, there must be at least six of you; and every body knows that you can't play battlecock, when there's no one to toss the shuttlecock back to you, — no, shuttlecock; — but you know what I mean. The boy in the picture seems to be getting along very well by himself, and we have put him there to serve as an example to all our readers who are unacquainted with the joys that lie hidden in the bowl of a tobacco pipe.

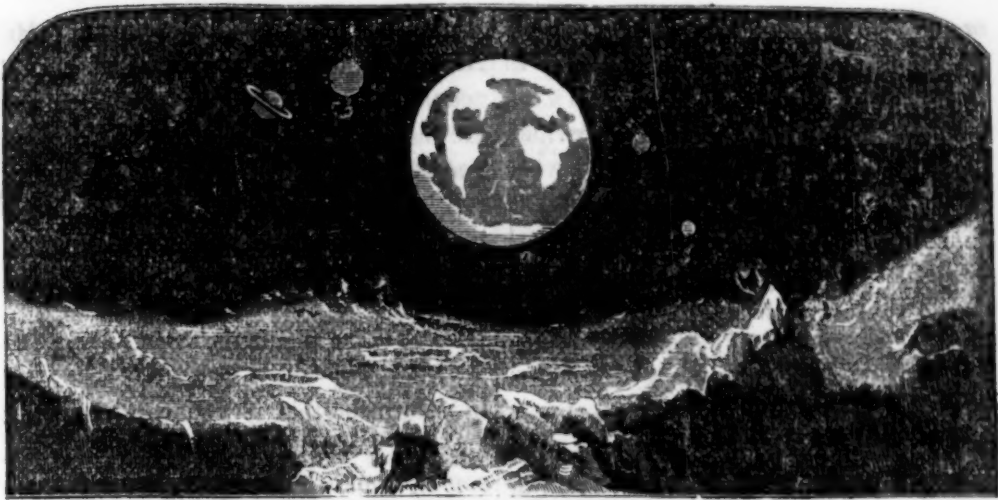
We say tobacco pipe, because that's the name of it; but we expressly stipulate that there shall be no tobacco in it. Bob Merry hopes it will never be said of him that he encourages the use of tobacco in the young. On the contrary, the bowl of the pipe is to be filled with soap and water; then somebody's mouth is to be placed at the small end, and a gentle, but sustained breath to be forced through the pipe. A bubble will form over the bowl, and this will gradually swell, and grow bigger and bigger, till its weight detaches it from the pipe, when it will set off on an excursion to some other world, or on a visit to the moon; that is, if no accident befalls it on the way — if it escapes the window sill, and the eaves of the roof, and does not get lost among the

branches of the elm-tree that overshadows the house. What a title for a story! "*The Adventures of S. Bubble, Esq., midway between Heaven and Earth.*" We remember a bubble of our blowing, that went out of sight some forty years ago. Forty years! That's a long time to remember a bubble! But we recollect the occurrence as if it were but yesterday. It was quite a good sized bubble, about as large as the one in the picture; and as it sailed out of the window, seemed just like a boy of fifteen years old, setting out from the paternal mansion to seek his fortune. It had a roguish, confident way with it, that was quite irresistible; its fat, round cheeks were full of gayety and good humor, and as it rose in the air, the setting sun fell full upon it, lighting up a thousand prismatic colors, and causing it to smile in every corner of its face. Just as it went out of sight, it slightly wriggled in its passage through a current, seeming by this movement to give us a parting salutation. We kissed our hand to it, and it disappeared in the blue of heaven. We've never seen it since, and never expect to behold it again. Some rude puff of wind has caught it, and torn it limb from limb before this; or else a drop of rain, falling from heaven to earth, has made a hole through it, and let the breath out of its body.

That was the last bubble we blew that evening: it made us quite melancholy to think that we could not trace it in its passage through the air, or be present when it died, and receive its last sigh. We were very sober till we went to bed; and then, we remember, we said our

prayers with more than usual feeling. No bubble we've ever made since has replaced our first-born; we've blown many a one, which might put a prize pumpkin to shame for size, but they always burst before they were fairly launched in the air. We've made round, oval, single, double ones, but they never could get beyond the chimney of the house. Never once have we been able to make one go out of sight, except the one we have spoken of. Perhaps, when we were young, out of sight was just over the roof, and that's the reason we succeeded then in what we have always since failed in doing. We regret our lost bubble more than we can tell, and would offer a reward for its recovery, if these were days when bean stalks grew in a night, more than a ship can sail in a week. If any of our readers see it, they can oblige an old man by telling him of its whereabouts.

TREACHERY. — Of all the vices to which human nature is subject, treachery is the most infamous and detestable, being compounded of fraud, cowardice, and revenge. The greatest wrongs will not justify it, as it destroys those principles of mutual confidence and security by which only society can subsist. A brave and generous people will disdain to practise it, even towards their declared enemies. Christianity teaches us to forgive injuries; but to resent them under the disguise of friendship and benevolence, argues a degeneracy which common humanity and justice must blush at.



The Earth, as seen from the Moon.

Two Letters from the Moon!

OUR readers may be a little astonished at the title of this article ; but if they will be patient, and read what follows, they will find all seeming mystery dissipated.

MR. MERRY:

Two of my children, Jane and Henry, have taken it into their heads to write each a letter about the moon, and send them for publication in your Museum. I think they are cleverly done, and if you think so too, please give them a place.

I am yours truly,

A MOTHER.

Lunetown, 9th Month, 1849.

MY REVERED LITERARY ACQUAINTANCE, MR. MERRY.

SIR, I have had the pleasure, through the attention of one of the inhabitants in Lunetown, of learning, much to my wonder and delight, that there is another moon in existence, similar to the one in which we dwell. You may imagine my surprise at all that this gentleman told

me, who has spent a year in your country. Nothing gives me more pleasure than to hear him converse on the subject ; and I now really feel as if I had been to the earth myself.

Mr. Axis brought me a number of what he calls *books*, several of which are written by you. In one I read some letters from colored-eyed subscribers, and to these I wish to add one. This I should not have been able to do, had not my kind friend taught me your language, and manner of writing. You give your young friends a great deal of information : now, in return for what I have received, I will tell you of a great many things of which Mr. Axis says you are totally ignorant. You know not what you lose.

Our manner of living here in the moon, will, I think, strike you very drolly ; and as it will give me pleasure to be able to *strike* you from such a distance, I will do so immediately. All through the village in which I live run what are called *lunations*

or streets. On each side of these are the houses in which the inhabitants dwell. In front of each one is a long pole with a full moon placed at the top, on which is written the name of the resident. This is very convenient for strangers, as the moons can be seen from some distance. Before I forget, let me tell you where to find me, should you ever visit us. I am "Eclipse lunation, full moon 96; family of Moon-struck." Do you understand?

Every thing we use, be it in the house or out of it, takes either the shape of our world, or has a picture of it upon it. For instance, we ride in carriages shaped like a crescent, drawn by horses with moon's horns, who are driven by men dressed in materials of moon manufacture. A large bag is made, with holes for the neck, feet, and arms, and then a cord with moons at each end is tied round their waists. The dress of the men is always the same, but the ladies are allowed to make some variations in their toilets. Our dresses are stamped all over with little colored moons, and stars scattered here and there. When we go out in cloudy weather, we are enveloped in a stuff called "haze," to prevent us from breathing the damp air.

I wish you could go to church with me for once, though you might not find much difference between our style of worship and yours. We spend most of the time during service in singing, except about ten minutes, in which our minister, Mr. Moonlight, tells us the latest news. He tells what we should do, and what we should not do, and prays that we may never fall to the earth. This is the terror of all wicked people. And they are more

frightened still since the return of Mr. Axis, who has given them such droll accounts of your doings. He says you are magicians, and that you have made yourselves extra eyes, with which you can look into our world and all its irregularities! I am anxious to procure a song, written by some earth-man, which begins thus:—

"The man in the moon
Came down too soon."

In return for this, if you can procure it for me, I send you a piece of advice, copied from a book in my possession:—

"Sowe peason and beans in the wane of the moon,—

Who soweth them sooner, he soweth too soon,—

That they with the planet may rest and rise,

And flourish with bearing most plentiful wise."

We have a great many droll names here, all of which are "of the moon, moony." No one is allowed to have a cognomen that has not some allusion to the mother moon. Mr. Axis tells me it is not so with you. This seems to me disrespectful. He told me the names of a great many of your prominent men, such as Peter Parley, Daniel Webster, Zachary Taylor, George Simmons, Mr. Sand's Sarsaparilla, Mr. Sparks, and a great many others whose appellations have no reference to the earth. The only way in which I can account for it is, that they are *above* it. Thus Sparks here always fly upward, and Sarsaparilla gives one a desire to mount like the foam, though I protest against ending in froth. The first part of the above mentioned name is the only respectful one—Mr. Sand. Mr.

Axis has, however, so highly spoken of all these gentlemen, notwithstanding their repudiation of their mother's name, that I feel as if they were repaying her by making her sons famous. Mr. Simmons may expect to see a quantity of moonies of all sizes, as he appeals to both men and boys, entering his Hall in a summary manner, some day. So, for fear they should affect his sight, will you please to forewarn him? As for Zachary Taylor, he ranks so high in my estimation, that I take an excessive interest in any "wars or rumors of wars" in which he is concerned. I will spare your blushes, and not *Parley* about you. There are, however, exceptions to every rule; and after diligent search, I have found one or two, much to my delight, such as Stone, Hill, &c. I honor them for their filial respect. Then you have one man in whose favor I need say nothing. Clay is an honor to his mother Earth.

Now, my dear sir, my paper is on the *wane*; and besides that, I have numberless duties to perform. I have the cows to milk, — for young ladies here are not above following the "*milky way*," — and I have my little sister Starina to put to bed. Would I could continue; but that is impossible. The railroad for the earth is ready to take its departure, and "*rays* wait for no man." I shall at some future time trouble you again; and I now end with this advice to your subscribers: never allow my place of abode to shine on you when asleep, but close your curtains, and as you retire, repeat this, and you will dream of your future husband or wife.

"All hail to thee, moon, all hail to thee;
I prithee, good moon, reveal to me,
This night, who my husband — 'or wife —
shall be."

Good-bye, Mr. Merry. I follow the general custom set by your earthly subscribers, and beg you to print this if you think it worthy, which, as you so seldom hear from the moon, I hope you will. I hear that you are to be favored with one or two other epistles from our town. I tremble for fear that mine will be the only unaccepted one. But you must look leniently on one who has so lately learned your language and hieroglyphics, and thus oblige your heavenly friend,

TWILIGHT MOONSTRUCK.

P. S. I wonder if it is on the earth the same as it is here, namely, that the postscript of a lady's letter is the most important part of it. If so, you will not be astonished that in my patriotism I should keep this request until the last. My dear Mr. Merry, when looking up by chance some night at the bright moon, do not liken my place of abode either to a "*green cheese*," or a "*cart wheel*."

The Vale of Arcadia. }
This 2d of August. }

DEAR MR. MERRY:

Although I am no dreamer, and put no faith in the creations of mind without the guidance of matter — yet I must confess that a good dream amuses me; and as I suppose others may be willing to be amused, I am going to give your young readers an account of the workings of my imagination last night at Nahant.

I had been sitting with a romantic

young friend near the Spouting Horn, under the silver rays of the harvest moon, and felt myself, when I retired, absolutely oppressed with the dreamy radiance that was shed around my little apartment. Unheeding the usually credited idea that the full rays of the moon, falling upon a sleeper, produce uneasy sensations, I threw myself upon my couch, and was soon wrapped in deep, but dreamy slumber.

In the spirit-land, I became conscious of whirling through a vast expanse, at lightning speed, in what form I knew not. I was a sentient being, at least, endowed with the sense of vision, and capable of feeling intense pleasure from the exercise of my visual orbs. But whether man, beast, bird, fish, or insect, or even a lower order in the animal creation, I knew not. All my powers were absorbed in the act of seeing what was spread out before me.

After a breathless passage of two hundred and thirty-seven thousand miles, I found myself suspended in mid air, near an immense mass of matter, of a round form, and of a surface which appeared marked with spots, which, to my eye, seemed like mountains and valleys. Just at this moment, what was my terror to behold a sort of convulsion in one of these elevations, and a portion of rock detach itself, and fall, rushing through the air with a whizzing sound! Where it went, I could form no idea; but whatever it might encounter would surely suffer in the contact. A gentle rotatory motion in the body near which I was placed, produced in me a slight dizziness, at the same time that my eyes were dazzled by

the intense rays of an immense ball of light, which was insufferable to behold.

Recovering a little from the confusion into which my rapid journey had thrown me, I ventured to gaze around me; and my first effort was directed towards a brilliant, but soft light, which appeared to be taking a distinct and tangible form on the mass of matter which had so riveted my attention. As the rays from the luminary increased, I distinctly perceived the outline of a female form of surpassing loveliness. This gradually filled out. The head, covered with flowing hair, was crowned with a crescent of silvery brightness; the arms, white and bare, were waving backwards and forwards; and the whole body was bathed in the glorious but subdued rays of the brilliant luminary I have before spoken of. My attention was fixed upon the soft but intense expression of the eyes, and the beckoning and beseeching motion of the arms. She was assuredly exercising a mesmeric influence — but upon what?

I cast my eyes around to discover the cause of this phenomenon, when, stretched out beneath me, was the same blue and glorious sea, upon whose shores I had enjoyed so much, and dreamed so many day-dreams; and lo! her glad waves leaped and rolled along, like a lover beckoned by the hand of his mistress. I have since seen many lovely scenes, Mr. Merry, but never have I viewed any thing so enchanting. The loveliness of that goddess, — for she could be nothing else, — her beseeching attitude, the languor of her large, dark eye, the silvery brightness of her "white symar," filled my senses with delight.

I now began to be aware of a gradual increase in the size of this mysterious being. The crescent on her head began to grow circular, and finally assumed the shape of a ball of burnished silver. She again appeared to be exercising some wonderful influence upon the world beneath. Gathering into her eyes all the effulgence of the rays of the potent luminary, she shot them with intense power upon some objects that appeared of human form. At first they were indistinct to my spiritualized vision; but soon, figures of men and women were descried in various attitudes. Some were tossing their arms wildly in the air, and tearing their hair; others were walking sadly and mournfully along the banks of streams, sometimes disappearing beneath the waves; many seemed inspired with wonderful sensations, and eyed the enchantress with wild and melancholy looks. A young man and maiden might be seen, arm in arm, gazing in each other's eyes; another youth might be seen penning a sonnet to his mistress's eyebrow, or charming her with his lute. All these persons had the word *Luna* written in silvery letters upon their heads, which appeared to be light and shadowy as dreams.

Not far removed from this scene, appeared a large expanse of meadow, filled with gay reapers gathering in their harvest. The lads and lasses were busily cutting and binding up the sheaves of golden grain, dancing and frolicking in the interval of their labor, and evidently rejoicing in the rays of the divinity. Anon the hunter's horn was heard; the tired stag and the baying dogs were seen

panting and coursing under the full blaze of the silvery goddess. All this was charming; and I should have gazed longer, but I became suddenly sensible that a darkness was gradually stealing over the figure and countenance of the empress of light. On looking around for the cause, I saw that the earthy body at which I had been gazing was intercepting the rays of the great luminary. Slowly, but surely, did it roll between us. Sadly and wanly my fair mistress appeared; till, to my fright, darkness came over us like a pall. But there was light below, and many figures were seen with little machines at their eyes, regarding us with looks of pleasure and astonishment. I will not attempt to describe my sensations; but fortunately they were not of long continuance. The darkness rolled off, and the queen of my admiration again shone, in what seemed to me added effulgence.

Sleep now steeped me in forgetfulness. When my senses again awoke, a change had come over my lovely vision. The roundness of her proportions was fading away. The light of her eye became dim. Her arms waved slowly over the expanse. I looked below. The former joyous waves now rolled sadly and slowly at her beck; her votaries were less animated in their gestures; the lover and his mistress reposed; the lute was still; silence reigned, except that now and then a solitary carriage bore home its votary of pleasure, or the drowsy milkman commenced his early round. Alas! my charming beauty was on the *wane*, and I, sympathizing, fell into the arms of Morpheus. He waved his wand over me, and bade me see the fair land of his birth.

Suddenly a fair vision arose to my view. The same lovely face and figure were before me, but in hunter's garb; her melancholy softness had given place to a charming *naïveté* and wild freedom of manner. On her shoulder were a bow and quiver of arrows, and on her small, white feet buskins were attached. The same silvery crescent still bound her brows, and advancing towards her in the distance might be seen a lovely youth. Casting my eyes below, I saw a land of wondrous beauty. Minarets, and towers, and temples, bathed in light, met my view. Sacrifices were prepared by votaries upon splendid altars, and offerings were made at many a shrine. I perceived that the lovely huntress observed all this with pleasure and pride, bowing her stately head, as if receiving and inhaling the incense of her adorers; and now there burst upon my ear, in deafening shouts, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

* * * * *

Starting from my slumbers, I sprang from my bed, and gaining the window, gazed with an undefined hope at the heavens. Will you believe me when I tell you that I there sought the soft eyes, the flowing hair, the waving arms, the unearthly brightness of my enchantress of the night? and will you make sport of me when I tell you that I wept that it was but a dream?

I am but a boy, Mr. Merry, but I am very sure that when I seek a fair one, as I suppose I may, she must have the eye, the look, the form of my vision; and her name must be either Cynthia, Diana, or Luna, or she will never please her

ENDYMION.

REMARKS OF THE EDITOR.

We suppose our young readers have fully understood the various allusions made in these fanciful but interesting letters. In the last, the beholder is supposed to be placed at some distance from the moon. The sun, moon, and earth lie before him. From his station in mid air, he sees a meteoric stone shot from the surface of the lunar body. He notices the effect produced by the moon, when full, upon the tides; her influence upon the mind of man when diseased, and in a state of lunacy, as caused by this supposed circumstance; and upon lovers, who have been from time immemorial her worshippers. The allusion to the harvest, and the hunter's moon, is evident. The reference to the eclipse, and the observation of it through telescopes, will, of course, be understood. Her diminished brightness, and lessened influence when on the wane, will be felt by all who regret her former glories. The personification as Diana in the Greek mythology requires no explanation. Her famous temple at Ephesus was one of the seven wonders of the world.



DWARFS.—Peter the Great, of Russia, had a passion for dwarfs. He had a very little man and woman in his royal household; and when they were married, he collected all the dwarfs throughout his vast empire, to form a wedding procession. They were ninety-three in number, and were paraded through the streets of St. Petersburg, in the smallest possible carriages, drawn by the smallest of Shetland ponies.



The Colossus of Rhodes.

THIS famous statue was erected by the Rhodians in honor of their tutelary deity, Apollo. During one of their wars, they were so effectually succored by their allies, that they determined upon recognizing in this way the protection of the god. Chares, a celebrated sculptor, was intrusted with the project. The statue was to be in brass, and to represent the sun. Chares had scarcely half finished the work, when he found that he had expended all the money that he had received for the whole, and he hanged himself in despair. Laches, another sculptor of renown, finished the work in twelve years, and placed the prodigious statue on its pedestal. The ancient authors who lived at the time that the Colossus of Rhodes is said to have been in existence, gave its height at sev-

enty cubits, or one hundred English feet. Pliny relates that few persons could span its thumb, and that its fingers were as long as ordinary statues. The figure was placed across the entrance of the harbor, and the Rhodian vessels could pass under its legs. This monster of art remained erect only sixty years; it was then thrown from its place by an earthquake, which broke it off at the knees. Some centuries after, its remains were beaten to pieces, and sold to a Jew merchant, who loaded above nine hundred camels with its spoils.

The practice of executing statues of colossal dimensions and proportions, is of very high antiquity. The pagodas of China and India abound with *colossi* of almost every description.

News from Billy Bump.

WE learn that our readers have been in a state of the greatest anxiety to hear from their friend Billy Bump; and we are much pleased to lay before them the following letter.

Loreto, Lower California, Jan. —, 1849.

MY DEAR MOTHER: Here I am — safe and sound — after lots of adventures and hair-breadth escapes, enough to fill a book. When I get home, if that should ever happen, I mean to write an account of my experiences for the last six weeks, which, I think, will be as wonderful as the stories of Robinson Crusoe, Baron Munchausen, or Jack the Giant-Killer. Never was a poor fellow so buffeted and banged about; and, after all, I am at the very strangest place in the world, and one I never heard of, till I got to it. But I must give you a sketch of my experience.

I sailed from Panama, on the 4th of October, in the schooner Beato, being bound for San Gabriel, a place on the coast, some two or three hundred miles south of San Francisco. We expected our voyage to be about a month in duration, but we had calms and head winds, and all sorts of mishaps, and finally got out of water. We were near the land, and two fellows, with myself, went in a boat to see if we could find some. When we got near the shore, the surf swamped our boat, and we were sprawled into the water. With a good deal of scrambling, we reached the land, but our boat was smashed on the rocks; and the weather continuing rough, the schooner set sail, and went on its way.

Well, that was a pretty fix for an innocent youth, named Billy Bump, at the tender age of seventeen! I have pretty good courage, mother, and am more apt to laugh than cry; but when I looked around, and took a fair account of my situation, I felt the salt constantly getting into my eyes, and making every thing look as if we were in an April fog. Consider the state of the case. We were on the western coast of Lower California, a long, snaggy country, poking into the Pacific, from north to south, say five hundred miles. In looking at the coast, it appeared to me like a dark, desolate region of iron. The mountains rose abruptly from the shore to the height of two or three thousand feet, presenting not a single tree, or shrub, or blade of grass. At the feet of the rocky cliffs lay the boundless ocean, seeming smooth and tranquil at a distance, but along the shore, roaring, thundering, and tumbling, like forty thousand giants dashing out their brains in vain attempts to demolish the mountains which obstructed their progress. On one of the narrow ranges of these cliffs sat three persons — Diego Mina and Bernardo Golfin, of Chili, and Billy Bump, of Sundown.

Mina was an old salt — that is, a sailor, some five and forty years old; short, black as an Indian, and hard and wrinkled as the trunk of an oak. Golfin was a Chilian dandy; five feet high, small body, and a little, sallow face, sunk deep in a black, swampy thicket of hair, whiskers, and moustaches. There we were, snug as three fleas in a bottle. My companions spoke nothing but Spanish, of

which I did not know a sentence. On my passage, I had caught a few words, and was able to make out, that in the present posture of affairs, they were both at their wits' end, having given up their entire concerns to the Virgin Mary, and a lot of persons in the other world whom I supposed to be saints. These fellows had at least one comfort—they could converse together. They had their sorrows—but they could find relief in expressing them. Never before did I feel such respect for the human tongue and the invention of language. I believe I would have given one of my eyes, or one of my ears, or any half dozen of my fingers or toes, to have been able to talk with these two Spaniards.

We staid three days on the rocky shore, feeding upon muscles and seaweed, hoping for the return of the Beato, or the appearance of some vessel by which we might escape. But we were disappointed. At length, I determined to climb the mountains, and endeavor to cross the country to the eastern side of the peninsula—a distance, as I had learned, of some fifty or sixty miles. I expected to find no inhabitants, except, perhaps, a few Indians, wolves, foxes, and rattlesnakes; but my anxiety to do something made me perfectly fearless. I was, in fact, desperate, so eager was my desire to be doing something.

I made my plans known to my companions as well as I could, by looks, signs, and jargon; but they rolled up their eyes, and concluded to stick by the Virgin and the saints. So I started upon my own hook. I found a narrow gorge in the cliffs, and, by diligent scrambling,

gained the top of the first range of mountains—some two thousand feet high. The scene was amazingly grand; on one side, the broad ocean, spreading out and mingling with the sky; on the other, a seeming city of mountain peaks, dark and dingy with age, and haggard from the effects of volcanic shocks, and the long, wasting influence of time and tempest. No living thing was visible in this extended view—not a tree or plant—not an insect or a bird—save only that, far away, I saw a vulture poised in the sky, and looking steadily down, as if searching for his meal.

It was a mad project; but I determined to try my fortune, and entered this wilderness of cliffs and ridges. I have not time now to tell you, day by day, and night by night, my wild adventures during the three following weeks. I had no money; and among these regions, that was of little consequence. My shoes were thin, and were soon cut to pieces in climbing and descending the cliffs. I had on a thin linen dress: this was very well during the days, which were hot, but at night I suffered from the cold. I had with me a small bundle of muscles, which I ate economically for the first two days: on the third, I came to a ravine, where there was a little river. This ran eastwardly, and I hoped, by following it, to reach the eastern shore, bordering on the Gulf of California; for here I understood there were settlements. But the river soon terminated in a little valley, in the centre of which was a small lake.

Never have I seen any thing so lovely as this spot seemed, when first I came upon it. All around, the scenery con-

sisted of dreary rocks, appearing like grisly giants, guarding this lonely and sequestered valley. The lake consisted of the purest water, and its shores were covered, even though it was November, with rich vegetation, and flowers of a thousand forms and hues. Birds of bright plumage and sportive airs glided over the water, or glanced through the thickets. I was filled with delight at the scene, so different from the barren desolation amid which I had been wandering.

I approached the lake, and as the weather was intensely hot, and I was very weary, I prepared for a bath. I had taken off my cap and jacket, and was about to complete my preparations, when I heard a strange humming in the bushes at my side. I looked in that direction, and there lay a rattlesnake ready to spring upon me. I leaped upon the bank, but found that I had trod right in among a family of scorpions, one of which gave me a villanous stab in the calf of the leg, with a sort of natural bowie knife which he carries at the end of his tail. I had not fairly got clear of these fellows, when I felt something come slap down upon the top of my head. I put up my hand, and caught hold of a green snake, which, it seems, had fallen from a magnolia-tree, which rose above me. I looked up, and almost every leaf and flower of the tree, was occupied by one of these agreeable little personages. Leaving my cap and jacket to the rattlesnake, I went away with a hop, skip, and a jump, giving to this valley the name of *Snaky Hollow*. It is mine, by the right of discovery; but I

will give a clear deed of it to any body who would like it.

I began to climb the mountains again, and at the end of two days I reached a ravine, where I saw some huts made of canes and leaves. There was nobody there; so I took possession of one. The gorge or valley between the mountains was fertile in places, and I had no difficulty in finding enough to eat. There were wild figs, a kind of custard apple or paw-paw, and various other fruits, in abundance. Being very much fatigued and almost worn out, I concluded to stop here, and recruit. After three days, a terrible event happened. It was night, and I was sleeping in my bed of leaves, when I heard a strange, rumbling noise. I went to the opening of the hut, and looked about. It was perfectly dark, and not a breath of air was stirring; but an awful sound, seeming to come from the bowels of the earth, filled my ears. What it meant, was beyond my conception. If you can imagine some giant, as big as a mountain, suddenly smitten with a fit of the colic — rolling, tumbling, and groaning in his agony — you may have some idea of the noises which then assailed me.

I waited a few moments in mingled wonder and horror, when suddenly a rush of wind swept by, prostrating my cabin, and tumbling me in among the wreck. For a moment, all was still; and then suddenly the whole heavens seemed to be on fire. The mystery was now explained: one of the mountains which skirted the valley, was volcanic, and being suddenly taken with a fit of fever and ague, began to vomit forth fire and smoke, melted

stones and lava. The latter, a seeming river of fire, was rolling down the sides of the mountain, and threatened speedily to fill up the valley. It was becoming too hot for me; and so, without staying long to make up my mind, I took the opposite direction, and left the volcano to its fate. For a week after, I could see its pitchy smoke screwing the heavens, and gliding away at last in a long, dim line, till it was lost in the sky.

My adventures were not yet at an end. In about three days, I came to a considerable river. This I followed, and it soon brought me to the sea, which I knew of course to be the Gulf of California. While I was walking along the shore, a white man and two Indians sprung suddenly from the reeds and bushes, and made me a prisoner. They said not a word, nor did I. The Indians were naked as a chestnut out of the burr; but the white man had a thin dress, and a broad-brimmed, palm-leaf hat. When I was firmly bound, the man spoke to me in Spanish. I shook my head, to signify that I did not understand the language. He then spoke to me in English.

"Who are you?" said he.

"William Bump, of Boston!" said I.

Never did I see such a droll expression, as came over the man's face, as I gave this answer.

"William Bump, of Boston?" he repeated with great emphasis; "and how came you here?"

"I was cast away on the other side."

"And how did you get across?"

"I came afoot: there was no railroad!"

The man smiled, and I thought, at the

time, it was a very Yankee smile indeed. He went on:—

"And so you was cast away,—and you crossed those mountains? Wal—that's just like the rest on 'em. Now, there ain't a Spaniard, or a Mexican, or an Indian, in all Kalliforny, Upper or Lower, that dare do what that are chap has done. It's the nature of the beast: these Yankees du beat the Dutch. They go and come, and don't mind rattlesnakes, copperheads, racers, scorpions, or volcanoes. Go-ahead is chapter and varse for them. Wal, wal—I thought I'd got to the end of creation, but this fellow's found me out. I'm glad to see him, though: Look 'ere—what'd you say your name was?"

"William Bump, or Billy Bump, just as you like."

"Well, come go with me." Saying this, my new acquaintance took me to a rude, though comfortable hut, at a short distance. Here were about half a dozen Indians, and around were several other huts. The shore was near by, and in a little nook of the bay, between two rocks, lay three light canoes. We entered the hut, and the man soon told me his story. His name was Paul Pike, son of Captain David Pike, of Popperidge, Massachusetts. He came first to Mexico, to sell clocks, and got a little money by it. He then took to catching horses, on the plains, which he sold to General Scott's army. He was finally taken by the Mexicans, but slipped through their fingers, and took to peddling, passing himself off as a native Mexican. He found a great demand for pearls, and accordingly wrote to his brother Jim, of Popperidge, to

manufacture a lot of wooden ones. These came, but did not pay. Paul then chanced to hear of the pearl fisheries on the Gulf of California, and set out to investigate the matter.

He soon arrived, and catching two wild Indians, set them to diving for the pearl oysters. This did pretty well, and he went on till he had caught six Indians at the time I arrived. He supposed I was an Indian, and I was caught in order to catch oysters for him. Paul was perhaps disappointed at first, but he seemed delighted at last. He treated me with great kindness, and begged me to stay with him, offering me a share in his business. He expected soon to be worth a hundred thousand dollars, when he intended to return, marry the daughter of Squire Bliss, of Popperidge, and go representative to congress from that district!

I had a hard battle to overcome Paul

Pike's arguments, in favor of staying with him. When, at last, he found me determined to pursue my own plans, he made me promise to return, if I did not succeed; he then supplied me with necessary clothes, gave me twelve pearls, worth twenty dollars apiece, and sent me, in a boat, paddled by an Indian, to this place; and here I am.

Loreto is the capital of Lower California, but it has not more than three hundred inhabitants. I shall leave this place for San Gabriel in two weeks, with a company of merchants and travellers, going in that direction. I hope to write you soon from that place, and tell you of a happy termination to my strange adventures.

Adieu, dear mother. May Heaven ever bless you and father, and every thing that belongs to my beloved, but far-off home.

I am yours truly,

WILLIAM BUMP.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

THE following letters will be read with interest by all our readers.

Paris, Sept. 1, 1849.

MY DEAR MR. MERRY:

My father, who wishes to have me learn to write good letters, which he says is a great accomplishment, sent for your Museum of this year, that I might see how many little girls and boys, set at ease by your kindness and encouragement, wrote to you without fear. I do not think that I should have dared to do so, before I had your pleasant little work; but now, Mr. Merry, it is you who must consent to bear the blame, for you yourself say that you

are happy to receive neatly-written letters, with the postage paid.

I am only twelve years old, Mr. Merry; and having no brothers nor sisters, I am often left to myself for hours together, when my father has gone to his business. My mother died when I was only four years old; and I can only remember, that there was once another dear friend, whom I loved very much. You may therefore see, Mr. Merry, that I must have had recourse to books for amusement and occupation; and among the many in my possession are several of yours.

As you have visited Paris, you will know just where I live, when I tell you that our

apartment is situated in a fine hotel on the Boulevard de la Madeleine. This hotel is called the *Cité Vindé*; that is, it is a city belonging to M. de Vindé. It is built round two courts, and we live in the second one. The front is very handsome, having a beautifully arched entrance, with a heavy gate of iron. There are balconies extending the whole length, with flowers, placed there by the occupants of the apartments to which the balconies belong. High up there are two statues, but of what I do not know; I should have to look through a spy glass, they are so high.

Every day I go out with my French governess, to walk or ride. My favorite walk is to the Gardens of the Tuileries, where I can read, or jump, hop, drive hoop, or run races. But I generally prefer sitting still and looking on, for I think such a big girl as I am should begin to behave like a lady — do not you, Mr. Merry? Now, do not laugh at me for this, I beg, for I am more laughed at now than I like by half. Father says I am almost as old fashioned as little Paul Dombey, in Mr. Dickens's last book. I do not know what he means, but he says when I am fourteen, I may read the book, and find out for myself. So I will!

I went yesterday to a wood about two miles out of Paris, called the "*Bois de Boulogne*." Here I got on to a cunning little donkey, who looked so gentle and kind that I would not take a whip, although the keeper told me I should be sorry if I did not. Well, off I went; and as long as my little steed could hear the crack of his master's long whip, he went very well, much to my delight. We soon, however, got out of sight and hearing of every one, and in a little dark path my donkey stopped short; nor would he start again. I had never ridden before unless followed by a little ragged boy who made a noise to frighten the animal by rapidly shaking some stones in a basket. I thought the little fellow wanted to rest, and for a moment I humored him. "Now," said I, chirruping to him, "let's be off again." But no; there he stood, and nothing I could do or say would make him stir. I now began to regret my having so

obstinately refused to take a whip. I looked around me, but could see no one; neither was there a switch within my reach. What to do I did not know, and for a moment I felt almost like crying. But just as I was beginning to be so foolish, the thought came across me, as to whether tears running would make a donkey run. At this thought I laughed loud to myself, much to the astonishment of my stubborn friend, who started off in good earnest for his stand. We went on nicely until we got in sight of my governess and the donkey's owner; and then, thinking that if there was any scolding to be got, I deserved the worst, he sent me, by a kicking out of his hind legs, directly over his head, lodging me at his master's feet, upon the green grass, unhurt, but ashamed and more ready to shed tears, than to join the laugh at my expense. I think I learned a good lesson from this, Mr. Merry; and hereafter, the little animal may not expect me, as father says, to "spare the whip, and spoil the donkey."

I have been here for nearly a year, Mr. Merry, and I sometimes wish myself back in my own city of New York. But I have no hopes of returning there for many years. Father brought me here that I might learn the French, German, and Italian languages, with the promise, that when I could read the two last with ease, I should visit the countries where they are spoken. He says that a language can never be learned, unless at headquarters; that is, if you wish to speak it. Do you think so too, Mr. Merry? I told some one, the other day, that I had come here to finish my education; and father called out, "Then you must spend your life here, Lizzie, for a lady's education never is finished!" O, I felt so ashamed, Mr. Merry, to be corrected before everybody; but it will keep me from forgetting what father said, and will do me good, I am sure. Do you mean to come to Paris again some time or other? You do not know what a great desire I have to see you. I have a picture of you in one of my books, in which you have a wooden leg, and are telling the boys around you not to tread

on your gouty toe. But this does not please me. I do not believe that you have the gout, for father says that only old people have it; and some one told me, the other day, that you were not nearly so old as you made yourself to be in your pictures.

I wish my paper would last longer, Mr. Merry; for I have not said one half that I wished to, and here I am nearly at the bottom of the fourth page of my sheet. You will not think this too long — will you, sir? If you knew what pleasant hours I have spent in the anticipation, and the writing of it, you would not wonder that I plead for forgiveness if I have taxed your patience too much, and for the permission to write some time again. This, from your usual kindness to children, I feel sure you will grant.

On reading this letter to father, he says I have made him too much of an oracle, and that his modesty goes against my sending this letter. Whom have I to look up to but him? And is it not his own fault, Mr. Merry, if he will teach me himself, and not trust too much to my governess? Hoping, my dear sir, that you will agree with me in all I say, I sign myself your respectful and true blue-eyed friend.

LIZZY G—.

MY DEAR MR. MERRY:

Among your many thousand subscribers, do you know of any who object to the puzzles in your delightful magazine? Now, my opinion is, that there is not one; and as for myself, I am an earnest advocate for them. I am not only pleased in discovering their solutions, but in composing them too; and I send you the following as a proof, that you may not think what I say is flummery.

Now, Mr. Merry, I shall not ask you to put this letter into your magazine if you find it worthy a place; but I will frankly tell you what will be the consequence should you not do so. I warn you that I shall continue to write until I see one of my epistles in print; and as you cannot foresee how long I may be before I indite one really *worthy*, you had better have done with me at once.

Then, again, you will lead me, I fear, into a large bill of expense; for I agree with you, that we, being the obliged, should pay the postage of all the epistolary bores we choose to inflict on you.

Now, my dear Mr. Merry, take all these matters into consideration, for the sake of your pleading, but firm friend and constant reader,

Busy Body.

I am a proverb consisting of twenty-eight letters.

My 1, 17, 14, 7, is the noise of an animal which once spoke to a prophet.

My 7, 22, 10, 25, 15, is a kind of sea craft used for amusement.

My 8, 16, 11, 7, is well known to sailors.

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MR. MERRY:

I should like to know whether you do not intend to give us some pieces of music in the Museum. I do not think it is necessary to have music in every number, but it seems to me desirable, two or three times a year.

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We reply to the above, that we intend to do as J. H. S. proposes.

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Parley. Must I, indeed? *Must* is a very strong word.

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Parley. Well, now, what am I to do, amid all this confusion of tongues? One is for war, and another for peace; one for good children, and one for naughty children; one for fairy tales, and one for Bible stories. What am I to do?

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All the Children. O, do as you please—choose for us—choose for us;—go ahead!—Any thing you like.—Hurrah for Old Zach, &c., &c.

Upon this, Peter Parley proceeded as follows:—

Once upon a time, there was a family that lived in the woods, far away from any other people. There were the father and mother and four children—Thomas, Ruth, Simon, and Milly. Thomas, the eldest, was fifteen years old, and a bold, daring boy. Ruth was thirteen, very handsome, and a little conceited. Simon was eleven, and very cunning. Milly was nine, and very kind and gentle.

Well, among the rocks, near where these people dwelt, there was a cave, and in that cave there lived a young bear. He was a lively, frolicsome creature, and when the children went that way, he seemed half inclined to make their acquaintance. He would rise up on his hind legs, as if he wished to be a boy; and then he would tumble head over heels, and make the drollest faces imaginable. So the children made acquaintance with the bear, and it was one of their amusements to go and see him; but the creature took good care to keep at a distance from them. If they came too close, he was sure to run into his cave, and not come out again till the next day.

Now, one day, the children were talking about their bear, as they called him; and Thomas began to boast that he could catch him, if he were really a mind to. Then Ruth said she could catch him, and Simon said he could catch him. Milly said nothing. However, it was finally agreed that each should take a week, and

see which should succeed in capturing the shaggy beast.

Thomas was to begin. So he chased the fellow into his den, and got hold of him. Bruin was offended, and, resorting to his teeth and claws, cut two or three pretty deep gashes in the hands and face of his assailant. Thomas went home not a little crest-fallen.

It was now Ruth's turn. She said that Thomas began wrong: he was a boy, and it was natural for the creature to be frightened. So she dressed herself up in her new hat, with a wreath of roses; she put on her silk dress, with short sleeves, and thus attired went to the den of the little monster. There he sat, at the door of his cottage, taking his comfort in the sun. Ruth approached, and stood before him in all the majesty of black eyes and curly hair, with silk, and roses and other flowers. Would you believe it—the bear did not get down upon his knees, and kiss the hand of the beautiful Ruth. Not a bit of it. He looked amazed for a few seconds; then put his tail between his legs, uttered a low growl, and marched into his cave! Poor Ruth was sadly mortified at first; but she concluded, at last, that such shabby treatment was to be expected from a bear. Of course he knew no better.

And now it was Simon's turn. Well, he felt sure of success. He got a string, and made a noose; and then he placed it near the bear's cave, and put a piece of meat close by. He expected the bear would come to get the meat; that, in doing this, he would put his feet in the noose: he would then draw it, and Bruin would be made captive at once. But

cunning usually begets cunning. The bear came out of his den, and began smelling about. He soon saw that something had been going on, and consequently he became suspicious. At last he discovered the string, and the meat. "Oh ho," he seemed to say to himself, "here's some trick, and I must be careful." So he walked around the string, and, taking the meat in his mouth, walked off with it, giving the artful Master Simon no chance to do him the least mischief.

At last it was poor Milly's turn. She had no confidence of success, but she concluded to try. So she went to the cave, and there was Master Bruin, as usual. Milly sat down at a little distance, and began to play with the flowers. By and by, Bruin wished to see what she was about, and so he began to creep towards her. At last, she looked up and smiled, and Bruin smiled too. And then Milly held out her hand, and Bruin held out his paw. And there they sat looking kindly at each other; and by and by, Milly got up to go away. Bruin whined, and seemed to say, "Do stay a little longer!"

However, Milly went away; but the next day she returned, and the bear came out, and approached her, and smiled. Milly was very patient, and very gentle, and in four days Master Bruin actually licked her hand! He seemed mightily pleased, and, coming close up, gave her a hearty buss, in his fashion, right upon her cheek. That settled the matter, and they became friends at once. At the end of a week, Milly returned to the house with Bruin walking by her side!

Thus modest, gentle Milly showed that she was in fact more powerful than the bold and daring Thomas, the beautiful and coquettish Ruth, and the cunning Simon.

And now, my young friends, let me give you a word of advice: If you want a story of Peter Parley, don't say, "*You must*" and "*You shall*;" but "*Please, Mr. Parley*," and "*Pray, Mr. Parley*." And so, through life, be gentle—patient; and remember that, if you wish to subdue even the rough, the violent, the wilful, it is better to set about it like gentle Milly.

For Merry's Museum.

The Pet Rabbits.

LITTLE Grace was very fond of pets. Sometimes she had a pretty kitten, which would always grow into a large cat; and she had a nice dog, which could not live comfortably in the city, and was sent into the country to live with her uncle. Once she had some cunning little rabbits, which she loved very much; and she took great care of them, and fed them with fresh grass, and lettuce, and parsley, of which rabbits are very fond. She went one morning quite early to feed them. James and Fanny were with her. She opened the cover of their box house, and the rabbits had gone! "How could they have got away? Who could have let them out? Did any body steal them?" Grace began to cry, and ran to her father, who was trimming the grape vine, and told him somebody had stolen her rabbits. He went immediately to see about it;

and lo! in one corner of the house was a hole dug, quite large enough for a rabbit to run out of. They moved the box, and discovered that the little rabbits, tired of their narrow quarters, had dug a hole into the ground, and run way; and what became of them, Grace never knew. After that, she had three more; two white and one mouse-colored. These lived with the children almost all summer, and were taken out to be exhibited to all visitors. Sometimes Grace had them in her room in a basket, and sometimes they were laid into the cradle for the baby to look at; and he would pat their soft hair, and pull their long ears, with his tiny hands; then he would laugh and crow to them so loudly, that the bunnies would give a jump, and away they would go out of the cradle.

One morning, a white rabbit was missing; and though great search was made, it could not be found. Papa thought a rat might have caught it, and carried it off. This was very sad; but uncle Charles brought another to supply its place. This one ran away or was carried off too. Poor Grace was in despair. What did become of her darling rabbits? Very soon the other white one was found dead in his house. Grace was in great distress. She took it in her lap, and cried as if her heart would break. What should she do; her darling pet was dead, dear little Whitefoot. The other children stood around and cried too. To comfort her, somewhat, Papa said it should be buried under the rose-bush, and that she might plant some flower seeds there if she chose. So Whitefoot was buried in a neat little box, which her sister Mary

gave her. The mouse-colored one was left alone. His name was Mopsy. He was more petted than ever. One day, the children were all out in the yard, and Mopsy was running all about, and they were having a fine frolic, when the rabbit ran out of the yard, through the arch, into the court. The children all hurried after it; and just as they got into the court, a great black dog spied poor bunny, and ran after it. O, if you could have heard Grace scream, "O, my rabbit, my rabbit! O, the dog, the dog!" We all ran to the windows; the neighbors put out their heads, hearing the dreadful screams, to ask what was the matter; people in the street stopped to look, and there was a great commotion. The rabbit ran this way and that, and the dog after it. Patrick seized a cane, and tried to beat the dog out of the street. Nancy, the cook, came out with a dish-towel in one hand and the mortar in the other; and Bridget and Peggy came, armed with brooms. The owner of the dog tried to call him off, when he found what a trouble he had made, for it was he that had set the dog in pursuit of the rabbit. Grace at last caught the poor little thing, when it was almost exhausted. Its heart was beating as if it would break, and it was a long time before it could run about again. But the children were very careful about letting it go away from them after this. Mopsy was quite happy and contented to live alone, and was treated with extraordinary kindness. But he too was doomed. He was found dead in his box, nicely nestled away under the straw. This was a more terrible grief to poor Grace than all the

rest: this was her last: so cruel to kill this! She cried till she made herself sick, and could not go to school, and her mother said she could not allow her to have any more rabbits, as she loved them too much, and made herself so unhappy when they died or ran away. Papa buried this one, too, under the rose-bush, by the side of Whitefoot; and Grace and the children, the next spring, planted nasturtiums and morning-glories all over its grave. But after this, Grace never tried to keep any more rabbits.

The Queen Semiramis.

[Ninus, according to the ancient historians, was one of the early kings of the Assyrian empire, and lived some two thousand years B. C. His capital was Nineveh, then a great city, but now a heap of ruins. His wife, Semiramis, is said to have murdered her husband, by which act she became queen. She then ruled over the country, displaying great ambition, and making many conquests. She is one of the most celebrated characters in ancient history. The following story, founded upon the history of Semiramis, is one of the compositions of the middle ages, read to the monks in the cloisters by a younger brother, for their amusement, while they were at their meals.]

"Of all my wives," said King Ninus to Semiramis, "it is you I love the best. None have charms and graces like you, and for you I would willingly resign them all."

"Let the king consider well what he says," replied Semiramis. "What if I were to take him at his word!"

"Do so," returned the monarch;

"whilst beloved by you, I am indifferent to all the others."

"So, then, if I asked it," said Semiramis, "you would banish all your other wives, and love me alone? I should be alone your consort, the partaker of your power, and queen of Assyria?"

"Queen of Assyria! Are you not so already," said Ninus, "since you reign, by your beauty, over its king?"

"No, no," answered his lovely friend; "I am at present only a slave whom you love. I reign not; I merely charm. When I give an order, you are consulted before I am obeyed."

"And to reign, then, you think so great a pleasure?"

"Yes, to one who has never experienced it."

"And do you wish, then, to experience it? Would you like to reign a few days in my place?"

"Take care, O king; do not offer too much."

"No; I repeat it," said the captivated monarch. "Would you like for one whole day to be mistress of Assyria? If you would, I consent to it."

"And all which I command, then, shall be executed?"

"Yes; I will resign to you, for one entire day, my power and my golden sceptre."

"And when shall this be?"

"To-morrow, if you like."

"I do," said Semiramis; and let her head fall upon the shoulder of the king, like a beautiful woman asking pardon for some caprice which had been yielded to.

The next morning, Semiramis called her women, and commanded them to

dress her magnificently. On her head she wore a crown of precious stones, and appeared thus before Ninus. Ninus, enchanted with her beauty, ordered the officers of the palace to assemble in the state chamber, and his golden sceptre to be brought from the treasury. He then entered the chamber, leading Semiramis by the hand. All prostrated themselves before the aspect of the king, who conducted Semiramis to the throne, and seated her upon it. Then ordering the whole assembly to rise, he announced to the court that they were to obey, during the whole day, Semiramis, as himself. So saying, he took up the golden sceptre, and placing it in the hands of Semiramis, "Queen," said he, "I commit to you the emblem of sovereign power: take it, and command with sovereign authority. All here are your slaves; and I myself am nothing more than your servant for the whole of this day. Whoever shall be remiss in executing your orders, let him be punished, as if he had disobeyed the commands of the king."

Having thus spoken, the king knelt down before Semiramis, who gave him, with a smile, her hand to kiss. The courtiers then passed in succession, each making oath to execute blindly the orders of Semiramis. When the ceremony was finished, the king made her his compliments, and asked her how she had managed to go through it with so grave and majestic an air.

"Whilst they were promising to obey me," said Semiramis, "I was thinking what I should command each of them to do. I have but one day of power, and I will employ it well."

The king laughed at this reply. Semiramis appeared more amiable than ever. "Let us see," said he, "how you will continue your part. By what orders will you begin?"

"Let the secretary of the king approach my throne," said Semiramis with a loud voice.

The secretary approached—two slaves placed a little table before him.

"Write," said Semiramis, "'Under penalty of death, the governor of the citadel of Babylon is ordered to yield up the command of the citadel to him who shall bear to him this order.' Fold this order, seal it with the king's seal, and give it to me. Write now, 'Under penalty of death, the governor of the slaves of the palace is ordered to resign the command of the slaves into the hands of the person who shall present to him this order.' Fold, seal it with the king's seal, and give me this decree. Write again, 'Under penalty of death, the general of the army encamped under the walls of Babylon is ordered to resign the command of the army to him who shall be the bearer of this order.' Fold, seal, and deliver me this decree."

She took the three orders thus dictated, and put them in her bosom. The whole court was struck with consternation, and the king himself was surprised.

"Listen," said Semiramis. "In two hours, let all the officers of the state come and offer me presents, as is the custom on the accession of new princes, and let a festival be prepared for this evening. Now, let all depart. Let my faithful servant himself alone remain. I have to consult him upon affairs of state."

When all the rest had gone out, "You see," said Semiramis, "that I know how to play the queen."

Ninus laughed.

"My beautiful queen," said he, "you play your part to admiration. But, if your servant may dare question you, what would you do with the orders you have dictated?"

"I should be no longer queen, were I obliged to give an account of my actions. Nevertheless, this was my motive: I have a vengeance to execute against the three officers whom these orders menace."

"Vengeance — and wherefore?"

"The first, the governor of the citadel, is one-eyed, and frightens me every time I meet him; the second, the chief of the slaves, I hate, because he threatens me with rivals; the third, the general of the army, deprives me too often of your company; you are constantly in the camp."

This reply, in which caprice and flattery were mingled, enchanted Ninus. "Good!" said he, laughing. "Thus are the three first officers of the empire dismissed for very sufficient reasons."

The gentlemen of the court now came to present their gifts to the queen. Some gave precious stones; others, of a lower rank, flowers and fruits; and the slaves, having nothing to give, gave nothing but homage. Among these last, there were three young brothers, who had come from the Caucasus with Semiramis, and had rescued the caravan in which the women were, from an enormous tiger. When they passed before the throne, —

"And you," said she to the three

brothers, — "have you no present to make to your queen?"

"No other," replied the first, Zopire, "than my life to defend her."

"None other," replied the second, Artaban, "than my sabre against her enemies."

"None other," replied the third, Assar, "than the respect and admiration which her presence inspires."

"Slaves," said Semiramis, "it is you who have made me the most valuable present of the whole court, and I will not be ungrateful. You have offered your sword against my enemies: take this order, carry it to the general of the army encamped under the walls of Babylon, give it to him, and see what he will do for you. You who have offered me your life in my defence, take this order to the governor of the citadel, and see what he will do for you. And you who offer me the respect and admiration which my presence inspires, take this order, give it to the commandant of the slaves of the palace, and see what will be the result."

Never had Semiramis displayed so much gayety, so much folly, and so much grace, and never was Ninus so captivated. Nor were her charms lessened in his eyes, when, a slave not having executed promptly an insignificant order, she commanded his head to be struck off; which was immediately done.

Without bestowing a thought on this trivial matter, Ninus continued to converse with Semiramis till the evening and the *fête* arrived. When she entered the saloon which had been prepared for the occasion, a slave brought her a plate.

in which was the head of the decapitated eunuch. " 'Tis well," said she, after having examined it. "Place it on a statue in the court of the palace, that all may see it; and be you on the spot to proclaim to every one, that the man to whom this head belonged lived three hours ago, but that, having disobeyed my will, his head was separated from his body."

The *fête* was magnificent: a sumptuous banquet was prepared in the gardens, and Semiramis received the homage of all, with a grace and majesty perfectly royal: she continually turned to, and conversed with, Ninus, rendering him the most distinguished honor. "You are," said she, "a foreign king, come to visit me in my palace. I must make your visit agreeable to you."

Shortly after the banquet was served, Semiramis confounded and reversed all ranks. Ninus was placed at the bottom of the table. He was the first to laugh at this caprice; and the court, following his example, allowed themselves to be placed, without murmuring, according to the will of their queen. She seated near her the three brothers from the Caucasus.

"Are my orders executed?" she demanded of them.

"Yes," replied they.

The *fête* was very gay. A slave having, by force of habit, served the king first, Semiramis had him beaten with rods. His cries mingled with the laughter of the guests. Every one was inclined to merriment. It was a comedy, in which each one played his part. Towards the end of the repast, when wine had added to the general gayety, Semiramis rose from her elevated seat, and

said, "My lords, the treasurer of the empire has read me a list of those, who, this morning, brought me their gifts of congratulation, on my joyful accession to the throne. One grandee alone of the court has failed to bring his offering."

"Who is it?" cried Ninus. "He must be punished severely."

"It is yourself, my lord—you who speak: what have you given to the queen this morning?"

Ninus rose, and came with a smiling countenance to whisper something in the ear of the queen. "The queen is insulted by her servant," exclaimed Semiramis.

"I embrace your knees to obtain my pardon, beautiful queen," said he: "pardon me, pardon me." And he added, in a lower voice, "I wish this *fête* were finished."

"You wish, then, that I should abdicate? But no; I have two hours more to reign." And at the same time she withdrew her hand, which the king was covering with kisses. "I pardon not," said she, with a loud voice, "such an insult on the part of a slave. Slave, prepare yourself to die."

"Silly child that thou art," said Ninus, still on his knees; "yet will I give way to thy folly; but patience, thy reign will soon be over."

"You will not be angry, then, at something I am going to order at this moment?" whispered she.

"No," said he.

"Slaves," said she aloud, "seize this man—seize this Ninus!"

Ninus, smiling, put himself into the hands of the slaves.

"Take him out of the saloon, lead him into the court of the seraglio, prepare every thing for his death, and await my orders."

The slaves obeyed, and Ninus followed them, laughing, into the court of the seraglio. They passed by the head of the disobedient eunuch. Then Semiramis placed herself on the balcony. Ninus had suffered his hands to be tied.

"Hasten," said the queen, "hasten, Zopire, to the fortress; you to the camp, Artaban; Assar, do you secure all the gates of the palace."

These orders were given in a whisper, and instantly executed.

"Beautiful queen," said Ninus, laughing, "this comedy wants but its conclusion; pray, let it be a prompt one."

"I will," said Semiramis. "Slaves, recollect the eunuch — strike!"

They struck. Ninus had hardly time to utter a cry: when his head fell upon the pavement, the smile was still on his lips.

"Now, I am queen of Assyria," exclaimed Semiramis, "and perish every one, who, like the eunuch and Ninus, dare disobey my orders!"



What the Animals say: A Dialogue.

Henry. Papa, what do the animals mean by the noises they make? Are they talking or singing, crying or laughing?

Papa. Why, Henry, I suppose they mean various things. When a cat mews on the outside of a door, and looks at it anxiously, she means, "I want to get in:

do some one open the door: it is cold, and I want my supper, which I know is ready for me. Open the door, — open the door — mew — mew !”

H. I often see Ranger barking at the foot of a tree, wagging his tail, and looking as if his eyes would come out of his head. What does he mean to say ?

P. Why, Ranger probably sees a squirrel, and barks at him, by which he means to say, “Come down here, you little fellow ; I want you. I don’t want to eat you, but only to tease you, and chase you, and torment you a little. Henry wants you too. He wants to put you in a cage, and make you turn a little wheel. Come down — come down — bow, wow ! — bow, wow !”

H. But, papa, he sometimes barks for nothing. I was running down the avenue this morning, and Ranger spied me, and set out after me as fast as he could run, barking all the while.

P. Why, I suppose he felt frolicsome, and wanted to play ; so he said, “Bow, wow, wow — Master Henry, see who can run the fastest, you or I ; one, two, three, and away ! — bow, wow, wow.”

H. Early every morning I hear our large white cock crowing. He wakes me up, and I don’t like it, for I cannot get to sleep again.

P. So much the better, my dear. To rise early is a good thing. The cock crows because it is daylight ; and he thinks, as he is up, it is time for all the world to rise. So he crows as if to say, “Get up, Master Henry. The birds are awake, the sun is getting up. The air is fresh and sweet. Get up — get up — cock-a-doodle-doo.”

H. What did the cow make such a noise for, yesterday, when the man took away her calf ? She bellowed terribly ; yet she could not know that he was going to kill her calf.

P. No ; but she wanted it to stay with her, for her instinct told her that no good came of taking it from her ; so she lowed piteously, as if to say, “O, leave my child with me. He has not had his supper. He will be happier here. If you take him away, the boys will drive him with stones, and plague him. Don’t take him away — moo — moo — moo — moo !”

H. One of our bay horses went on a little journey with you last week, and when you came back, I was at the stable, and you can’t conceive what a whinnying his old companion Rifle, made.

P. Why, certainly, he neighed as much as to say, “Welcome back, old friend. I have been very lonely since you went away. My oats don’t taste good when I am alone. I am glad to see you !”

H. What, a grunting the pig makes when Luke throws him his swill. What does he mean to say ?

P. I suppose his grunt means, “Dear me, I am very hungry, and here comes my dinner. What’s here ? — apple peelings and cores, squash and melon seeds, sour milk, cheese rinds, cold potatoes, bits of rice, egg-shells, coffee-grounds, decayed tomatoes, a dry crust, pickled beets, fish bones, tea leaves, — ugh, ugh, — fit for an emperor. What a delicious dinner !”

H. How funny you are, papa ! You will make me die of laughing. What

did that little sick chicken mean by making such a peeping, this morning?

P. O, he had got out of the basket where Mary keeps him, and he was crying because he was alone. "Peep, peep—where am I? I have lost my way, and am afraid I shall lose my supper. Peep, peep—I am very hungry and cold."

H. And the black hen, papa; every day, at about ten o'clock, she makes such a cackling!

P. O, yes. Dame Partlet says, "Cut, cut, cut dar cut—I've just laid a beautiful white egg. It is good to make custards, and cake, and puddings with; but leave it with me, and I will make a chicken of it—cut, cut, cut dar cut."

H. When I am in the woods, I am sometimes startled by a bird which flies suddenly out of the bushes, and screams very loud, flying from tree to tree, looking all the time at me. What does she mean by screaming?

P. That little bird has probably a nest in a tree close by, and she is afraid that, like some other boys, you will find it, and take out the young birds. So, in her distress, she screams, as if to say, "Don't go there, I pray: my three young ones are asleep, and one of them is only just hatched. Come and catch me. See, I am very near you: put out your hand: follow me to the next tree; there, there, you don't know where my nest is. Good-by!—Good-by!"

H. Every evening, when Charles is milking the cow, our pet lamb begins to bleat. He makes a very sad noise.

P. O, little Percy is hungry, and

baas to tell Charles to bring his milk: "Make haste, make haste; I've been eating grass all day, and am very thirsty. Some warm, fresh milk would be so nice—baa!—baa!"

H. What a squeaking that little mouse made that was caught in the trap in mother's cupboard yesterday! He really made a great noise for such a little body. What did he mean?

P. Why, he squeaked because he could not get out. He meant to say, "O dear! O dear! I only nibbled a little bit of cheese: pray, let me out. Don't keep me in this wire prison. I shall die, and my wife and little ones will die of grief. Let me out—let me out."

H. Ha, there is Ranger, looking at me through the window, and whining. I suppose he means to say, "Come, Henry, come and play; you've been in the house long enough." So good-by, papa. I'll come again to-morrow, for you have amused me very much.

The Oak.

THE oak, for grandeur, strength, and noble size,

Excels all trees that in the forest grow;
From acorn small, that trunk, those branches rise,

To which such signal benefits we owe.
Behold what shelter in its ample shade

From noontide sun, or from the drenching rain!

And of its timbers stanch vast ships are made,

To sweep rich cargoes o'er the watery main.

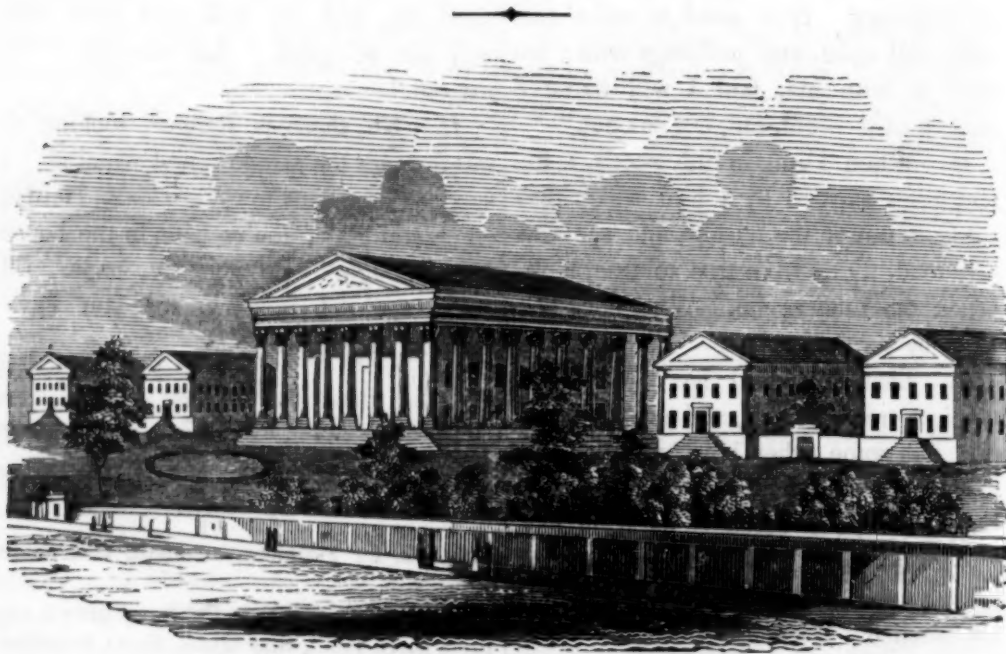
A Swedish Song.

☞ A friend who has spent several years in Sweden, and who has just returned from that country, has furnished us with the following translation of a popular Swedish ballad, and which is sung by Jenny Lind, with great effect.

A young man walked in the morning hour,
Hi-fe-lin—ke-lin—ke-le;
Met there a maid in a rosy bower:
"Wilt thou be mine?" said he.
"No—no—no—no—no,
Truly will I not be so,
For another have I now," said she.

The young man walked in the midday hour,
Hi-fe-lin—ke-lin—ke-le;
Met there the maid of the rosy bower:
"Wilt thou be mine?" said he.
"No—no—no—no—no,
Truly will I not be so,
For another have I now," said she.

The young man walked at the evening hour,
Hi-fe-lin—ke-lin—ke-le;
Came then the maid of the rosy bower:
"Now will I be thine," said she.
"No—no—no—no—no —
Between us 'tis no go,
For another have I now," said he.



Girard College, Philadelphia.

IN 1831, Stephen Girard, a native of France, and for many years a banker in America, died in Philadelphia. He bequeathed by will the sum of two millions of dollars for the construc-

tion of a college for the education of poor white male orphans, between the ages of six and ten years. The accompanying engraving represents the five buildings forming the institution known as Girard

College. In point of magnificence and beauty, they are not surpassed on this continent. The principal building is an imitation of a Grecian temple, and resembles the famous Church of the Madeleine at Paris, of which we have given an engraving in a former number of the Museum. It is two hundred and eighteen feet long from north to south, one hundred and sixty from east to west, and ninety-seven in height. It is surrounded by thirty-four columns of the Corinthian order—there being a space of fifteen feet between the columns and the body of the building. At each end is a doorway, or entrance, thirty-two feet high, and sixteen wide. On the first and second floor are four rooms, fifty feet square, and the third is lighted by a skylight, which does not rise above the roof. No wood is used for the construction of the building, except for the doors, so that it is fire-proof.

The remaining four halls, situated two on either side of the main structure, are each fifty-two feet by one hundred and twenty, and are two stories high, with commodious basements. The professors live in one, and the others are designed for the residence of the pupils. All these buildings are of fine white Pennsylvania marble, and have cost within one hundred thousand dollars of the sum left for their construction.

All orphans are not equally eligible for admission to this institution. If, at any time, there are more applicants than can be received, a preference is to be given, first, to those born in the city of Philadelphia; secondly, to those born in any other part of Pennsylvania; thirdly, to

natives of the city of New York; and lastly, to those of the city of New Orleans. Each child is to remain eight years from the time of his entrance, and is to be bound, at the discretion of the trustees, to such trade or profession as he may choose. Several unsuccessful attempts have been made to contest the will of Mr. Girard by his family relatives. On one occasion they availed themselves, but to no purpose, of the talents of Daniel Webster.

Nature and Art: A Dialogue.

Susan. Pray, mamma, what is the difference between the works of art and the works of nature? I heard Dr. Price and papa talking about them this morning, and I did not understand what they said. So I want you to tell me.

Mamma. With great pleasure, Susan. I like to see you anxious to obtain knowledge. Always come to me when you do not understand a subject, and I will explain it to you. Now, listen to what I tell you. By the works of nature, we mean the works of God. By the works of art, we mean the works of man; that is, man has learned various arts, and he uses his knowledge in making all sorts of things for his comfort, amusement, and necessity.

Susan. I suppose, mamma, that all animals must be works of nature, as God is the giver of life.

Mamma. Certainly, my dear; but there are still other works of nature. When you go into the country, and look around you, what do you see?—the mountains and valleys, the streams, the trees

and shrubs, the grass and the flowers. Can you tell me, Susan, whether nature and art do not sometimes unite? Think seriously for a moment, before you answer my question.

Susan. I should think they did, mamma. A garden must be the work both of nature and art. Nature makes the plants and flowers grow, but man cultivates the soil, forms the earth into beds, plants the trees, and sows the seeds. So, I suppose, the art of the gardener joins with the hand of nature to make a fine and handsome garden. Is it not so, mamma?

Mamma. Yes, my dear, you are right. I will now ask you a few questions, to see if you entirely understand the subject. Is a ship a work of nature or art?

Susan. A work of art, I think; for although the wood was procured from trees, which are the work of nature, yet the ship itself, being made by man, must be a work of art.

Mamma. And the great rock, Susan, from which you can see Boston harbor — what is that?

Susan. O, mamma, how could man make such a great rock? But I'll tell you what I saw the other day at Oak Dale — what they called a *rockery*; that is, a large number of stones piled together into a mound. This was filled in with earth, and planted all over with vines and creepers; there was the beautiful crimson verbena, the purple and white petunia, the yellow nasturtium, the blue convolvulus, the sweet clematis that grows wild in the woods, all kinds of rose-bushes, the sweet brier, the five-leaved ivy, the scarlet bignonia, the many-

colored sweet pea, the graceful cypress-vine, and a variety of other creeping plants. O, I must not forget the Dorchester wax-work, with its bright green leaves and scarlet berries. It was a work in which both nature and art were beautifully combined.

Mamma. Very well answered, my dear. I am glad to see that you are so observing. Can you give me some other instances?

Susan. You remember that old church that we saw the other day, mamma. It would almost be hard to tell whether that was the work of nature or of art. It was first made by man, but so long ago, that Dame Nature set herself about adorning it herself. I think she is jealous of her sister, Art, and means to hide her works as much as possible; for this old edifice was so covered over with moss and ivy, that you could hardly see the materials of which it was made.

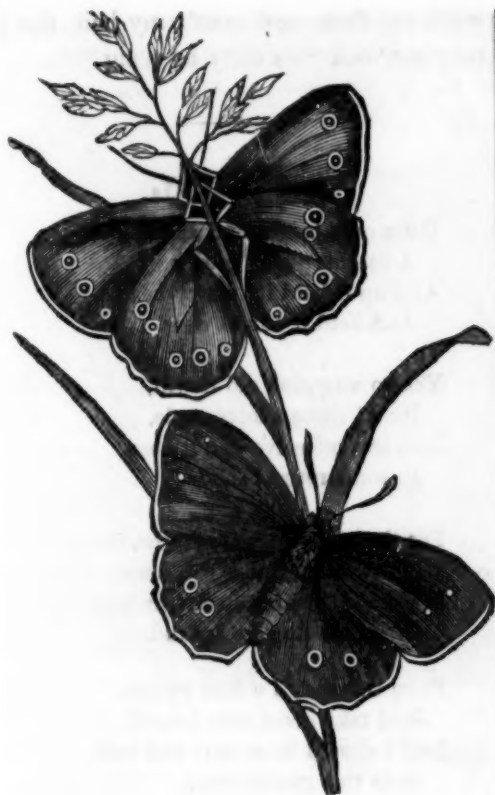
Mamma. Did you visit the silkworms, yesterday, at your aunt Maria's?

Susan. Yes; and how very curious they are! How fine the silk is that they make!

Mamma. Well, my dear, is this silk dress, that I have on, the work of nature or art?

Susan. Let me see. The silkworms made the silk; therefore that must be the work of nature, as God made the silkworms. But it was certainly man that reeled off the silk, and dyed it, and wove it. Your silk gown, mamma, is the work of art.

Mamma. Famous, my little girl. I see I am not able to puzzle you. You must never forget what you have learned to-day.



The Butterfly.

THE Butterfly, an idle thing,
Nor honey makes, nor yet can sing
Like to the bee and bird;
Nor does it, like the prudent ant,
Lay up the grain for time of want, —
A well and cautious hoard.

My youth is but a summer's day;
Then, like the bee and ant, I'll lay
A store of learning by;
And though from flower to flower I rove,
My stock of wisdom I'll improve,
Nor be a butterfly.

DR. DODDRIDGE one day asked his little daughter how it was that every body loved her: "I know not," said she, "unless it be that I love every body."

A Boy by the Name of Jack.

THERE was one little Jack,
Not very long back,
And 'tis said, to his lasting disgrace,
That he never was seen,
With his hands at all clean,
Nor yet ever clean was his face.

His friends were much hurt,
To see so much dirt,
And often and well did scour;
But all was in vain;
He was dirty again
Before they had done it an hour.

When to wash he was sent,
He reluctantly went,
With water to splash himself o'er;
But he left the black streaks
All over his cheeks,
And made them look worse than before.

The pigs, in the dirt,
Couldn't be more expert
Than he was at grubbing about;
And the people here thought
This gentleman ought
To be made with four legs and a snout.

The idle and bad
May, like to this lad,
Be dirty and black, to be sure;
But good boys are seen
To be decent and clean,
Although they are ever so poor.

JANE TAYLOR.

Little Ellen and her Mamma.

Mamma. Come here, Ellen, and tell me how it happens, that your little canary bird has more sense than you have. Look at him, and see how he is bathing himself in fresh water, and pluming and dressing his feathers. O, how much

better he looks than he would, if he were dirty and rumpled!

Ellen. Yes, mamma; but I don't see what that has to do with me, or why he shows more sense than I do.

Mamma. Go to the glass, my dear, and see what it will tell you. Does it not say that Ellen has a dirty face and tumbled hair? For shame, my dear, to be less careful and neat than a little bird! Look at your favorite cat, how she licks and smooths her fur. If she gets any thing dirty on her paw, she immediately licks it off, and will not stop till it is perfectly clean.

Ellen. But, mamma, I thought you kept Mary on purpose to keep me clean. Then it isn't my fault—is it?—if I am dirty. Why doesn't she wash my face and comb my hair?

Mamma. She will, my dear, if you ask her to do it. But if you are contented to be dirty, you will not ask her. What animal is it that we say dirty children are like?

Ellen. The pig, I suppose.

Mamma. And why particularly the pig. Do not other animals get dirty too?

Ellen. Yes, I am sure they do. My dog ran yesterday into the mud, and he was so dirty! But I saw him a little while after cleaning himself very carefully with his tongue; and he was so earnest, that I could not get him down into the meadow with me. Our pig is always dirty—I think he *never* cleans himself—at least I never saw him. That is the reason, I suppose, why people give him such a bad character. I never thought of that before. I will run now to Mary, and ask her to

wash my face, and comb my hair, that I may not look "as dirty as a pig."

The Poppy.

HIGH on a bright and sunny bed,
A scarlet poppy grew;
And up it held its starry head,
And held it out to view.

Yet no attention did it win,
By all these efforts made,
And less offensive had it been
In some retired shade.

For though within its scarlet breast,
No sweet perfume was found,
It seemed to think itself the best
Of all the flowers around.

From this may I a hint obtain,
And take great care indeed,
Lest I should be as pert and vain
As is this gaudy weed.

Moisture in Plants.

THE quantity of simple moisture, or rather of pure water, which some plants raise from the earth, is uncommonly great. This is beautifully exemplified in the organization of some creeping plants, in which the moisture is frequently conveyed the distance of forty, or fifty, or a hundred yards before it reaches the leaves or fruits, or perhaps the assimilating organs of the vegetable. I have seen a plant of this sort, that had been accidentally cut across, continue to pour out pure, limpid, and tasteless water, in such a quantity as to fill a wine-glass in about half an hour.



Billy Bump in California.

[Continued from p. 158.]

Letter from William Bump to his Mother at Sundown.

St. Francisco, July, 1849.

MY DEAR MOTHER: It is again a long, long time since I have written to you; but happily I am at last in a place where I am surrounded by friends, and feel at home. When I wrote from Loreto, I hardly expected the trials which I have since experienced. We set out from that place, mounted on mules, about the 1st of January. There were seven of us in all — two Mexican merchants, a planter with two servants, a Spaniard who professed to be a traveller, going to visit California and examine the gold mines, and myself.

We proceeded without any particular

adventure for nine days, travelling about twenty-five miles a day. At first, we travelled along the eastern shore of the peninsula of California, passing through an uninhabited country, except at intervals where we found small settlements, chiefly of Indians, who have been partly converted by the missionaries. They were miserable-looking creatures, almost without clothing. The children were entirely naked.

Though it was the season of winter at the north, the weather was mild here: however, we began to have a good deal of rain, and finally it came so heavy that we were obliged to stay at a small place called St. Isabel for a fortnight. This delay was very tedious, and had I been left to myself, I should have gone ahead,

rain or no rain. But my companions took it very easily. They are never in a hurry. If they could get plenty of tobacco, they smoked off care and trouble, giving themselves up to a soft and dreamy repose.

I knew little of their language at first, but I set myself to studying it, as well as I could, and made great progress. I asked so many questions as to the Spanish for this, that, and t'other, that they seemed to consider me quite a bore. The Spaniard, it is true, seemed to take an interest in teaching me, and we became very good friends. He called himself a schoolmaster, and me his scholar. He remarked, by the way, that one pupil was hardly enough to live upon, but the one he had gave him quite as much occupation as he desired. The truth is, that having nothing else to do, and feeling very uneasy while I was idle, I devoted my whole time to study, and thus, before the end of my journey, I was quite ready with my Spanish phrases for ordinary conversation.

At the end of a fortnight, we left St. Isabel, and travelling between two mountain ranges, proceeded northward. The rivers were much swollen by the rain, and in several instances, we were obliged to dash across them by swimming. We generally left the choice of fording-places to our mules, who seemed to be excellent judges of those matters. At last, we came to a stream some ten rods in width; the current was swift, and we were driven down quite a distance, before reaching the opposite side. When we had landed, the Spaniard was missing; and an apprehension of some fatal accident immediate-

ly flashed across our minds. We waited on the bank some time, looking anxiously up and down the stream. At last, I saw the head of a mule, and a hand clinched in the mane, just above the water. It appeared but a moment, and sunk beneath the waves.

I have never experienced such a feeling as darted into my bosom at that moment. I could not resist the impulse which seemed to call upon me to try to save a fellow-being, and one who had been so kind to me. Without speaking or reflecting, I sprang from my mule, and running down the bank for a considerable distance, looked eagerly into the water. At length, beneath the surface, I distinctly saw the man, sitting erect on the back of the mule, his hands grasping the mane, while he looked up with a gasping and staring look, which I shall never forget. He seemed to fix his eyes on me as he swept by, beseeching my assistance. Losing all thought of my own safety, I leaped into the water, and, by some means which I cannot explain, seized the bridle of the mule. At this moment, an eddy of the stream carried me under; but, being a good swimmer, as you know, I soon rose, and, exerting myself to the utmost, was able to reach the land. I held on to the bridle; but the current was so swift, that the mule was wrested from my hands, and he went down the stream. The rider, however, was thrown off, and so near the bank, that I was able to reach his coat. I soon dragged him ashore, but without a symptom of life.

The rest of our party soon came up, and I was praised as a real hero. It was

two hours before the Spaniard betrayed any consciousness, and for a long time it seemed quite impossible that he should live. At last, he was able to sit up, and by means of a litter made of the branches of trees, we carried him six miles to a small missionary station among the Indians. In two days, we resumed our journey; but the Spaniard was very feeble, and scarcely able to sit upon his beast. He had been informed of the manner in which I had saved his life; but, strange to say, he made no acknowledgment whatever. On the contrary, he seemed to feel an aversion to me, from that very hour. He was moody, scarcely answered my questions, and took pains to keep away and aloof from me. Occasionally I saw his dark, hollow eyes fixed upon me, as if meditating some desperate deed; and such was his conduct, that I really began to feel a sort of horror creeping over me at his presence. The rest of the party noticed this, and they began to fancy that the man was about to run mad. One of them warned me to be on my guard, intimating that the Spaniard was either insane, or harbored some evil purpose towards me.

All this made me reflect, and think over what the man had said to me. He passed by the name of Señor Antonio: he had travelled a great deal, and had formerly lived in California. He appeared to know some people in Boston, though he had never been there. He seemed quite amazed when I told him my name. He asked several questions as to my object in visiting California; but I thought it best to say only that I came to seek my fortune in the land of gold. All this

occurred before the adventure in the river; now he did not converse with me at all.

Several days passed, when I began to feel dreadful pains in my back; I was really very ill, but I would not give out, especially as we were within a day's journey of St. Diego, where I wished very much to arrive. But as I was riding along, every thing around began to grow dim; a darkness soon came over my sight, and I felt myself falling to the ground. For three weeks, I knew nothing that happened. It seems that I was attacked with fever, and having been borne by my companions to an Indian hut, I was left there in charge of the people. They, no doubt, attended me carefully, according to their fashion. When I came to myself, I was on a bed of grass laid upon the ground. The house was made of sticks covered with broad, stiff leaves, woven and matted together. The family consisted of a gray, winkled, old Indian woman, with her son and his wife and two children — a boy and girl. They all seemed delighted when I opened my eyes, and began to speak, and ask where I was, and what had happened.

I remained at this place two weeks longer, when, taking leave of my Indian friends, I mounted my mule, and, by short stages, proceeded to St. Diego. I here made inquiry about Señor Naldi, and to my infinite disappointment, learned that he had left California two years before, and that nothing had been heard of him since. Every body seemed to regard him as a strange character: some said he was very rich, and some that he was very poor. All agreed that there was something very mysterious about him.

I had now got into a somewhat civilized country, and had no difficulty in making my way, on the back of my mule, to St. Barbara, a small seaport, fifty miles south of Monterey. After remaining here two days, I proceeded, and soon found that the road was leading me among rugged cliffs and wild mountain ranges. Here the path became obscure, and as evening approached, it quite disappeared among the wilderness of trees and thickets. It now became very dark, and I soon saw, by the flashes of lightning, that we were to have a tempestuous night. My mule became very uneasy, and refused to go in the direction I desired. At length I gave up the reins to him; and turning at right angles, he began to clatter down the sides of the mountain at a brisk pace. Suddenly he stopped short, and refused to budge an inch. It was intensely dark, and not an object was to be seen. A flash of lightning came; and before me, on a stout Spanish nag, sat the dark and mysterious Señor Antonio. The lightning passed, and all was swallowed up in darkness.

I am ashamed to say that I trembled from head to foot: however, I stuck to the back of my mule, and in a half hour we were safe and sound at a little Indian hamlet, where we found comfortable lodgings. In the morning, a stranger, who said he was going to Monterey, proposed to join me, and we set off together. At the end of two days, we came to a large plantation, situated upon a vast plain. It was night, and we asked for lodgings, which were hospitably granted. I was shown into an upper room, furnished in the most sumptuous manner. The ceil-

ings were very lofty, with gilt cornices, richly carved. The bed-posts were gilt, and the mosquito-net which enclosed it, seemed to be made of fine linen lace. The chairs were very heavy, and carved with the legs of lions and the heads of uncouth monsters.

I could not well give a reason for it, but I felt very uneasy. The moon shone brightly, and I could see the furniture about the room. If I felt inclined to doze, the chairs seemed to get on all fours, and stalk before me, their heads grinning and making horrid faces at me. At last, I fancied I heard a noise: the door appeared to be opened, and the flare of a lamp was thrown into the room. Immediately a tall man entered, in a dressing gown—his feet quite bare. How can I express my emotions when I saw it was Señor Antonio! He came close to my bed—held up the light, and looked in my face. He saw I was awake, and immediately spoke. "Here," said he, — giving me a small bundle — "take this, and to-morrow go on your way. Open not this parcel till you reach Monterey: then you will know all. Have no fear, for you are in safety. God bless you. Farewell." Saying this, the mysterious man left me.

I need not say that I had no more sleep that night. In the morning, we proceeded, and in two days reached Monterey. You may well believe that I opened the parcel with a trembling hand. I found it to contain twenty Spanish doubloons, with a draft on a house at Monterey, payable to the heirs of Benjamin Bump, of Boston, for the sum of thirty thousand dollars; and this draft was signed *Jose Antonio Naldi!*

The riddle was now solved. My travelling companion, the mysterious Spaniard, was no other than the identical Señor Naldi, I had come so far to see. I took the draft to the mercantile house, who readily accepted it, and informed me the whole sum would be immediately transmitted to my aunt at Boston. How shall I express the delight of that moment! Well, indeed, was I compensated for all my toil and all my troubles. I wished to return with the money to Boston, and see the delight of Lucy, at the story of my romantic adventures, and the success of my expedition. But as I had now provided for her comfort and that of my aunt, I deemed it my duty to come to St. Francisco, and try my luck here. I hope to make some money, so as to help you and father, and make you easy and comfortable for the rest of your lives. I am very happy at the thought of seeing you in a nice square house at Sundown, with good furniture, a fine garden, a good farm, and all the result of my efforts!

But I must not indulge too much in dreams. I have seen but little of St. Francisco, and shall not attempt to describe it. I have only room to say that Señor Naldi, as I learn, is regarded as a very good man, but often subject to fits of madness which last him sometimes for months. His conduct to me is thus explained. Perhaps, too, his treatment of uncle Ben may be accounted for in the same way. When I saw him, he had been three years in Spain, leaving his estate in California in the hands of his agent. During that whole time, not a word had been heard of him.

And now I must draw my letter to a

close. Good-by, dear mother; and may Heaven guard and guide us all.

WILLIAM BUMP.

And here, gentle reader, ends the correspondence of Master Billy Bump, so far as it has been put into our hands. If any more of his letters, worthy of publication, come within our reach, we shall give them to our readers. We hope that the history conveyed in these letters may not be without instruction. It shows how a poor boy, with no early advantages, but with a good disposition and good courage, may triumph over difficulties, and be of the greatest comfort to his friends, while he obtains the love and respect of all who know him.

Duchess of Gloucester.

WHEN her late majesty, Queen Charlotte, was once visiting her nursery, a most amiable princess, the present Duchess of Gloucester, who was at that time about six years old, running up to her with a book in her hand, and tears in her eyes, said, "Madam, I cannot comprehend it." Her majesty, with true parental affection, looked upon the princess, and told her not to be alarmed. "What you cannot comprehend to-day, you may comprehend to-morrow; and what you cannot attain to this year, you may arrive at the next. Do not, therefore, be frightened with little difficulties, but attend to what you do know, and the rest will come in time!" This is a golden rule, and well worthy of our observation.



The Baltimore Oriole.

For Merry's Museum.

Robin Redbreast's Picnic.

LITTLE Robin was the youngest of Mrs. Redbreast's children. His three brothers had gone to California, and his sister was absent on a visit to some Connecticut cousins. So Robin, being the only one at home, was much petted by his parents; and, as he was generally a pleasant and obedient fellow, his mother seldom refused him any reasonable request. He had for a long time been anxious to have a Picnic party; but his mother told him he must wait till cherry time. So he watched from the time they were in blossom, till by diligent research he discovered one red one. Then he began to tease his mother about it, and thought it high time to make some preparations. Mr. and Mrs. Redbreast lived in a fine garden full of fruit trees, and the owner allowed them and their friends to eat as much as they wished, as they were active and industrious in destroying noxious worms and bugs.

The sweet "White Hearts" were

deliciously ripe before Mrs. Redbreast thought proper to attend to the Picnic; and when she told Robin that he might invite the company for the next afternoon, he was in a perfect flutter, and flew round his mother so many times, that her head was quite dizzy. So she bade him brush his clothes, put on his cap, and go immediately to see the people who were to be invited. The first lady he visited was Mrs. Wren, who lived in a queer-looking stone house, in Apple-tree Lane. Robin gave his mother's compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Wren, and the two little girls, Peggy and Jenny, and wished them all to come to-morrow at three o'clock. Mrs. Wren said "they should all be delighted to come, and would if it did not rain." Mrs. Wren, who was a great chatterer, asked Robin fifty questions about the company, and followed him half way to Squire Goldfinch's. The family finally accepted the invitation, and said they would bring with them a very

fine young lady, Miss Oriole, from Baltimore, who was a *belle* of the first water. Old Mr. and Mrs. Owl declined; "their eyes were weak, and they did not like to go out in the bright sunshine." Robin never liked to stay long at Mrs. Owl's. Their house was dark and gloomy, with ivy all over the windows; and it had a damp, musty smell, as if Mrs. Owl was not the nicest of housekeepers. The cheerful Tea-kettle Birds would be delighted to come. They were a strange family, always wanting tea. Hear them when you would, old or young, they were constantly calling out, "Maid, maid, put on the tea-kettle, kettle, kettle, 'tle, 'tle, 'tle." One Miss Parrot lived in a large house by herself, near the well. She was always watching her neighbors; so she called out to Robin as he went by, "Robin, poor Robin — Robin Redbreast!" So Robin stopped to talk with Miss Mary Parrot, and told her all about the picnic, and invited her too, though his mother had forgotten to tell him to do so. She did not go out much, but said she thought it would do her good to see a little cheerful company, and so promised to attend. He next went to Mr. O'Lincoln's. No one was at home but Robert. He was a wild, noisy fellow, and every body always called him "Bob O'Lincoln." He whisked about so fast, whistling and singing all the time, "Bobby Lincoln-lincoln — time to plant corn, if you plant any this year, this year, this year," that people were tired of hearing him. Bob said "his father and mother were gone a journey, but that he would crack jokes enough for all of them." It was growing late before Robin reached the Yellow

Birds at Thistlewood. Mrs. Yellow Bird said "one of her little children had been badly hurt by a wicked boy, the day before; but if it was well enough, she would come; at any rate, Mr. Yellow Bird and the other children could go." The Cat Birds of Gooseberry Lane were just going to bed; but Mrs. Cat Bird put her head out of the window, with her night-cap on, to inquire what Robin wanted, and said, in answer, "she was too sleepy to think, but would let his mother know in the morning." He met one of the pretty Misses Humming Birds, and gave the invitation for her and her aunts and cousins, for she had a great many relations. She said "her sister Silverwing was going to be married very soon to her cousin, young Lightfoot, and they were all very busy, as the couple were going to house-keeping in Moss Rose Avenue, near Queen Lily's, who was a great friend of her sister. They were to have a splendid wedding, and there was a great deal to attend to, but she knew some of them could leave." She bade Robin "good-by," and kissed her hand to him so prettily that he stood and looked after her till she was out of sight; and then he peeped into the gold-fishes' pond, to see if his clothes looked nicely, and if his head was smooth. He was quite satisfied with his looks, and hurried along to see Mrs. White Swallow, who lived at Barn Place. Mrs. Swallow was not a very agreeable person; but Mrs. Redbreast had been acquainted with her for many months, and thought she would be very angry if she and her children were not invited. Mrs. Swallow was just practising the flying *Polka*, with a young beau of her own family, and could hardly

stop to hear what Robin said, but nodded her head, which meant yes.

Mrs. Redbreast did not visit the Martins, who lived at Pagoda Point; and Robin flew by, so as to reach the dear, sweet Mrs. Sparrow, before she and her family went to bed, for they always retired early. Mr. Sparrow lived in a neat little low house, at the foot of Walnut Hill, close by Sweet Brier Lane. Every body loved this Mrs. Sparrow, she was so gentle and agreeable, and her children were always so amiable and well managed. She thanked Robin for the kind invitation, sent her love to his mother, said "they would come if possible," and gave him a nice strawberry tart, to eat on his way home. Poor Robin! he was tired and hungry enough, and, when he had told his mother all about the people he had seen, ran off to his little bed-room, crying a "sweet good night" to all the world, and was asleep under the green curtains in two minutes.

The next morning, Robin rose by the first glimpse of dawn, before the stars had faded away in the west, and, springing into the open air, sang a song so loud and clear, that it awoke his parents, and they joined in the chorus; and in ten minutes, all the neighbors, far and near, were awake and singing also. You might have heard Bob O'Lincoln half a mile. It was a fine morning, and gave promise of a beautiful day, and Robin was in ecstasies. He took an early breakfast of cherries, and his mother sent him immediately to invite Mrs. Woodpecker, and a few other guests who had been overlooked the day before.

Such commotion as there was that day

in the groves and woods! Leaf dishes of nice things, and moss baskets of fruit were perpetually arriving at Cherry Hill, where Mrs. Redbreast lived; and Mrs. Wren ran over just after breakfast to assist her in arranging the tables. Robin was busy collecting dew-drops in little blue-bell cups, and in moss wine glasses. When he had assisted his mother to the extent of his abilities, he went to dress for the party. He brushed his pretty dark jacket till it shone like a mirror, and put on a bright yellow waistcoat, curled his hair over his fingers, cleaned his shoes, and looked so neat and happy, it was a treat to see him. Poor Jenny Wren was sadly grieved because she had no fine clothes to wear—nothing but her brown dress she had worn so long; but her mother told her "she could make herself beloved without gay clothes, if she was pleasant and obliging." So Jenny and Peggy dressed themselves in their brown gowns, with neatly starched collars, clean white stockings, and black shoes; and two nicer, prettier little girls never were seen. The Goldfinches dined early, and were a long time in arranging themselves. The old lady came in a brown and yellow velvet, and the girls wore bright yellow satin petticoats, with brown open dresses. Miss Oriole was very gay in scarlet and orange, and had a tuft of scarlet feathers on her head. Mrs. Swallow said "it was altogether in bad taste, for hot weather." Mrs. Swallow, her two sisters and cousin, Miss Martin, came in dark dresses, and fall fashionable white aprons, and looked admirably. They brought a number of beaux with them, all of whom had dark coats and white pants. Miss Parrot was

the first one that came after dinner. She wore a green and scarlet brocade, made after the pattern of one of her grandmother's. She had on a very fine turban, with green and red feathers, and was very stately and imposing; but she talked as fast as ever, and told long stories about her residence in the West Indies, and then branched off, to talk about her grandfather's cousin's nephew, who lived with Mr. Robinson Crusoe, in foreign parts, and who was a great scholar, and had books written about him. Those who had never heard her before, were much amused by her conversation; but it was an old story to Mrs. Redbreast and all the neighbors. Mrs. Parrot brought a cracker, some sugar and figs, which were relished extremely.

The Humming Birds came next, Miss Silverwing with them, and her lover. They were a lovely group, and attracted great admiration, for they danced and waltzed like fairies; and Mrs. Swallow and her cousins performed the flying *Polka* in fine style. There were some very nice swings, in a walnut-tree, that Mrs. Redbreast had put up for the children, and the little Wrens and Sparrows enjoyed them very much. But you should have seen Bob O'Lincoln; he was in a perfect frolic all the time. He *polka'd* with Mrs. Swallow, galloped with Miss Oriole, and flirted with her, till old Mrs. Goldfinch was quite provoked, and Dolly Goldfinch had a fit of the *pouts*. Bob was dressed in high fashion—had a stiffened shirt collar up to his ears, and a new pair of bright-yellow gloves.

The Teakettle family came, and gave the company no peace till they had been

provided liberally with plenty of *tea*. Then they were very merry. There was one elegant stranger, from Marsh River, who attracted great attention. He was extremely handsome, and gentlemanly in his manners, and was attentive to all the ladies. He was named *Kingfisher*, and belonged to a very old and respectable family, who had lived on the same spot for two hundred years. He came with Mr. and Mrs. Sandpeep, who lived in his neighborhood, and were intimate friends of the Redbreasts.

Mr. and Mrs. Cat Bird came, with two children. She was wide awake, and was in fine spirits. Two Misses Thrush came with Mrs. Lark. They were fine singers, and gave the company some delicious music. Bob O'Lincoln gave imitations of the favorite singers, orators, and actors. He was an extraordinary ventriloquist, and amused the young people very much. The amusements of the afternoon were kept up till nearly sunset, and every one was loud in his expressions of pleasure. The eatables provided were all of the most excellent kind, and ample justice was done them. As the golden sun began to sink in the west, all the careful mothers took their little ones home; and those who came from a distance bade good-by. Mrs. Parrot walked off, escorted by Mr. Kingfisher; and she declares, to this day, that he is "a splendid fellow." The Swallows remained longest; Mrs. Swallow would dance and polka to the last minute. Every one had gone home, and Robin was snug in his bed, and Mr. and Mrs. Redbreast were preparing to retire, when who should walk in but old Mr. and Mrs. Owl? It was quite light still;

so Mr. Owl wore his green goggles, and the old lady, besides her veil, had a large ivy-leaf, by way of sun-shade. They came merely to make a neighborly call, to inquire how the picnic went off; but stayed talking so long, that poor, tired Mrs. Redbreast actually nodded in her rocking-

chair; and Mrs. Owl, seeing this, took the hint, and went off with her husband to spend the rest of the evening in Bat-hunting. The happy birds, who were at this pleasant party, have not yet done talking about it, and, next summer, propose to have another at Thistlewood.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

DECEMBER is upon us — chill, blustering December. It is the first month of winter — the last of the year. It sweeps away the few leaves that still linger on the trees, it kills and buries the flowers that still blossom in the garden and the field. It seizes upon the laughing streams, and turns them to ice. It drives away the birds. It forces the squirrels, the woodchucks, and the hares, to their retreats. It calls upon men, women and children to get ready their winter clothing; to put list on the cracks of the doors and windows; to get the furnace in order, and pile on the wood or the anthracite, as the case may be. December calls upon us to abandon those pleasures which depend upon the field, the air, and the flowery landscape. It compels us, like burrowing animals, to get into our retreats — shut the door, stir the fire, and make ourselves comfortable at home.

Well, how is that to be done? Of course we must have our breakfast, our dinner, and supper; boys and girls must go to school; the older persons must attend to their grave duties. But what shall we do the long winter evenings? We can play a little, and talk a little, and tell stories a little: but still we want

something more. The cat can sit in the corner, purr, and be content; the dog can sleep, and dream, and whine, and be satisfied. But we human beings have minds that don't wish to sleep so long. The boys and girls have very lively minds, full of interest and curiosity; and these are perpetually seeking for gratification. As the mouth must have its meals, so the mind must have Merry's Museum! That's as clear as preaching.

Well, here is Merry's Museum for December. We need not tell its contents, for that will be done by our friend, Tom Advertiser — a chubby youth, whom our readers doubtless know by heart. We give his portrait with this number, as a frontispiece for the volume of 1849. He wears a hat six stories high, and has a mouth as wide as any body. Tom is a good fellow. He sells the Museum, first and foremost; but, as he wishes to have more than one string to his bow, he can furnish you with the Mail, Bee, or Times.

Leaving our friend Tom, to tell you how this number closes the story of Billy Bump, and how it winds up all the riddles and conundrums, — we proceed to say that we have determined to open the January number and the New Year with

extraordinary splendor and great attractions. We have history and biography, rhyme and reason, fun and fable, romance and reality, cuts and curiosities, all ready and waiting, to make the opening of the next volume a great era among our black-eyed and blue-eyed admirers.

But we must not, in looking to the future, forget the duties of the present moment. We have a heap of letters before us, wafted from the four corners of the United States, and all full of kindness and encouragement. Would that we had a book big enough for all! Alas! we can only give a part of these precious epistles.

La Grange, Aug. 27, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

Dear Sir,—Hearing that you receive letters from little boys and girls, and as I am now taking your Museum, I take the liberty to write to you. I live in La Grange, a little village in Oldham county, Kentucky; and being much pleased with your Museum, I have concluded to take it. As I cannot read very well, I wish you would put in some simple stories for little readers.

When you visit Kentucky, I hope you will stop at our little village, for I would like very much to see you and hear some of your stories.

I go to school at the La Grange Female Seminary. The principals are Mr. and Mrs. Leigh. It is vacation now, but school will commence next week, and I am very glad, for I have become quite tired of vacation. Please, Mr. Merry, to send us the Museums as quick as possible, for I wish to see them very much.

Yours, respectfully,

ELIZA J. T.—

Oswego, Sept. 16, 1849.

DEAR MR. MERRY:

As you have many subscribers, living in different parts of the Union, who may not

have heard much concerning the Syracuse State Fair, which has recently taken place, a few words from an eye-witness might be agreeable to them.

The first thing to be noticed was the dense crowds. Such a mass of human beings never was collected together before, and I hope never will be again. In fact, it is said they averaged one hundred thousand persons. The hotels were jammed to such a degree, that, from daylight in the morning until after sunset, the waiters were busily engaged setting and clearing tables for the many thousands to receive their daily bread. Trains of over a dozen cars were constantly arriving and departing, crammed inside, outside, top, platform, and all, with men, women, and children. At the Fair ground, Floral Hall drew much the greatest crowd, on account of its being the depository of some of nature's fairest gifts. The collection of cattle was very fine, and also the collection of mechanics' instruments, as far as I could judge.

Among the numerous pens was one in which was a sheep, which was four years old, and had never been shorn. The wool stood out each side full a foot. All that would lead a person to imagine that the animal was really a sheep, was the sight of four legs sticking out from beneath the wool, and a nose that very much resembled that of a sheep. As for the tail, it was invisible, and had probably been cut off, or was concealed under the fleece.

The dust was so thick, both at the Fair ground and in the street, that after getting safely out of that one, I felt that if ever I was caught attending another State Fair, it would not be when I retained my senses. Although Syracuse is favored with more hotels, in proportion to her population, than most other places, yet they were insufficient to accommodate the swarms of people. Whole car loads left the city for Oswego, Auburn, and Utica, merely for the purpose of procuring a night's lodging.

And now, Mr. Merry, as I have filled my sheet, I must bid you farewell.

E. T. F.

Dedham, Oct. 21, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

I have found out the answers to all the riddles and puzzles in the October number of the Museum; and here they are.

The answer to the Jamaica Plain riddle is "Noah and his Ark."

The puzzle from Milford is "Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra."

I found out the one which its author predicted would be such a sticker, in twenty-five minutes, by my aunt's timepiece, which is a great deal more regular than the Old South. The answer is "Old Whitey."

The last one was rather long and dry, but I puzzled it out at last. It is, "Put none but Americans on guard to-night."

Now, Mr. Merry, if you think you've got any more puzzles that I can't answer, bring 'em on.

Yours ever,

BEANPOLE.

Roxbury, Nov. 1, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

I got the November number of the Museum this morning, worked out the only puzzle in it before dinner, and here I am sending you the answer before tea. I think that's expeditious enough. Let all the readers of this note remember this: "Before you cook a turbot, catch one."

Yours,

JACK SPRAT.

DEAR MR. MERRY:

I like the Museum very well; but I am now learning algebra, mathematics, and Latin, and I should like to have you put some of these things in for my edification and amusement. If you would like it, I will send you a puzzle in Latin, to be answered in Greek; it might gratify the more juvenile portion of your readers. I think common puzzles are too easy. Are you not nearly through with Billy Bump? I think it would be much better to fill up the space with logic, conic sections, and numismatics.

Excuse the liberty I take, Mr. Merry: I

doubt not you mean well; and, in fact, before I knew so much, I liked your Museum myself. But I am now thirteen years old, and it is time to put away childish things.

I am yours respectfully,

NONPAREIL SMALLCAPS.

The following contains a pretty sharp joke; and if we ever meet with Fanny B. C., she shall pay for it. But it is too good to be lost—so here it is.

Middleburg, Loudon County, Va.

For a key to the following letter, I refer you to the chapter on secret writing, in your August number.

ONE OF THE BLACK EYES.

MY DEAR MR. MERRY:

I have for a long time desired an opportunity of writing you a letter, commending you; and of telling you plainly how little I approve of any attempt to detract from the merit of your writings, and your private character, by hireling criticism and personal malice. The first I consider as improper and immoral; for criticism should be impartial and free; the last, I am very sorry to say, cannot be avoided by the purest life, which might with propriety held up for the imitation of gray-haired age, vigorous manhood, and of the many young readers of this periodical, who look to you, for an example of virtue. Earnestly hoping you will not be offended at the honest admiration I have expressed, and the freedom with which I have spoken,

I remain your sincere friend,

FANNY B. C—.

Besides the above, we acknowledge the receipt of letters from A. O. B., of Hingham; E. R., of Harrisburg; E. T. W., of La Grange; E. J. S., of New Haven; Edward C—d, of Ryegate; L. P. M. S., of Haverhill; Alice, of Bridgeport, &c., &c.

